Mar. 27, 1978

THE NEW YORKER

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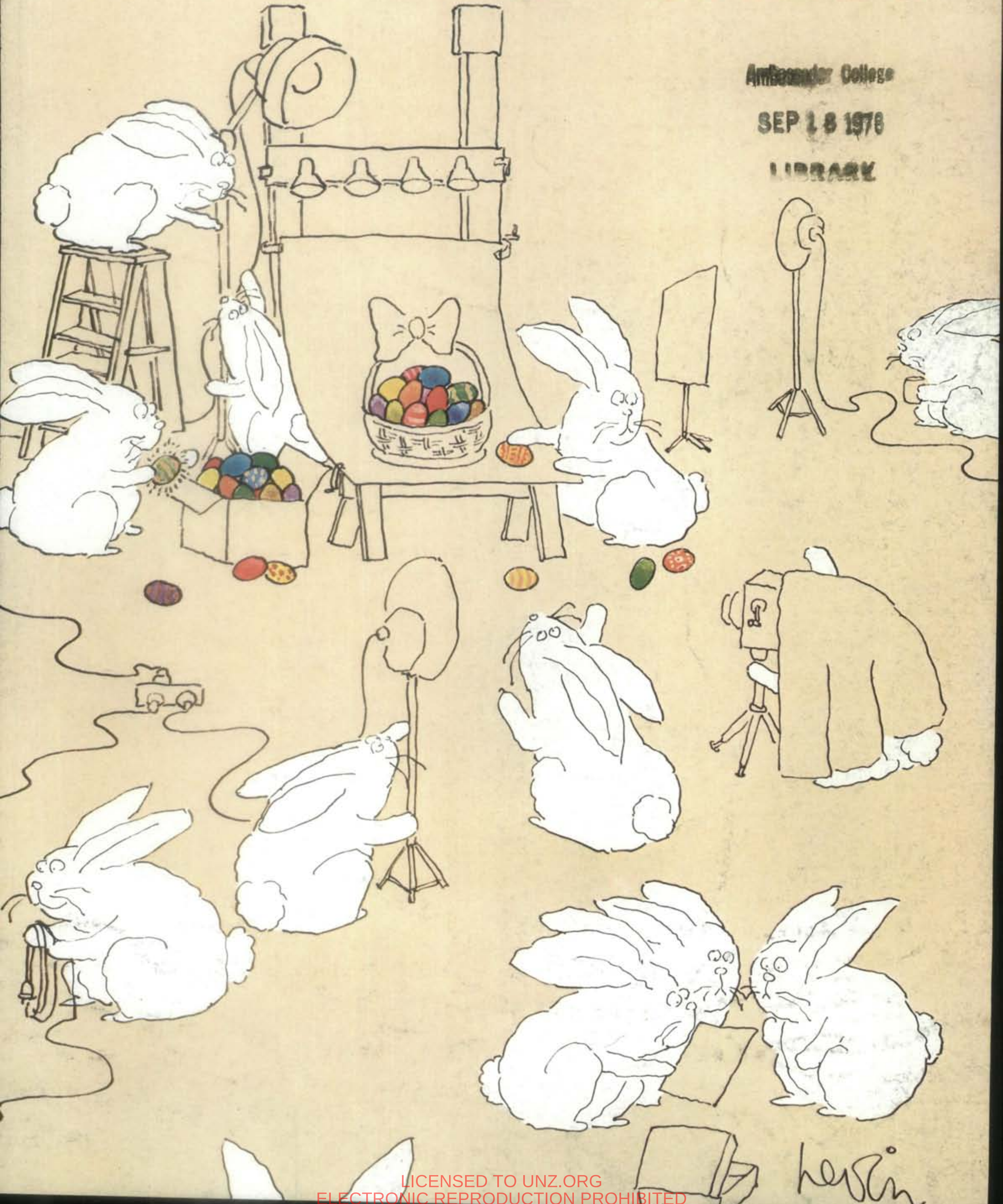

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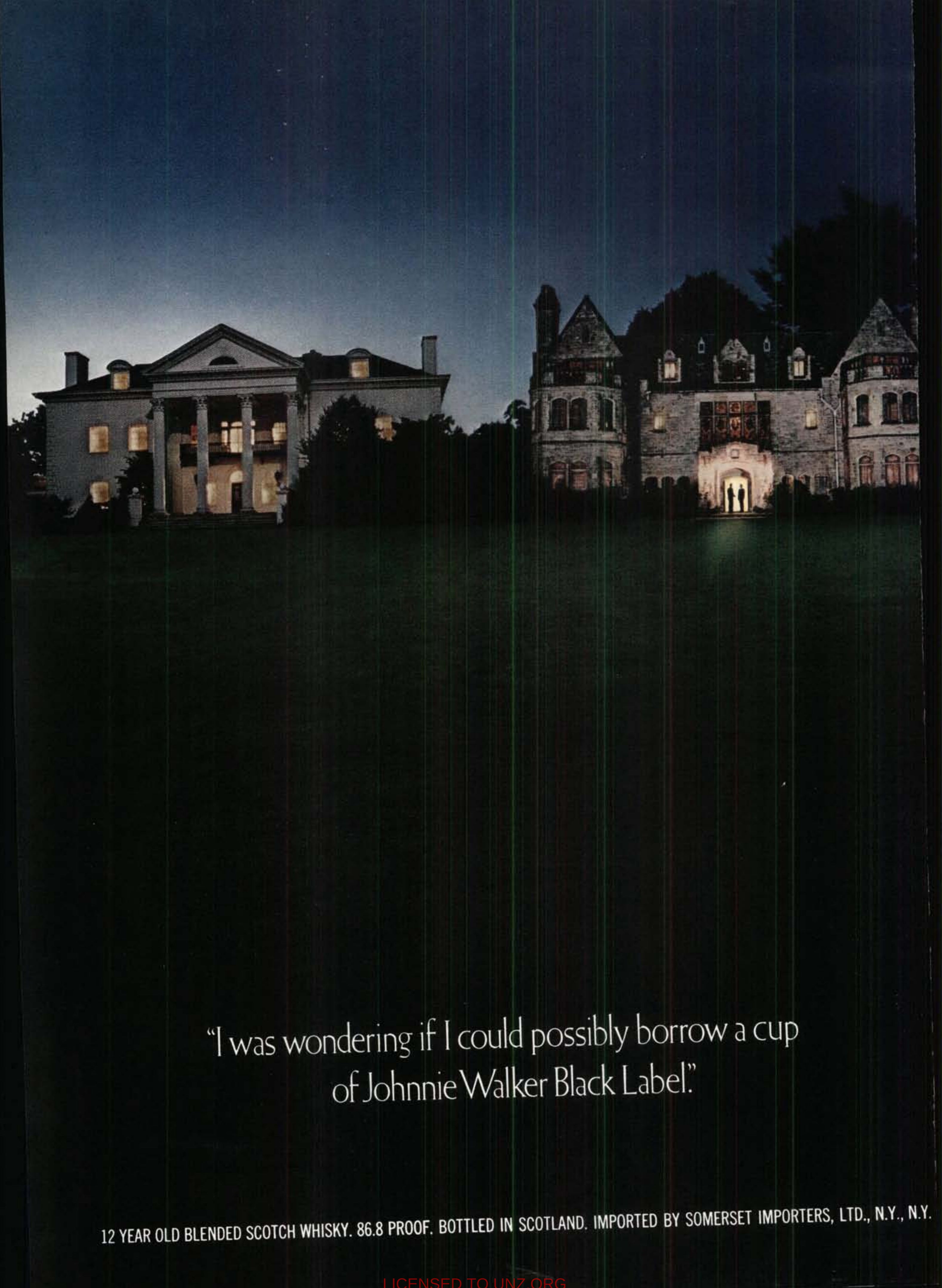
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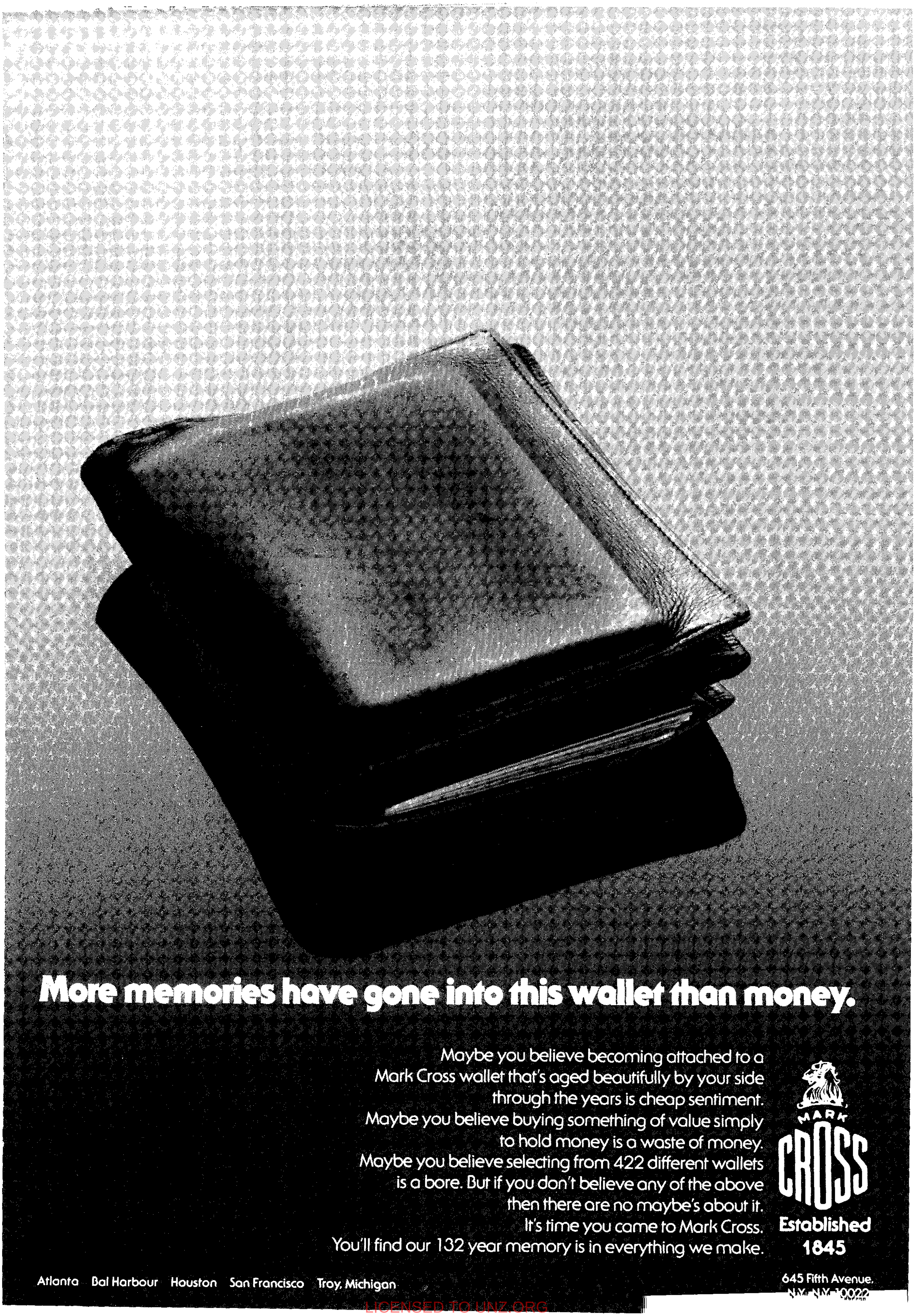

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Act—We are in a Las Vegas night club, watching a gifted performer do a series of star turns. The performer is played by Liza Minnelli and she *is* gifted, but who would want to be in Vegas? (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Bistro Car on the CNR—A musical with a book by D. R. Andersen, music by Patrick Rose, and lyrics by Merv Campone and Richard Ouzounian. Previews Wednesday, March 22. Opens officially on Thursday, March 23. (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Brontosaurus and **Cabin 12**—A pair of one-acters. John Bishop's "Cabin 12," about an inarticulate factory worker and his son at a time of family crisis, is as strong and convincing and ultimately satisfying as Mr. Bishop's "The Trip Back Down," a few years ago, and it is extremely well acted by Edward Seamon and Jonathan Hogan, under Marshall Oglesby's direction. Lanford Wilson's "Brontosaurus," the curtain-raiser, is a monologue with interruptions, delivered, to somewhat puzzling effect, by a rich, harried, antiques-dealing, middle-aged woman. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, April 8.)

Chapter Two—A new comedy by Neil Simon, less funny than most of its predecessors. Judd Hirsch plays a miserable widower who suddenly finds a new love and doesn't know what to do with her, except to marry her and make her as miserable as he has been. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Cold Storage—Ronald Ribman's curiously divided play—the first act seems to have very little to do with the second—is an occasion for some admirable acting by Martin Balsam and Len Cariou. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday, March 26, at 7:30.)

Conjuring an Event—Michael Cristofer heads the cast of a play by Richard Nelson. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8, and Thursdays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 2.)

Curse of the Starving Class—There is more originality and humor (to say nothing of talent) in Sam Shepard's profound tragedy about a California family well endowed with land but literally penniless than one finds in most comedies. The performance, under Robert Woodruff's direction, is in every way distinguished. With James Gammon, Olympia Dukakis, Pamela Reed, Ebbe Roe Smith, and Kenneth Welsh, among the able actors. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Da—In this entertaining play by Hugh Leonard, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. Brian Murray is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late Da, and both are in top form. Paul Rudd, Richard Seer, Lester Rawlins, and Sylvia O'Brien are among the other good actors in this excellent production under Melvin Bernhardt's direction. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesdays through Sundays, except March 26, at 8. Matinées Saturday, March 25, and Sunday, April 2, at 3. Closes Sunday, April 2.)

Dancin'—A musical entertainment conceived by Bob Fosse, with classical and contemporary music (from Bach to Jerry Jeff Walker) and a dozen and a half (more or less) performers, including Gail Benedict, Ann Reinking, and Charles Ward. Directed by Mr. Fosse. Previews through Sunday, March 26. Opens officially on Monday, March 27. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Nightly, except Sundays and Tuesday, March 28, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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Deathtrap—A thriller almost as clever as "Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin, and the star is John Wood. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Dracula—Frank Langella co-stars with Edward Gorey's sets and costumes in this highly entertaining revival of a twenties melodrama. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds—A revival of a sad little play about a destructive mother and her two daughters, who may or may not become her lifelong victims. Written by Paul Zindel. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A beguiling revival of Cole Porter's (and Fred Astaire's) **gay divorce** of 1932, with a chipper cast under Robert Brink's direction, and with delightful musical arrangements by Donald Jones. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 26. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

The Gin Game—Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn as occupants of an old people's home, each fiercely determined to have his way. A grim but often very funny play by D. L. Coburn. The director is Mike Nichols. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Tuesdays, except March 28, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Hello, Dolly!—Carol Channing and this musical ought to be placed on the National Register of Historic Places. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W.

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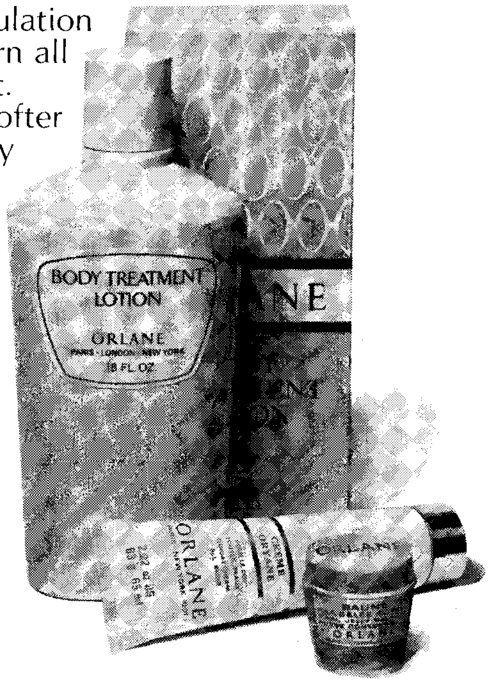

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A History of the American Film—A comedy by Christopher Durang, with music by Mel Marvin and a cast that includes April Shawhan, Swoosie Kurtz, Brent Spiner, Gary Bayer, and Joan Pape. David Chambers directed. Previews through Wednesday, March 29. Opens officially on Thursday, March 30. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Life in the Theatre—David Mamet's loving tribute to the theatre in the form of a collage of the offstage conversations between a seasoned actor and a younger one, and of their onstage dialogues in brief parodies of every conceivable kind of scene. The play is very funny and subtly haunting as well. With Ellis Rabb and Peter Evans as the actors. Gerald Gutierrez was the estimable director, and John Lee Beatty the estimable scenic designer. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Mandrake—Wilford Leach has worked up a stunning production of the rowdy old comedy by Niccolò Machiavelli. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Molière in Spite of Himself—A play adapted (and directed) by Michael Lessac from a play by Mikhail Bulgakov. (Colonnades, 428 Lafayette St. 673-2222. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Museum—Tina Howe's delightful, episodic comedy takes place at an exhibit of modernist American art, and the action is entirely a matter of the responses of the viewers to the invisible paintings and visible artifacts. The performance of the young, refreshing company, under Max Stafford-Clark's direction, is all that any playwright could wish for. Admirable set, costumes, and lighting by Robert Yodice, Patricia McGourty, and Jennifer Tipton, respectively. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

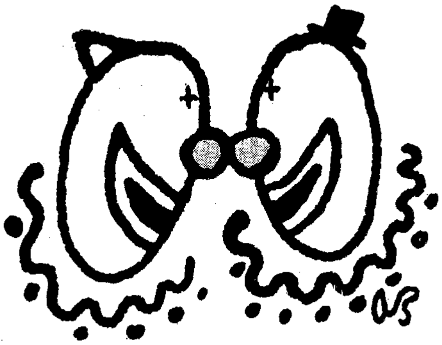
The Offering—An old man, who years ago moved out of Harlem to the West Side; a younger man, once an apprentice of his and now a professional killer; the wife of the first; and the white girl friend of the second—these are the characters in Gus Edwards' taut, often threatening (and sometimes funny) drama of sexual urgency and rivalry. The play is fascinating, and the acting, by Douglas Turner Ward, Charles Weldon, Olivia Williams, and Katherine Knowles, is entirely worthy of it. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 2.)

On the Twentieth Century—Though newly composed, a dated musical version of a dated play. Robin Wagner's train set is superb. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Othello—Earle Hyman gives a performance of great distinction as the Moor, but there is almost no one to catch his fire in this pedestrian production. With Carmen de Lavallade as Emilia, and Nicholas Kepros as Iago. Reopens Tuesday, March 28. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays at 11 A.M.; Wednesdays at 2:30; Fridays at 8; and Saturdays at 2 and 8.)

The Passion of Dracula—An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Paul Robeson—A dreary documentary account of the life of a great man. James Earl Jones is superb within the limits of the plot and its prose, which are the handiwork of Phillip Hayes Dean. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Thursdays and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 5.)



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A Prayer for My Daughter—The events of this evocative, fascinating play, by Thomas Babe, take place at a police station on the night when a homosexual guru and his junkie disciple are pulled in for a murder, and when the daughter of the sergeant in charge threatens suicide. The atmosphere of the precinct house at a time of emotional crisis is as convincing and pervasive as that of the rock scene in Mr. Babe's "Kid Champion," and the acting, under Robert Allan Ackerman's direction, is exceptionally good. The actors are Jeffrey De Munn, Alan Rosenberg, Stephen Keep, and George Dzundza. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Promise—A play by Aleksei Arbuzov. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, April 9.)

P. S. Your Cat Is Dead!—A (rewritten) revival of a play by James Kirkwood. Opens Wednesday, March 22. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Opening-night curtain at 6:45; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Red Fox/Second Hangin'—Don Baker, Gary Slemp, and Frankie Taylor, quietly and with no pretensions whatever, but with talent and charm, tell stories about people who lived in the Appalachian Mountains, back in the nineties, and their semi-legendary hero, Doc Taylor. The tales are illustrated by projections of old snapshots and accompanied by recordings of country fiddling. Mr. Baker and Dudley Cocke were the writers, Michael Posnick is the director. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 26.)

Runaways—Elizabeth Swados' musical about the plight of runaway children in this city is, paradoxically, quite exhilarating. The members of the cast, most of them unknown, range in age from eleven to their early twenties, but their proficiency at singing, dancing, and acting is unlimited. As for Miss Swados—composer, lyricist, librettist, director, and performer (on the guitar)—she is a model of proficiency, and then some. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

13 Rue de l'Amour—A farce by Georges Feydeau, much dishevelled in the course of adaptation and casting. Louis Jourdan emerges with honor, looking less perplexed than he must feel. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Timbuktu!—Geoffrey Holder has put together an all-black musical based on silly old "Kismet." Very pretty, and as loud and empty as a tribal drum. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Touch of the Poet—O'Neill's radically imperfect play—one of a sequence that he abandoned—is being bravely dealt with by Jason Robards, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Milo O'Shea. The director is José Quintero. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**Annie:** A long musical based on the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. Dorothy Loudon is marvellous as an alcoholic scold. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A Chorus Line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **The Club:** Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the singing, and especially the dancing, under Tommy Tune's direction, is proficient and pleasing. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **The Fantasticks:** 7,440 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide:** The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit for the captivating result. Choreography by Paula Moss. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 2.) . . . **Gemini:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father and Jonathan Hadary, among other good actors. Peter Mark Schifter directed. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **Grease:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I Love My Wife:** Some singable songs by Cy Coleman and Michael Stewart, and an admirable cast, but nothing much can be done with Mr. Stewart's tasteless book. Gene Saks is the brave director. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **The King and I:** An irresistibly tuneful Rodgers and Hammerstein show, all the more pleasing for being somewhat old-fashioned. Yul Brynner is its superb star. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **The Magic Show:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **Mummenschanz:** A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **Oh! Calcutta!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, March 29, at 2.) . . . **Same Time,**

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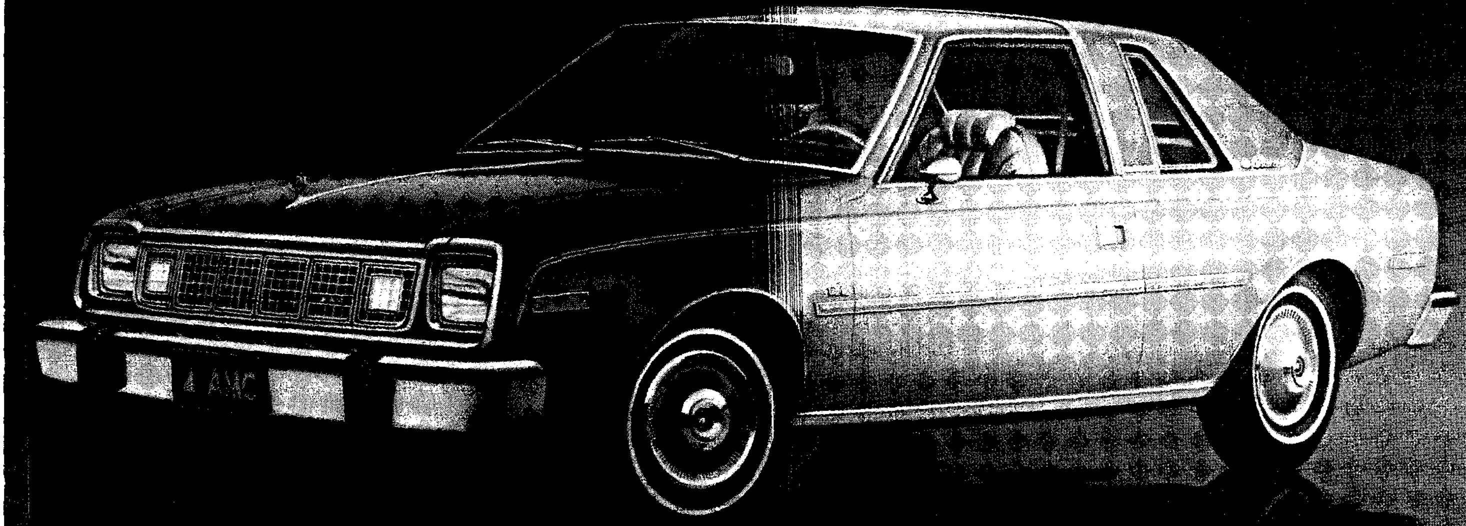
o look at them, but
n the AMC Concord D/L.



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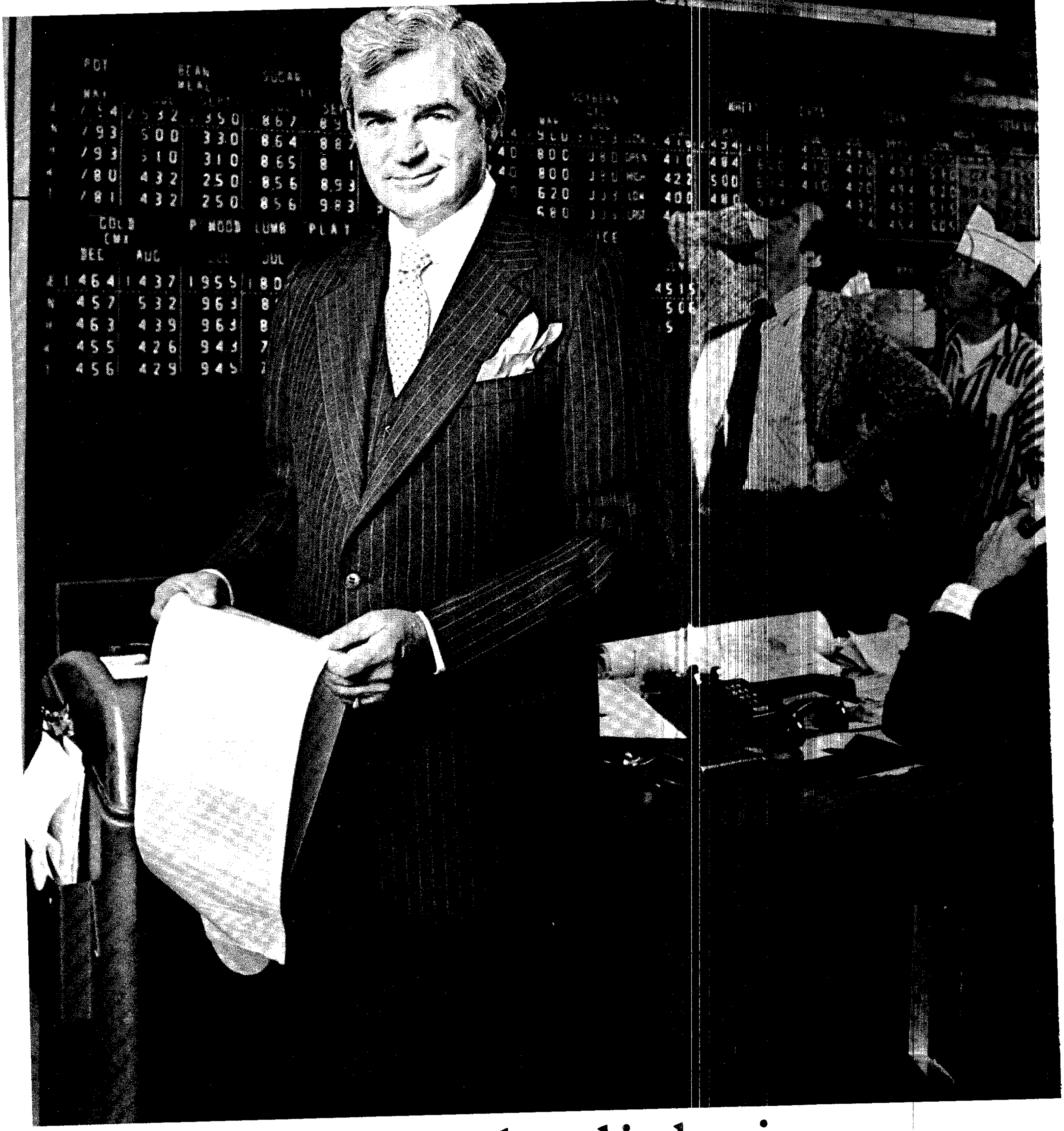

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

NEXT YEAR: A slick and sentimental comedy about happy marriages and a single twenty-five-year-long, happy adultery, practiced annually. With Betsy Palmer and Monte Markham. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE WIZ:** An elaborate and mostly successful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast of great talent. Directed by Geoffrey Holder, who also did the costumes. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

BEATLEMANIA—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5; special matinées Thursday and Friday, March 30-31, at 2.)

CIRCUS—Opening performances of the hundred-and-eighth edition of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's ode to spring which will run through Sunday, June 4. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday and Thursday, March 22-23, at 1:30 and 7:30; Fridays at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; Sundays at 1 and 5:30; and Monday through Thursday, March 27-30, at 10:30 and 2:30.)

BLUE HILL TROUPE—Presenting benefit performances of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Gondoliers." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Wednesday, March 22, at 8; Thursday and Friday, March 23-24, at 7:30; and Saturday, March 25, at 2 and 8. For tickets, call 861-9307, Wednesday through Friday between 11 and 1 and 5 and 7.)

BIG APPLE CIRCUS—A one-ring circus, sponsored by the New York School for Circus Arts. Jugglers, clowns, trapeze artists, tumblers, tightrope walkers, dancers, and musicians. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday and Sunday, March 25-26, at 2 and 4.)

HASTY PUDDING SHOW—A musical, "A Thousand Clones," is this year's Harvard undergraduate production. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. Saturday, March 25, at 3 and 8, and Sunday, March 26, at 8. For information about tickets, call 682-4600, Wednesday through Saturday, March 22-25.)

DANCE

ROYAL WINNIPEG BALLET—A one-week engagement—Tuesday, March 28, at 7:30, and Thursday and Friday, March 30-31, at 8: "The Unicorn," "The Gorgon and the Manticore," and "Mahler IV (Eternity Is Now)." . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 29, at 8, and Saturday, April 1, at 2: "What to Do Till the Messiah Comes," "Family Scenes," and "Le Sacre du Printemps." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 1, at 8, and Sunday, April 2, at 2: "Family Scenes," "Adagietto," "Pas d'Action," and "Le Sacre du Printemps." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

MERCE CUNNINGHAM AND DANCE COMPANY—Final performances of a two-week engagement of varied programs of dances set by Mr. Cunningham to the music of John Cage, David Behrman, David Tudor, Takehisa Kosugi, Jon Gibson, and Meredith Monk. The composers will be on hand to perform their own works. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Wednesday through Saturday, March 22-25, at 8, and Sunday, March 26, at 2.)

THÉÂTRE DU SILENCE—A brief engagement by a contemporary dance company (despite its name) from France, appearing here for the first time. Wednesday and Thursday, March 22-23, at 8, and Sunday, March 26, at 7: "Ragtime," "Le Roi des Aulnes," "Ceci Est Cela," "Portrait," "Instantanément," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, March 24-25, at 8, and Sunday, March 26, at 3: "Summerspace," "Pas de Deux," "Avalanche," "Le Cordon Infernal," and "Firebird." (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717.)

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RIVERSIDE DANCE FESTIVAL—Performances by two companies. **PHOEBE NEVILLE DANCE COMPANY:** Wednesday through Saturday, March 22-25, at 8. . . . **PHYLLIS LAMHUT DANCE COMPANY:** Thursday through Saturday, March 30-April 1, at 8, and Sunday, April 2, at 2 and 8. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

DANCE THEATRE OF HARLEM—A benefit program consisting of a full-length work, "His Love Is Everlasting," narrated by Marian Anderson and accompanied by Dance Theatre's Choral Ensemble. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, March 25, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 690-3189.)

MATTEO ETHNOAMERICAN DANCE THEATRE—A program of works from around the world. (American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. Wednesday, March 29, at 8. Tickets are available at the museum a half hour before the performance.)

JOSÉ MOLINA BAILES ESPAÑOLES—A company of dancers, singers, and musicians. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Saturday, April 1, at 8.)

BALLET FILM FESTIVAL—The first programs in an eighteen-day series of ballet films at the Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. (874-1717)—Tuesday, March 28: "La Sylphide" (1972), with Ghislaine Thesmar, Michaël Denard, and the Paris Opera Ballet. Mlle. Thesmar and M. Denard will be on hand to perform a pas de deux. (A benefit showing and performance; for tickets, call 581-3644.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 29: "Pulcinella" and "Liebeslieder Waltzes" (both made in 1973), with the New York City Ballet. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 30: "Giselle" (1964), with Alicia Alonso and the Ballet Nacional de Cuba. . . . ¶ Friday, March 31: "Bolshoi Ballet 67" (1966), excerpts from seven ballets. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 1: "Don Quixote" (1973), with Rudolf Nureyev and the Australian Ballet. (Opening night at 8; thereafter, showings nightly at 6, 8, and 10. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 4.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Many of the best contemporary post-hard-bop, new-jazz, and, sometimes, veteran bebopping musicians are booked into these quarters by its sympathetic proprietor, drummer Rashied Ali. Tenor saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN** heads up his quintet through Saturday, March 25; on Tuesday, March 28, jazz-rock keyboardist and composer **LARRY YOUNG** will arrive with a quartet. Music from about ten. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

BALLROOM, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—A long, narrow, very white room—white walls, white tables, and white chairs—with a self-conscious portrait of the club interior hanging near the stage. The current attraction is "By Strouse," a mini revue produced and presided over by the composer Charles Strouse—he scored "Annie," "Applause," and "Bye Bye Birdie." Donna Marshall, Patrick Quinn, Linda Griffin, and Ann Anello sing Mr. Strouse's tunes. Shows Tuesdays through Sundays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. Dinner.

BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—A dark lounge and bar—with busts of, presumably, Mr. and Mrs. Beefsteak Chas. placed at both ends of the bar and which serve as hat stands—with a conscientious music policy. The music almost always begins promptly, and first-rate, if not famous, musicians are brought in. Guitarist John Scofield leads a group that includes pianist Jim McNeely and drummer Billy Hart through Saturday, March 25; bassist Bob Cunningham's trio will perform Wednesday through Saturday, March 29-April 1. Music from nine until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

BLUE HAWAII, 135 Third Ave., at 15th St. (260-7690)—No leis, no hula-heavy floor shows, no Don Ho records, but quite a few talented local jazz players. Some of them are **JILL MC MANUS** (Tuesdays), **WALTER DAVIS, JR.** (Fridays), **KIRK NUROCK** (Saturdays), and **TOM PIERSON** and **JAKI BYARD** (Sundays), who all play solo piano from seven, except Byard, who starts at ten. On Fridays and Saturdays after nine-thirty, the Jankry Ensemble joins the proceedings. Dinner.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Here's a partial lineup: Wednesday, March 22, belongs to British rock-and-blues singer Long John Baldry; Friday and Saturday, March 24-25, two influential and entertaining jazz musicians—tenor saxophonist **PHAROAH SANDERS** and trumpeter **JIMMY OWENS**—will share these quarters with their respective bands; more jazz will be heard on Thursday, March 30, when organist Charles Earland's quintet will alternate with the **DAVE MATTHEWS** big band; and Friday and Saturday, March 31-April 1, have been set aside for the Good Rats, a rock group from Long Island. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A seemingly inexhaustible supply of devoted patrons and a new grand piano. Pianist **JIMMY ROWLES** and bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS,** who is on loan from the Ron Carter quartet, work together through Sunday, March 26; on Monday, March 27, another very fine piano-bass team—**MIKE ABENE** and **GEORGE MRAZ**—will take over. From ten most nights, from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

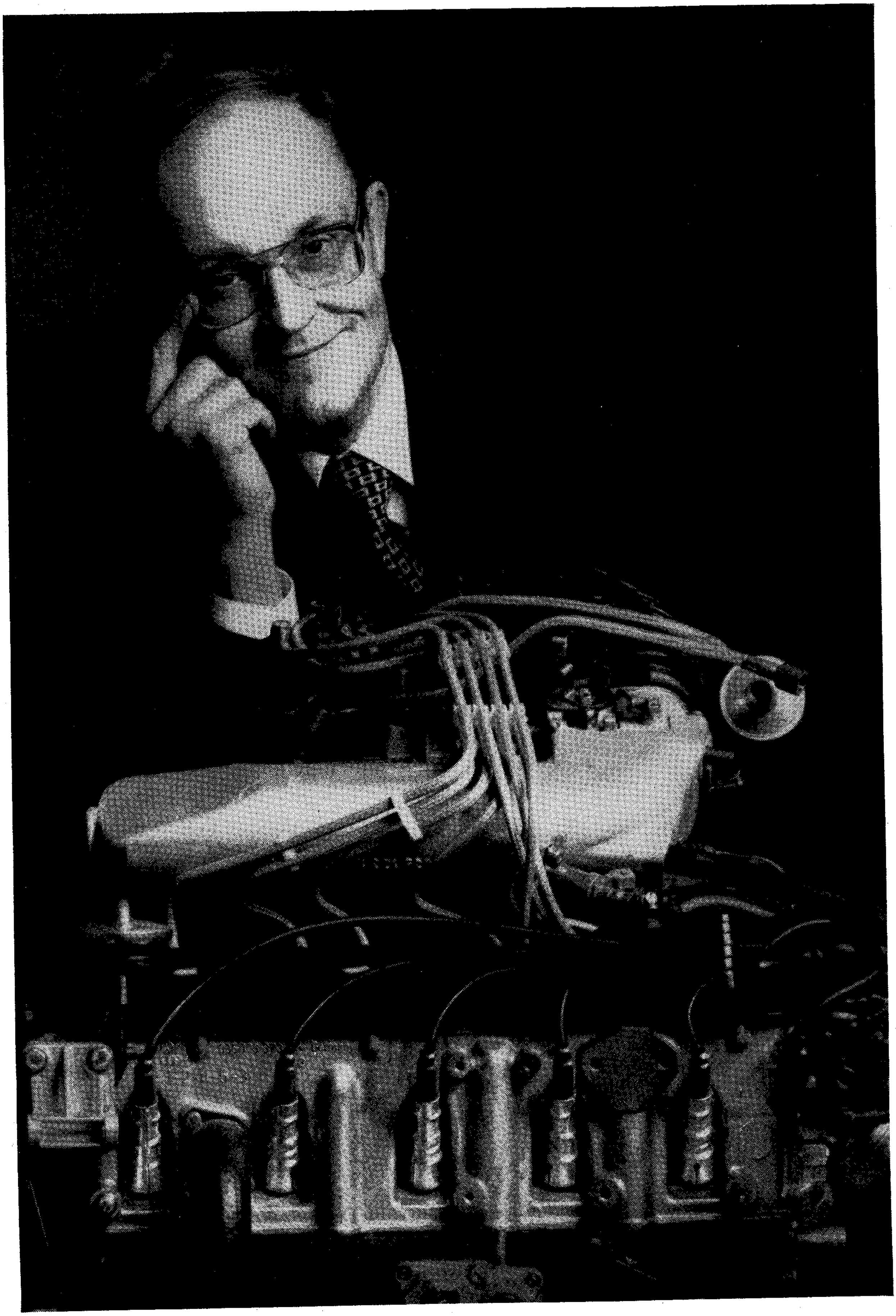
CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, **GEORGE SHEARING,** the piano stylist and, lately, a breathy vocalist, too, will wind up his visit on Saturday, March 25. And, then, on Tuesday, March 28, like a burst of spring, **BOBBY SHORT** will return with his bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and his drummer **GENE GAMMAGE.** Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. Singer-pianist Michael Carney appears Mondays after nine-thirty. Dinner and supper. . . . **TEDDY WILSON,** who is always elegant, understated, and swinging, presides over the keyboard in the Bemelmans Bar weeknights, from nine-thirty to one.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This bar has for a couple of years distinguished itself by presenting some of the most bizarre, if not always musically accomplished, rock and punk-rock bands around. Music most nights from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER,** a rocking, funny, full-voiced blues singer, songwriter, and legend (she's eighty-two), has returned with pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Al Hall, and she's still delighting her audiences weeknights from eight to one. Blues pianist **SAMMY PRICE** performs on Sundays. Dining.

CRAWDADDY, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—This room flanks 45th Street and has ceiling fans, a tile floor, high-backed Windsor chairs, and food with a New Orleans tinge. **BUCK CLAYTON,** one of the stars of the Count Basie band in the thirties and forties, is starring here with a trio through Friday, March 24. On Monday, March 27, **WARREN VACHÉ,** a young trumpeter who plays in the style of the swing era, will move in with pianist **DON COATES** and drummer **ERNIE HACKETT.** Mondays through Fridays from six-thirty until eleven-thirty.

DAVID K'S, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—Singer and pianist **HUGH SHANNON,** a picture of international café-society nonchalance, tosses off tunes by Porter, Coward, and



"WHEN I PROPOSED A 5-CYLINDER ENGINE FOR THE AUDI 5000, THEY SMILED."

AN INTERVIEW WITH FRANZ HAUK, ENGINE DESIGNER

Why a 5 cylinder engine? Hauk: Our new model, being larger, requires more power than a 4. Also, we wanted a very quiet car. But I felt it unnecessary to resort to the extreme of a 6. With a 6, properly designed, I could move a house. So everything pointed to a 5.

Was it hard to sell your management on this project? Hauk: No, not as hard as you might think. Here at Audi we have a saying: "When a man has a big idea, we put him in a room and leave him alone." They left me alone for three and a half years. Of course, that was after they stopped smiling.

Was the big problem keeping the engine in balance? Hauk: No, why? Because of the odd number? Nowhere is it written that an engine must have an even number of cylinders in order to be balanced. The plain fact is that engineers just automatically think in terms of 4, or 6, or 8, or 12. Our engine is balanced, I assure you. And it wasn't so difficult, really.

You're modest, I'm sure. But wasn't there some problem? Hauk: Yes, but you'd never guess what it was. Attaching the gearbox to the engine was a little problem that had nothing to do with the concept of 5 cylinders. But it took us months of hard work to get it exactly right. Big ideas fall right into place. It's always the little problems that are annoying.

Were there any advantages to dropping a cylinder? Hauk: You still don't understand, do you? I didn't drop a cylinder. I wanted 5 cylinders from the start. But yes, there were several other advantages. For one thing, the shorter engine allowed for a lower look up front. It made me very popular with the styling department, however briefly. But a lower nose also has the advantage of cutting wind resistance and putting less strain on the engine. One less cylinder also means less weight and greater efficiency.

What is the firing order of the cylinders? Hauk: The firing order? It's 1,2,4,5,3. It took many months of computations to decide. But it's a detail; nothing more. With a new car, one has thousands of decisions to make. If I were to tell you all the details that took us months, it would take months.

It's still awfully new, this engine. How do you know the bugs are out of it? Hauk: We tested 100 cars in the U.S. and Canada for so many months, we learned to order eggs "over easy." To my knowledge, no imported car manufacturer has ever done so much testing on such a large scale before. It was the only way we could truly know how the engine and the entire car perform under all your driving and weather conditions.

Why would American drivers spend $8,500* for the Audi 5000? Hauk: Well, not all American drivers would. But we feel sure that there are enough Americans who have come to know craftsmanship, fine machinery and clean design when they see it. They will also recognize that the Audi 5000 is the largest German car for the money. Yet, for all its size, it is surprisingly lively. Also, there's the room and comfort and quiet that Americans traditionally appreciate. All these things, yes. And maybe even because of my 5-cylinder engine.

*Suggested 1978 retail price $8450, P.O.E., transp., local taxes, and dealer delivery charges additional.

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Stevie Wonder in the Aquarium Lounge. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to two.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Bobby Gordon, Vic Dickenson, Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, Ed Polcer, and Red Balaban (who owns the place) are the traditionalists who usually make up the house band. On Tuesday, March 28, saxophonist **KENNY DAVERN** and trumpeter **JIMMY MAXWELL** will join the others. On Sunday, March 26, altoist **LEE KONITZ,** always worth hearing, will lead a quartet. Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty, Sundays from eight-thirty. Dinner.

Gregory's, *1149* First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An attractive haunt, short on space but not on music. Mondays from ten to three, **AL HAIG, MORRIS EDWARDS,** and **AL GAFA** perform piano-bass-guitar bebop variations; on Tuesdays, from ten to three, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** leads a trio. Wednesdays through Saturdays, pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** usually holds down the fort with **FRANK LUTHER** on bass, **JOE PUMA** on guitar, and vocalist Alicia Sherman. This foursome works from ten to three; on Sundays, they put in a walloping eight-hour session, from seven to three. Weeknights from seven to ten, pianist and trumpeter Gene Roland and bassist Morris Edwards get together on the tiny bandstand.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Baritone **DAVID ALLYN** has settled in for a couple of weeks with a backing trio. They perform Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one; and no music Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is buoyed by the resident blowers—pianist Johnny Morris, drummer Eddie Locke, clarinettist Joe Muranyi, bassist Ted Sturgis, and trombonist Bobby Pratt. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Larson's, 1160 Third Ave., at 68th St. (744-2540)—**BROOKS KERR,** the young stride pianist and Ellington admirer, has moved into these quarters along with his fatherly associates: bassist **AARON BELL,** saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE,** and drummer **SHELTON GARY.** Kerr and company perform Thursdays through Saturdays; Kerr, Bell, and longtime Ellington drummer **SONNY GREER** are here Tuesdays and Wednesdays. Music and lots of wisecracks from nine to one. Dinner and supper.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Anesthetically potent chili for transplanted Texans, Lone Star beer for unwary non-Texans, and, often, good, solid country and rock music. Tompall Glaser will be on hand with his country group on Wednesday, March *22*; Thursday *through* Saturday, March *23-25*, the Copas Brothers band will perform; Monday through Thursday, March *27*-30, Kinky Friedman, a loose, good-natured singer-guitarist and ethnic humorist (he passes himself off as a Jewish Texas cowboy), will be present; and Friday and Saturday, March 31-April 1, the Super Grit Cowboy Band, a group from the southeast, will take charge. Music from about nine.

Michael's Pub, *211* E. 55th St. (758-*2272*)—**FRANCINE CAROLL,** a good singer in the thirties mode, is paying tribute to Sophie Tucker Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—**CHICO HAMILTON,** a wily, melodious drummer and a smooth, witty showman, is here Thursday through Saturday, March 23-25, with his sturdy young quintet—which includes alto saxophonist **ARTHUR BLYTHE,** who seems equally at home playing avant-garde or soul motifs; a wonderful, bluesy guitarist, **MARVIN HORNE;** and bassist **C. J. MC BEE, JR.** They play rhythm-and-blues at its subtlest. Thursday through Saturday, March 30-April 1, percussionist **RAY BARRETTO** and his energetic salsa band will perform. Music from ten until three. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Through Saturday, March 25, **STÉPHANE GRAPPELLI,** the altogether charming hot-jazz violinist, leads a quartet; Monday through Wednesday, March *27-29*, the **WOODSTOCK MOUNTAIN REVUE**—Happy Traum, Artie Traum, Eric Andersen, John Herald, and other worthy folkies from Bearsville, Shady, and Saugerties, N.Y.—will be the entertainment; and Thursday through Saturday, March 30-April 1, will belong to blues violinist Papa John Creach and his band. Music most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

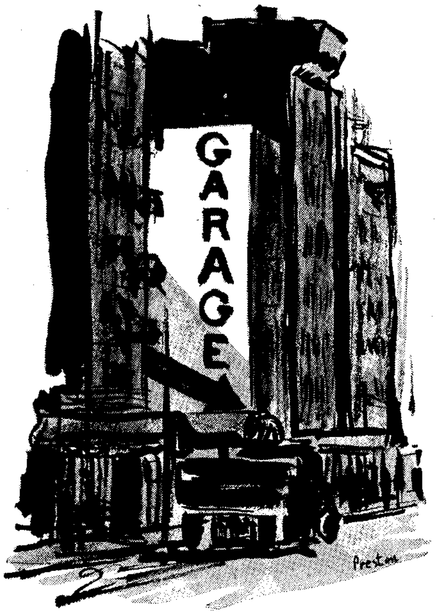
Peter Brown, 168 W. 96th St. (866-4710)—Hard bop comes to the upper West Side. Singer Stella Marrs performs with a trio Thursday through Saturday, March 23-25; Thursday through Saturday, March 30-April 1, trombonist **SLIDE HAMPTON** will lead his quartet. Music from ten. Dinner.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—Lots of tourists, a few sagacious natives, and a dance band populate this room with an indoor and an outdoor view. **SY OLIVER** directs a dance septet Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dinner.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—The Harlettes—Sharon Redd, Ula Hedwig, and Charlotte Crossley—who used to be the vocal backup for Bette Midler, are on their own and here through Sunday, March 26; Tuesday through Thursday, March 28-30, Sandy Bull, a sarodist, oudist, banjoist, and guitarist, and a campus favorite for over a decade, will play tunes by Luis Bonfa, Chuck Berry, and other composers. Shows at nine and midnight. Dinner.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Tenor saxophonist **STAN GETZ,** as streamlined and businesslike as ever, heads up his latest quartet through Saturday, March 25; Sunday and Monday, March 26-27, belong to guitarist John Scofield's quartet; and on Tuesday, March 28, flugelhornist **ART FARMER** will bring in his quartet. Music from about nine-thirty. Dinner.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Downstairs: Friday and Saturday, March 24-25, **LARRY CORYELL,** whose solo guitar sets have become somewhat arty, will trade sets with a quintet led by the driving, hard-edged alto saxophonist **SONNY FORTUNE,** who can make listeners grateful for the development of the long, extended solo. The following Friday and Saturday (March 31-April 1) promises a long wait in line: the elusive **SONNY ROLLINS** will perform with his current ensemble opposite pianist **JUNIOR MANCE'S** insistently bluesy trio. Music from ten. Upstairs: Bob January guides a fifteen-piece dance band on Sundays from seven to eleven. In the terrace bar, harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN,** guitarist **EDDIE BERG,** and bassist **LISLE ATKINSON** perform on Thursdays from ten to midnight.



Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (AL 5-4037)—Pianist **RED GARLAND,** who did so much for the Miles Davis groups of the fifties, works with bassist **SAM JONES** and drummer **AL FOSTER** through Sunday, March 26; on Tuesday, March 28, three jazz tap dancers—Jane Goldberg, Charles Cook, and Andrea Levine—will dance to music provided by a trio. The Monday-night institution within an institution, the **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** band, is alive, well, and, fortunately, home between tours. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—The soul-food craze is still going strong in this popular, out-of-the-way bar and restaurant. Mondays through Wednesdays, Sonelius Smith is at the piano; Thursdays through Sundays are turned over to Armen Donelian. Music from eight to two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The **COUNTSMEN—DICKY WELLS, EARLE WARREN, DILL JONES, FRANKLIN SKEETE,** and **JO JONES, JR.**—have the floor through Friday, March 31. Music from nine to one-thirty. On Monday, March 27, at eight, bassist Ivan Rolle will play rare records and comment on them. Student food at student prices.

W.P.A., 152 Spring St., near West Broadway. (226-3444)—Music in a thirties-chic bar area the size of a kitchenette. Patrons sit atop stool-high banquettes with the room-dominating baby grand practically in their laps. **HAROLD DANKO,** the pianist and lively soloist in the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band, works with a bassist through Saturday, March 25; **WALTER DAVIS** will be at the keyboard on Sunday, March 26; and on Tuesday, March 28, **JILL MC MANUS** will move in for several evenings. Music from nine. Dinner.

DISCOTHÈQUES

Ipanema, 240 W. 52nd St. (765-8025)—A Plexiglas dance floor over colored lights. Live Latin music on Tuesdays from six; recorded disco music from nine on Fridays and Saturdays, and recorded disco and Brazilian music from nine on Sundays. Closed Mondays and Wednesdays.

New York, New York, 33 W. 52nd St. (245-2400)—A lighting man and a licensed laser officer are in charge of the special effects: laser beams projected onto a screen; moving, spinning colored spotlights; and a fog machine. From ten nightly.

Régine's, 502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (826-0990)—An Art Deco interior carried out in tones of aubergine and silver. Dancing from ten-thirty. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (489-7667)—This place was built in 1927 as the Fortune Opera House; now it accommodates large numbers of dancers. From ten. Closed Mondays. (Many private parties are held here; therefore, the nights on which the facilities are open to the public may vary.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall. (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, March 22, at 5:45: **BOBBI BAIRD.** . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 29, at 5:45: **LOTTE GOSLAR'S PANTOMIME CIRCUS.**

Oregon and **Richard Beirach**—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Wednesday and Thursday, March 22-23, at 11, and Friday and Saturday, March 24-25, at 10 and at midnight.

"The Children of Africa"—Dollar Brand, Sathima, Max Roach, Ruby Dee, and Ossie Davis in a benefit concert. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Thursday, March 23, at 8.)

Renaissance—City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Thursday through Sunday, March 23-26, at 8.

Art Garfunkel—With Dan Hill. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 24, at 8.)

Teruo Nakamura and the Rising Sun—Town Hall. Friday, March 24, at 8.

Sylvers—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-

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Miami, Fla. 33132.

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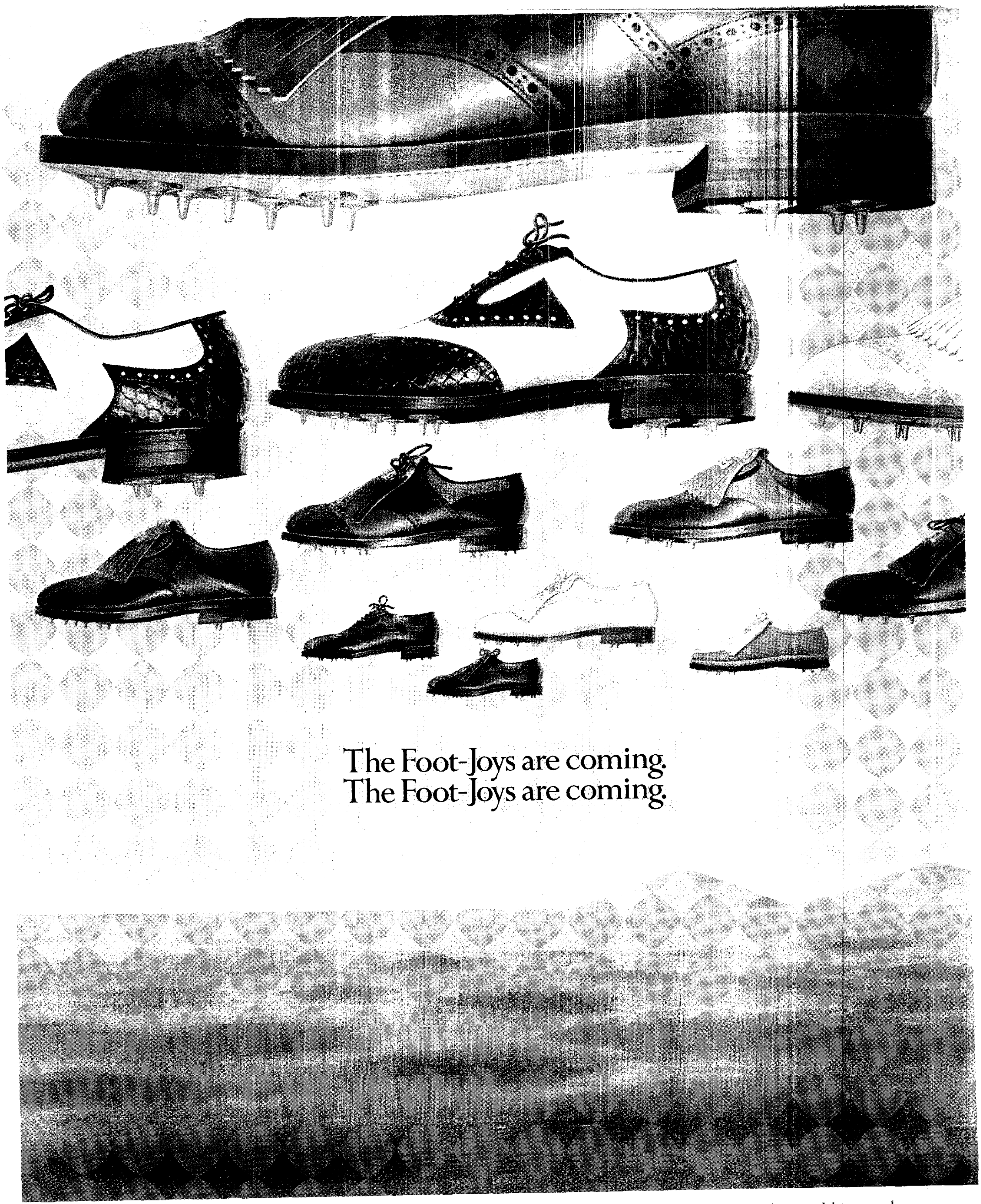
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4400. Saturday and Sunday, March 25-26, at 7 and 11.

Journey, Ronnie Montrose, and **Van Halen**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, March 25, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Sam Rivers Quartet—Public Theatre. Wednesday and Thursday, March 29-30, at 11, and Friday and Saturday, March 31-April 1, at 10 and at midnight.

Gotham—Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 30, at 8.

Bootsy's Rubber Band—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, April 1, at 7 and 11.

Be-Bop Deluxe and **Wet Willie**—Palladium. Saturday, April 1, at 8.

Mary Travers and Tom Paxton—Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, April 1, at 8:30.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Benny Andrews—Crudely drawn, powerful portraits, many of them ornamented with collage papier-mâché noses and other features, make up this show, provocatively titled "Women I've Known;" they include Eve and Ms. Liberty. Through Thursday, March 30. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Oscar Bluemner (1867-1938) **and Marsden Hartley** (1877-1943)—Landscape paintings from the twenties and thirties by two early members of the Stieglitz gallery group. Through Saturday, March 25. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Ilya Bolotowsky—Brightly colored, sharply defined, and neatly balanced abstract designs. Through Friday, March 24. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Bruno Civitico—Studio nudes and other recent paintings. Through April 8. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Alan E. Cober—Colored-ink drawings, some of them portraits, of the Ringling Brothers Circus and its performers. Through April 8. (FAR Gallery, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Rosemary Cove—Sculptures of reclining female figures, a few of them larger than life, and most of them paying homage to Picasso. Through Wednesday, March 29. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Whitney Darrow, Jr.—A show covering nearly forty years of cartooning by this artist whose work cannot be mistaken for anybody else's, and whose portrayal of action is such that his characters sometimes seem to be bursting off the paper they're drawn on. Through Saturday, April 1. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Friedel Dzubas—Big color abstractions—the largest is nearly ten feet tall and twenty-three feet long—that have a certain marine quality about them. Through Thursday, March 30. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Jean Fusaro—Waterfront scenes, beach resorts, and nudes done in pastels and in small, thickly painted oils by this French painter, who is better known in Europe than here. (This is his first American show.) Through Saturday, April 1. (Carlton, 127 E. 69th St.)

Klaus Fussmann—Figurative oils and gouaches. Through April 22. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

George Inness (1825-94)—Of the forty known watercolors by this American landscape artist who turned out two thousand oils, twenty-three are on view in this exhibition. Through Saturday, March 25. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

William Kienbusch—Small semi-abstract pastel-on-paper works based on country scenes. Through Saturday, March 25. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Rodger Mack—Cast-bronze sculptures. Through April 8. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Ron Martin and Henry Saxe—Representative works by two Canadian artists. The former, a painter, piles black acrylic on black acrylic; the latter, a sculptor, uses rough slabs of cement and metal structural materials in his pieces, one of which takes up a whole room. Through Sunday, March 26. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Katherine Porter—Large abstract paintings. Through Saturday, April 1. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

William Ridenhour—Plain brick walls provide the subject matter for this painter, who, curiously, specialized in cellular physiology at Johns Hopkins before he gave up his microscope for the easel. Through Thursday, March 30. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Randall Rosenthal—Surrealist paintings. Through April 9. (Clay, 1162 Madison Ave., at 86th St. Open Mondays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Edward Ruscha—Drawings and graphics, each consisting entirely of a single phrase ("He Enjoys the Co. of Women" and "You Know the Old Story" are two of them), which are the contemporary equivalents of Grandmother's "God Bless Our Home" sampler. Through Saturday, April 1. (Castelli Uptown, 4 E. 77th St.)

Fritz Scholder—A new crop of oil paintings by this specialist in untamed, scary-looking Indian warriors and their wives and their tepees. Some of their savage, wolfish dogs are also portrayed. Through April 8. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Hannah Wilke—A ten-minute color film recording a performance by the artist at the Philadelphia Museum of Art, plus videotapes, posters, and small drawings. Through Saturday, April 1. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Charles Wysocki—The old-time New England never-never land as conceived by a Detroit-born artist who has lived in California for twenty-five years and works as earnestly as any other good carpenter at his trade. Through Saturday, April 1. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Group Shows—At the **Acquavella**, 18 E. 79th St.: Some sober-looking clowns by Rouault; a crooked landscape by Soutine; and one of Dubuffet's gravelly works entitled "Personnages d'Enterrement" are included in this show of European painters. Through Thursday, March 30. (Open Mondays.) . . . **Fourcade**, 36 E. 75th St.: A de Kooning landscape, a vintage Braque, and a large Lichtenstein are included in a select show of twentieth-century paintings and sculptures. Through April 8. . . . **New York Academy of Sciences**, 2 E. 63rd St.: Six members (Bill Alpert, Ellen Cibula, Bill Conlon, Denis McCarthy, James Starrett, and Susan Weil) of the Organization of Independent Artists are showing works in a variety of mediums on the first floor of the academy. Through April 21. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **Perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: An unusual Raoul Dufy depicting a jaunty-looking gardener, and a spirited Léger centered on a sadly abused tree trunk are among the paintings now on exhibition. Through April 8. . . . **Sabarsky**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Drawings and watercolors by German and Austrian Expressionists: Kokoschka, Nolde, Schiele. Through April 29.

Sculpture—Early figurative pieces by four Americans: Chaim Gross, Gaston Lachaise, Elie Nadelman, and Hugo Robus. Through Wednesday, March 29. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Sydney Butchkes—Panels stained a solid color and arranged in harmonious groups of from two to eight pieces. Through Thursday, March 30. (Alonzo, 30 W. 57th St.)

Richard Chiriani—An idyllic upstate marsh painted in loving detail at various seasons, in situ; the spring, summer, and fall portrayals are done in water-based acrylics on linen paper, but the winter ones are done in oil on canvas, because it was so cold that the acrylic-laden brush literally froze to the paper. Through Thursday, March 30. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Sonia Gechtoff—Abstract pencil drawings done on a paper that has been coated with gesso and opaque acrylic. Through April 12. (Cortella, 41 E. 57th St.)

James Hagan / Bisson Frères—Rough-hewn abstract wood sculptures. / No-nonsense photographs, taken in 1861, marking the "Première Ascension Photographique au Mont Blanc." Through Saturday, March 25. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Budd Hopkins—Abstract Expressionist oils, done early in his career, in which colliding swipes of color suggest that something cataclysmic is going on. Through Saturday, March 25. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Darryl Hughto—Amorphous abstractions laid onto roughly diamond-shaped areas staked out on large, diamond-shaped canvases. Through Thursday, March 30. (Long, 7 W. 57th St.)

Alex Katz—Recent works, most of them studies of heads. Through Saturday, March 25. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Constantine Kermes—Monks in Greece and American Shakers are the subjects of these naïve paintings and prints. Through April 8. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.)

Jacob Lawrence—Gouache paintings, mostly of workshop scenes, plus colorful lithographs based on these works. Through Friday, March 24. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Ed McGowin—What looks like an outsize trash receptacle (it is ten feet high) has peepholes cut into it so that viewers can look in at a wooden chair standing on a floor lined with whiskey bottles and listen (an earphone is provided) to taped Western music. Through April 8. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Lowell Nesbitt—Outsize paintings of fruits and vegetables. Through Saturday, March 25. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Jules Olitski—New color-field paintings. Through April 5. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Stephen Pace—Highly individualistic oils depicting figures and the Maine seashore; in one, a rough-hewn lobsterman clutching a three- or four-pounder is seen against a pattern of gulls hovering just overhead. Through April 6. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Leo Rabkin / Jack Youngerman—Visitors to the gallery are invited upstairs, where they can sit at a counter and examine an assortment of forty-two boxes, which, when opened, reveal a whole series of happy surprises—patterns of semi-precious stones, colorful little doodads strung on thread, strings of tiny, fluttering kites. Through April 15. / Emblematic India-ink drawings from the sixties. Starts Friday, March 24. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

V. V. Rankine—Symmetrical painted plywood sculptures, as neatly finished as cellos. Through Saturday, March 25. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Abraham Rattner (1895-1978)—A selection of this artist's powerful abstract paintings and semi-abstract drawings and watercolors, dating from the thirties through the sixties make up an exhibit planned before the artist's death last month. Through Saturday, April 1. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Jason Schoener—Bleak landscapes in England, Scotland, and Maine, most of them transfigured by the glow of spectacular sunsets. Through Saturday, March 25. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Joan Snyder—New works by this feminist polemicist, who uses clippings about sex crimes as collage in her paintings. Through Saturday, March 25. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Pat Steir—In one of the experimental compositions in this exhibit (two square frames painted side by side on the same canvas and each containing just one brushstroke of thick color), the artist manages to evoke van Gogh and Goya—a small triumph of abstraction and color. The helpful title is "Van Gogh and

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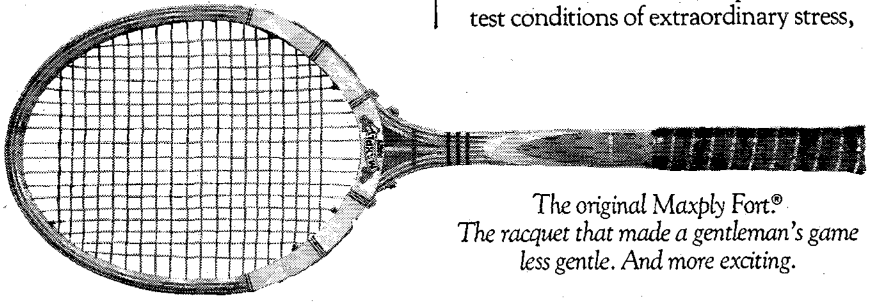

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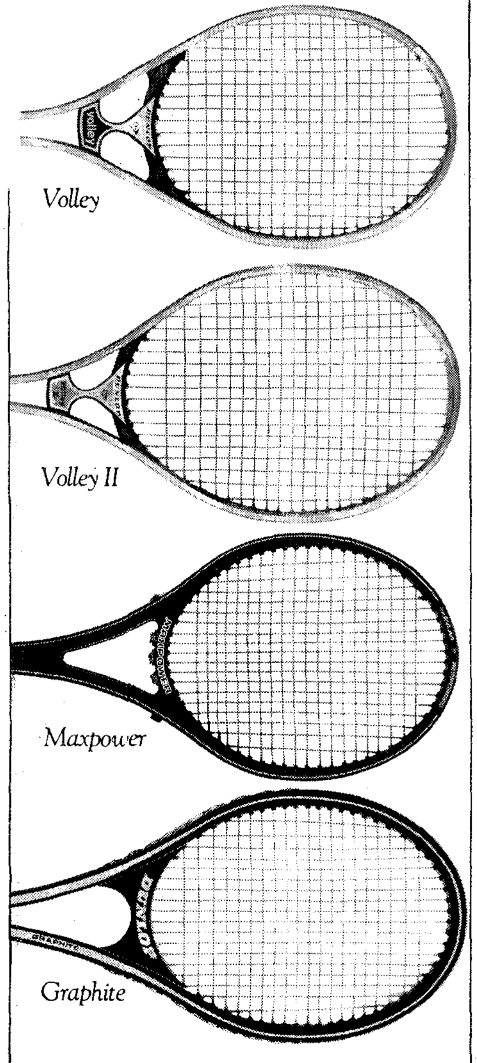

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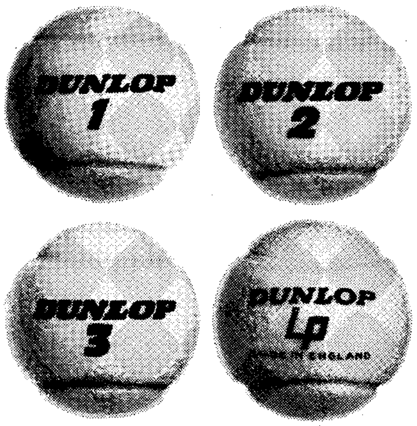

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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26	27	28	29	30	31	1

Goya." Through Saturday, March 25. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Robert Zakanitch / Jud Nelson—Large decorative oils in which outsize floral patterns are repeated, often in strawberry-shortcake colors. / Small, delicate carvings—a woman's shoe, little tea bags—done in an unusually solid kind of Styrofoam. Through Saturday, April 1. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Glass Paperweights—Sixty-five classic nineteenth-century paperweights from French and American factories, the finest example of which is a Clichy-made weight shaped like a flower-filled basket. A benefit exhibit. Through Saturday, April 1. (Steuben Glass, Fifth Ave. at 56th St. Open Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **BERRY-HILL**, 743 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Paintings of women by Eakins, Prendergast, Cassatt, and others. Through April 8. (Open Mondays.)... **FRUMKIN**, 50 W. 57th St.: A watercolor aerial view of Machu Picchu by Philip Pearlstein, and Joan Brown's acrylic-on-paper portrayals of men and women in her so-called Dating Series are some of the recent works on paper here. Through Thursday, March 30.... **MULTIPLES-GOODMAN**, 38 E. 57th St.: A Dada-esque show called "Objects." Among the objectors are H. C. Westermann, Andy Warhol, and Jasper Johns. Through Saturday, April 1. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Carl Andre—The major piece in this show of new sculptures consists of a hundred and fifty-six hot-rolled steel plates, each twenty inches square, laid out flat on the floor in a shape derived from an Egyptian tomb entrance. Through Tuesday, March 28. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

Alice Aycock—Two of her architectural fantasies for a pleasant shantytown have been built here in wood on a scale almost big enough for somebody to live in. Through Tuesday, March 28. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Jared Bark—A walk-in conceptual work. "The Cold Light House," which was shown at the Paris Biennal last fall. Also other works. Through April 12. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Henry Chalfant—Limestone carvings. Through Saturday, April 1. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Maureen Connor—Wall decorations in which dresses and other feminine garments seem to have been taken apart at the seams and reassembled into flat designs. Through Wednesday, March 29. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Gilbert and George—Remember the gold-painted performing duo of 1971? Well, they're still travelling down life's highway together, this time in a series of photographs that take them (in mufti, ungilded) into the seamy side, where they remain aloof from but compassionate toward the derelicts and criminals and the dirty graffiti along the way. Through Saturday, April 1. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Gordon Hart / Stuart Shedletsky—Abstract works on paper in oil, watercolor, and conté crayon. / Four oils on canvas and six large oils on paper. Through Saturday, April 1. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Margaret Miller—A single sculpture of slender logs takes up the gallery floor. Also eight drawings. Through April 5. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St.)

Bill Norris / Marilynn Gelfman-Pereira—Heavy-handed wall pieces, one involving kitchen stools, another a series of steel barrels welded together end on end—both of them projecting some distance into the room and held in place by cables. / Delicate sculptural pieces made of twigs whose natural bent is carried to a logical conclusion in Monel wire. Through Saturday, March 25. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Patsy Norvell—Scale models of outdoor environmental pieces—one a colorful snow fence undulating along a pure-white field, another a sort of straightened-out maze involving rail fences, stone fences, barbed wire, flowers, and wooden walks. Through April 5. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

Joyce Rezendes / Steve Kelemen—Swirls of color, Abstract Expressionist in intent. / Porcelain wall reliefs with writhing figurative elements reminiscent of Francis Bacon's paintings. Through Wednesday, March 29. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Beatrice Riese—Paintings based on a grid. Through April 6. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Gregory M. Ryan—Paintings of life in Vernon, Connecticut, that capture the quality of snapshots taken with a Brownie; indeed, the works are based on old photographs. Through Thursday, March 30. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Opens at noon.)

Ben Schonzeit—This artist was a recent visitor to the baroque music room of a Florida mansion, and he has been drawing and painting it with great verve and facility ever since, and in every imaginable medium—charcoal, chalk, pastel, gouache, watercolor, incised Mylar, ink, beeswax, glitter, molding paste, and so on. There are twenty-seven specimens in this show, and he's still at it. Through April 6. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Gary Stephan—Large, simple abstract shapes painted in muted acrylics and looking as if they had been welded together, since there is a line of beading where the shapes are joined. Through Thursday, March 30. (Boone, 420 West Broadway.)

Selina Trieff—Sulky adolescents, tired dogs, and other figures. Through Wednesday, March 29. (Prince Street Gallery, 106 Prince St. Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

Paul Waldman / Don Judd—Long, narrow horizontal panels of a solid slick pastel color, with insets of precisely painted human figures. / Another of Mr. Judd's plywood boxes, this one fifteen feet long, with a sharply tilted floor inside. Through Saturday, March 25. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Group Show—Large abstract canvases in a sort of happy-go-lucky grid system by Bette Berger and Jeff Pullen; sombre, dark canvases with a burnished, metallic look by John Schiebold; and Styrofoam sculptures by Frank Palaia. Through Saturday, March 25. (Neill, 136 Greene St.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Patrick Ireland—An installation in which a rectangle, a triangle, and an arc are outlined in cord suspended from the ceiling and so situated that the viewer, if he stands in the right place, can see that each precisely frames a similar shape painted on the wall in a pastel color. The right places to stand are marked with X's on the floor. Through Monday, March 27. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9.)

Alfred Jensen—Heavily painted mosaic-like abstractions and works on paper from the last twenty years. Through April 21. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Maggie Kotuk—Oil paintings by a self-taught artist who simplifies figures and landscapes into large areas of flat color and does not allow the niceties of perspective or academic tradition to interfere with her forthright attack on her subjects. Through Tuesday, March 28. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Opens at noon.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Henry Hamilton Bennett (1843-1908) / **Erwin Blumenfeld** (1897-1969)—Panoramic and other views of the Wisconsin Dells. / Manipulated prints (female nudes and abstractions), plus portraits. Through April 8. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Baron De Meyer (1869-1946)—Thirty-three photographs of a lithe Nijinsky and some rather sturdy nymphs in the production of "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune" that scandalized Paris in 1912. These rare photographs were reprinted this year by Richard Benson. Through April 8. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

Jan Groover and David Haxton—The Whitney Museum is presenting an all-color exhibition of Miss Groover's series on Manhattan buildings and suburban scenes, and Mr. Haxton's abstractions. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Nickolas Muray (1892-1965)—Portraits of, among others, Eugene O'Neill, Tallulah Bankhead, Claude Monet, and Babe Ruth, made in the twenties, plus commercial color prints made for Seabrook Farms frozen foods in the latter part of his career. Through April 15. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

Edward Steichen (1879-1973)—A group of about seventy-five prints made prior to the outbreak of the First World War is on view at the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

John Thomson (1837-1921)—A record of his travels in China, Cyprus, and Cambodia, as well as an early essay on street people in London. Through Saturday, April 1. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **HELIOS**, 18 E. 67th St.: Works by Julia Margaret Cameron, Man Ray, Hill and Adamson, and others. Through April 15.... **JANIS**, 6 W. 57th St.: Color photography, some of it conceptual some of it surreal, by Joanne Muhlberg, Al Souza, and seven others. Through Saturday, April 1. (Open Mondays.)... **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.: Lisette Model, Louis Faurer, and Robert Frank are among the photographers whose works are included in a show centered on streets of America in the forties and early fifties. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Fifteenth-century Italian drawings, many of them shown in sixteenth-century frames, from the Robert Lehman Collection. Through June 18.... ¶ Views of Rome by Giovanni Battista Piranesi and other prints and drawings constitute a small show called "Artists in Rome in the Eighteenth Century." Through April 30.... ¶ An exhibit of about five hundred fancies and frivolities from the costume collection. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The cube and its permutations—three-dimensional and on paper—in a Sol LeWitt retrospective. Through April 4.... ¶ A survey of Mexican art. Through June 29.... ¶ A show of ninety architectural drawings that Le Corbusier made for half as many projects (studio assistants had a hand in some of the sketches) between the years 1912 and 1962. Through Sunday, March 26.... **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Early Steichen prints. Through Tuesday, March 28.... ¶ Group show of street photography. Through April 30. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Willem de Kooning in East Hampton," a show of the noted artist's paintings, drawings, and sculptures executed since 1963, when he moved from New York City to Long Island. Through April 23.... ¶ Collages by the contemporary Czech artist Jiří Kolář which incorporate written and printed texts, maps, photographs, and so forth. Through Sunday, March 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"Synchromism and American Color Abstraction, 1910-1925" brings together the works of the founders of Synchromism—Morgan Russell and Stanton Macdonald-Wright—with works by twenty-eight American and three European artists (Marsden Hartley, Joseph Stella, and Robert Delaunay among them), all of whom were early experimenters in pure-color abstraction. Through Sunday, March 26.... ¶ A show of Duane Hanson's startlingly realistic polyester and fibre-glass life casts—twenty-nine pieces in all, including "Hard Hat," "Rita the Waitress," and "Photographer." Through April 16.... **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Color prints by Jan Groover and David Haxton. Through April 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Paintings, drawings, prints, sculptures, and photographs (by

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EPA estimates are 24 mpg on the highway, 17 in the city. That's with the *standard 250 Cu. In. L6 engine* and automatic transmission. As you know, actual mileage will vary depending on how and where you drive, your car's condition and available equipment. Estimates lower in California. The New Chevrolet is equipped with GM-built engines produced by various divisions. Your dealer can give you the details.

More than 600,000 people bought *The New Chevrolet (Caprice and Impala)* during its very first year on the market, making The New Chevrolet the most popular car in America. By far. And it's selling at an even brisker pace in 1978.

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The Caprice Classic Sedan

Now that's more like it.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

artists who include Benglis, Dine, Rauschenberg, Warhol) borrowed from fifteen corporation art collections. Through April 11. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Paintings of indigenous American subjects—the Everglades, New York City playgrounds, Indian reservations—by contemporary artists commissioned by the Department of the Interior during the Bicentennial year. The painters include Richard Estes, Ellen Lanyon, and Neill Welliver. Through May 21. . . . ¶ More than a hundred prints (by Nevelson, Tanguy, Dali, Calder, others) made at Stanley William Hayter's Atelier 17, now observing its fiftieth anniversary. Through May 14. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Hall of Mexico and Central America, which houses a collection of archeological artifacts dating from 1500 B.C., is but one of a dozen major exhibitions at the museum. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—More than a hundred paintings and sculptures by twenty-nine contemporary American artists who are candidates for art awards. Through April 9. (Open daily, except Mondays and Sunday, March 26, from 1 to 4.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A new exhibit of decorative objects (a Breuer chair, a Desfosse wallpaper series, Japanese screen samples) from the museum's vast permanent collection. Through May 20. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Oxford University Press books, type, and type specimens in an exhibit that traces that publisher's five-hundred-year history (1478 to the present). Through May 7. . . ¶ French and English flower books and drawings, most of them executed by seventeenth- and eighteenth-century naturalists. Through May 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—A show devoted to representations of dogs in such folk-art forms as pottery, needlework, furniture, and paintings. Through April 2. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit of children's literature and illustrations that includes some original drawings for "The Wizard of Oz," a manuscript of Kate Greenaway's "Mother Goose," and a first edition of "Alice in Wonderland." Through Saturday, April 1. . . . ¶ "Literature in Exile," is the title of an exhibit of original letters, manuscripts, and early printed editions drawn from the Berg Collection. Through April 29. (The library is open daily except Thursdays and Sundays. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 9. The Berg Collection, however, always closes at 6.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Sculptures by Mel Edwards, including freestanding abstract works combining steel and industrial materials. . . . ¶ Arthur Carraway's paintings incorporate traditional African art forms. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.) Both shows through Sunday, March 26.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday evening, March 22: "Adriana Lecouvreur," with Renata Scotto, Fiorenza Cossotto, José Carreras, Louis Quilico, and Ivo Vinco; conducted by Jesús López-Cobos. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 23: "La Favorita," with

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Shirley Verrett, Alma Jean Smith, John Alexander, Sherrill Milnes, and Bonaldo Giaiotti; Jesús López-Cobos. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 24: "Die Frau Ohne Schatten," with Leonie Rysanek, Ursula Schröder-Feinen, Mignon Dunn, James King, and Walter Berry; Karl Böhm. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 25: "Don Giovanni," with Joan Sutherland, Julia Varady, Huguette Tourangeau, James Morris, John Brecknock, Gabriel Bacquier, and Allan Monk; Richard Bonynge. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 25: "Adriana Lecouvreur," with Renata Scotto, Fiorenza Cossotto, José Carreras, Louis Quilico, and Ivo Vinco; Jesús López-Cobos. . . . ¶ Monday evening, March 27: "Don Giovanni," with Joan Sutherland, Julia Varady, Huguette Tourangeau, James Morris, John Brecknock, Gabriel Bacquier, and Allan Monk; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, March 28: "Die Frau Ohne Schatten," with Leonie Rysanek, Ursula Schröder-Feinen, Mignon Dunn, James King, and Walter Berry; Karl Böhm. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, March 29: "Tosca," with Teresa Kubiak, José Carreras, Louis Quilico, and Renato Capecchi; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 30: "Don Giovanni," with Joan Sutherland, Julia Varady, Huguette Tourangeau, James Morris, John Brecknock, Gabriel Bacquier, and Allan Monk; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 31: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Tatiana Troyanos, Isola Jones, Jean Kraft, Placido Domingo, and Vern Shinall; and "Pagliacci," with Teresa Stratas, Placido Domingo, Sherrill Milnes, and Allan Monk. James Levine conducting both. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 1: "Die Frau Ohne Schatten," with Leonie Rysanek, Ursula Schröder-Feinen, Mignon Dunn, James King, and Walter Berry; Karl Böhm. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 1: "Tosca," with Teresa Kubiak, José Carreras, Louis Quilico, and Renato Capecchi; James Conlon. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Wednesday, March 22, at 8: "Mefistofele," with Judith Ehrlich, Samuel Ramey, and Ermanno Mauro; conducted by John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 23, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Patricia Craig, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Frederick Burchinal; Vincent La Selva. . . . ¶ Friday, March 24, at 8: "Carmen," with Ann Howard, Glenys Fowles, Jerold Norman, and Richard Fredricks; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 25, at 2: "La Bohème," with Cynthia Clarey, Martha Thigpen, Lando Bartolini, David Holloway, Richard T. Gill, and Robert Paul; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 25, at 8: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Patti Allison, Gwenlynn Little, Henry Price, Charles Roe, Thomas Jamerson, Harlan Foss, Richard McKee, and Melvin Lowery; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 26, at 1: "Rigoletto," with Gianna Rolandi, Kenneth Collins, Richard Fredricks, and Richard T. Gill; David Effron. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 26, at 7: "Le Coq d'Or" (in English), with Faye Robinson, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, William Wildermann, Irwin Densen, and Abram Morales; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 29, at 8: "Carmen," with Ann Howard, Glenys Fowles, Jerold Norman, and Richard Fredricks; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 30, at 8: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Martha Sheil, Catherine Malfitano, Delia Wallis, Samuel Ramey, and William Justus; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, March 31, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Patricia Craig, Diane Curry, John Sandor, and Frederick Burchinal; Vincent La Selva. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 1, at 2: "Le Coq d'Or" (in English), with Faye Robinson, William Wildermann, and Abram Morales; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 1, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Judith Ehrlich, Faith Esham, Lando Bartolini, and Charles Long; and "Pagliacci," with Diana Soviero, Kenneth Collins, and Pablo Elvira. Cal Stewart Kellogg conducting both. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall—Andrew Davis conducting on Thursday, March 23, at 8:30; Friday, March 24, at 2; Saturday, March 25, at 8:30; and Tuesday, March 28, at 7:30 (all with Alicia de Larrocha, piano). . . . ¶ Eugen Jochum conducting on Thursday, March 30, at 8:30; Friday, March 31, at 2; Saturday, April 1, at 8:30; and Tuesday, April 4, at 7:30 (no soloists).

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting the final concert of the season, with Clifford Curzon, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, March 25, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Kazuyoshi Akiyama directing an all-Beethoven program, with Susan Godine, soprano; Mary Lee Farris, mezzo-soprano; Leo Goeke, tenor; Arthur Thompson, baritone; the Oratorio Society of New York; and the Westchester Choral Society. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 26, at 3.)

ORPHEUS—A chamber orchestra of twenty-five, who perform without a conductor, in an all-Mozart program. With Peter Serkin, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, March 27, at 8.)

OPERA ORCHESTRA OF NEW YORK—Eve Queler directing a performance of Mercadante's "Virginia" in concert form, with, among others, Montserrat Caballé, soprano; Pablo Elvira, baritone; Boris Martinovich, bass-baritone; and the Schola Cantorum of New York. The last in a series of concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 29, at 8.)

MANNES COLLEGE ORCHESTRA—Semyon Bychkov conducting. (High School of Art and Design, Second Ave. at 57th St. Thursday, March 30, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

WESTCHESTER CONSERVATORY SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Gabriel Banat conducting, with Lorne Munroe, cello. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, March 31, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

MUSICA SACRA—Richard Westenburg directing a performance of Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," with Faye Robinson, soprano; Joy Blackett, contralto; Charles Bressler and Leo Goeke, tenors; Bruce Fifer, baritone; Thomas Paul, bass; and the choristers of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. The final concert of the season. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, March 22, at 8.)

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB—Warren H. Brown directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 29, at 8.)

PAGET CHORALE—Daniel Paget directing a program of vocal chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, March 31, at 8.)

RECITALS

DIETRICH FISCHER-DIESKAU—Baritone, in three all-Schubert recitals. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 22; Saturday, March 25; and Friday, March 31, all at 8.)

JUILLIARD STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, March 22, at 8, the fourth in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. . . . ¶ Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 1, at 3, with John Graham viola, the last in a series of all-Mozart concerts presenting the ten "great" quartets and the cycle of quintets.)

ENSEMBLE FOR EARLY MUSIC—A program entitled "Baroque Bacchanal," with the Festival Grande Bande, a baroque chamber orchestra. The last in a series of concerts. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 22, at 8.)

YEHUDA HANANI AND JAMES DICK—Cello and piano, in a sonata recital. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, March 23, at 8.)

APPLE HILL CHAMBER PLAYERS—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, March 24, at 8.)

DIABOLUS MUSICUS—Members of the New York Philharmonic in an all-Schubert program, with Larry Newland, conductor, plus soloists and a chorus. (Great Hall, Cooper Union,

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, March 24, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Kyung-Wha Chung—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, March 25, at 8.)

Anne Perret and Rodrigo de Zayas—Mezzo-soprano and lute/theorbo/vihuela. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 25, at 8.)

Eugenia and Pinchas Zukerman—Flute and violin. (Walt Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Saturday, March 25, at 8.)

American Chamber Trio—Peter Basquin, piano; June DeForest, violin; and Daniel Morganstern, cello, in the second of two recitals. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 25, at 8:30.)

Waverly Consort—The second of two performances of a program of music for Eastertime. (Fuentidueña Apse, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Sunday, March 26, at 3. For information about tickets, call 923-3700, Ext. 14, Wednesday through Friday.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Henryk Szeryng, violin; Tamas Vasary, piano; Barry Tuckwell, horn; Paula Robison, flute; Loren Glickman, bassoon; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 26, at 5, and Tuesday, March 28, at 7:30.)

Montserrat Caballé, Alicia de Larrocha, and Federico Mompou—Soprano, piano, and composer/pianist, in a program in observance of Señor Mompou's eighty-fifth birthday. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 26, at 8.)

Steven Kimbrough—Baritone. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, March 27, at 8.)

American Brass Quintet—The second of two concerts. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, March 27, at 8.)

Michel Block—Piano, in the last in a series of recitals, this one a program of works by Scriabin and Ravel. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, March 28, at 8.)

Susan Lang Eddlemon—Violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, March 28, at 8.)

Misha and Cipa Dichter—Music for two pianos and for one piano, four hands. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Tuesday, March 28, at 8.)

Chamber Music at the Y—An all-Beethoven program, played by Jaime Laredo, violin, and the Guarneri Quartet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, March 29, at 8.)

Esther Lamneck—Clarinet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, March 30, at 8.)

Joan Morris and William Bolcom—Mezzo-soprano and piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, March 30, at 8.)

Javier Calderón—Classical guitarist. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, March 30, at 8:30.)

New York Cornet and Sacbut Ensemble—A program of early music for brass. (St. Peter's Episcopal Church, 346 W. 20th St. Friday, March 31, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Composers' Forum—A program of works by Earl Howard and Stephen Jaffe. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, March 31, at 8:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the performance.)

Clamma Dale—Soprano. (Walt Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Saturday, April 1, at 8.)

Emanuel Ax—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, April 1, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Zvi Zeitlin—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, April 1, at 8.)

New York Renaissance Band—A program of music entitled "The Late Renaissance and Beyond." (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 1, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Denver, Tuesday, March 28, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Washington, Thursday, March 30, at 8:30. . . . RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER, Piscataway, N.J. (all games at 8:05): Nets vs. Chicago, Wednesday, March 22. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Washington, Friday, March 24. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Milwaukee, Friday, March 31. (For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. St. Louis Blues, Monday, March 27, at 8:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Islanders, Wednesday, March 29, at 8:35. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Cleveland Barons, Saturday, March 25, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Minnesota North Stars (a game postponed from Feb. 7), Sunday, March 26, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Washington Capitals, Saturday, April 1, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

Racing—At Aqueduct: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, May 22. The Distaff Handicap, Friday, March 24; the Bay Shore, Saturday, March 25; and the Westchester Handicap, Saturday, April 1.

Soccer—Cosmos vs. Chicago, in an exhibition game. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Saturday, March 25, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, April 29. . . . MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 5.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

Poetry and Prose Readings—Joanne Kyger and David Shapiro reading from their own poetry. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Wednesday, March 22, at 8:30. Admission by contribution.). . . ¶ Denise Levertov reading from her own poetry. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, March 23, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ Linda Pastan and May Sarton reading from their own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, March 27, at 8.). . . ¶ N. Scott Momaday reading from his own fiction and poetry. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Wednesday, March 29, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Cartes Postales—Seven hundred or so French postcards, ranging in time from the eighteen-nineties to the First World War and in subject matter from the opening of the Eiffel Tower to portraits of Czar Nicholas and his family. There are scenic ones, historical ones, comic ones, lovesick ones, and risqué ones. Through May 5. (French Institute-Alliance Française Gallery, 22 E. 60th St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 8; Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Saturdays, 10 to 1:30.)

Auto Expo New York—Automobiles from Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Japan, and Sweden, together with a selection of American small cars, plus some thirty antiques, classics, and vintage racing machines. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Friday, March 24, through Sunday, April 2. Weekdays, 11 to 10:30; Sundays, 11 to 8.)

New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park—The newly renovated Conservatory includes among its exhibits a fern forest with a waterfall; a tunnel featuring moss and aquarium plants as well as mushrooms; a children's greenhouse, showing the relation between grocery goods and growing plants; and a section devoted to parterre gardening. (Daily, except Mondays, 10 to 4.)

Flower Show—The annual Spring Flower Show in the Conservatory of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden. Daily, 10 to 4; through Sunday, March 26.

Auctions—At SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Friday, March 24, from 10 to 5.) Wednesday, March 22, at 2: The John J. McDonough Collection of American paintings. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 30, at 2: Contemporary paintings, drawings, and sculptures; from various owners. . . . ¶ Friday, March 31, at 2: Contemporary prints and sculptures, from many owners. Exhibition starts Thursday, March 23. . . . CHRISTIE'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, March 22, at 2: Old Master paintings, from several collectors.

Easing into spring with a dress that's more like a big shirt. It has a button tab front, round neck and raglan sleeves— and a silky cord belt so you can sash and blouson! By David Crystal, in beige with cream trim. All polyester, sizes 6 to 16. $52. Sportdress Collections.

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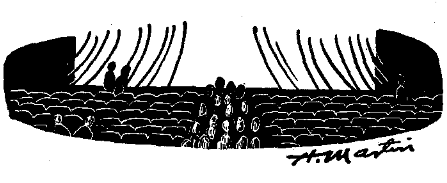
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through March 28: "Saturday Night Fever."
From March 29: "The Man Who Loved Women."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through March 28: "The Goodbye Girl" and "The Sunshine Boys."
From March 29: "The Goodbye Girl" and another feature, to be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through March 28: "Saturday Night Fever."
From March 29: "The Turning Point."

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"The Big Sleep."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"An Unmarried Woman."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"American Hot Wax."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through March 25: "Gray Lady Down."
From March 26: "Word Is Out."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"High Anxiety."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Big Sleep."

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Coma."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Madame Rosa."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Casey's Shadow."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Straight Time."

59TH ST. EAST, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Savage Is Loose."

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through March 23: "The Turning Point."
From March 24: "Saturday Night Fever."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Coming Home."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Fingers."

COLUMBIA I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"A Little Night Music."

COLUMBIA II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"That Obscure Object of Desire."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"An Unmarried Woman."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Blue Country."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"House Calls."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through March 28: "Semi-Tough."
From March 29: To be announced.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Coma."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through March 24: "The Betsy."
From March 25: "Pete's Dragon."

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"American Hot Wax."

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Fury."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through March 23: "Blue Collar."
From March 24: "The Other Side of the Mountain, Part 2."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"The Big Sleep."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through March 23: "Gray Lady Down."
From March 24: "The Turning Point."

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through March 23: "The Betsy" and "Cabaret."
From March 24: "The Other Side of the Mountain, Part 2."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Coma."

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Turning Point."
Theatre 2: "Julia."
Theatre 3: "Sebastiane" (X-rated).
Theatre 4: "The Children of Theatre Street."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through March 23: "Operation Thunderbolt."
From March 24: "The Other Side of the Mountain, Part 2."

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Crossed Swords."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Close Encounters of the Third Kind."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Julia."

PLAYBOY, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Goodbye Girl."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Turning Point."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands."

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Summer Paradise."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"An Unmarried Woman."

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through March 23: "Furtivos."
From March 24: "Near and Far Away."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Annie Hall."

LOEWS 83RD TRIPLEX, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Coma."
Theatre 2: "Julia."
Theatre 3: "Saturday Night Fever."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through March 23: "The Man Who Loved Women" and "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe."
From March 24: To be announced.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
"The Goodbye Girl" and "The Late Show."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
March 22: "Masculine Feminine" (1965), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Jean-Pierre Léaud and Chantal Goya; and "A Married Woman" (1965), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Macha Meril.
March 23: "Play It Again, Sam" (1972), directed by Herbert Ross, with Woody Allen; and "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek" (1944), directed by Preston Sturges, with Betty Hutton, Eddie Bracken, Diana Lynn, and William Demarest.
March 24-25: "Ninotchka" (1939), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Greta Garbo and Melvyn Douglas; and "To Be or Not to Be" (1942), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Carole Lombard, Jack Benny, Robert Stack, and Felix Bressart.
March 26: "Freaks" (1932), directed by Tod Browning, with Olga Baclanova, Leila Hyams, and Wallace Ford; and "The Clowns." (†)
March 27: "Marat/Sade" (1967), directed by Peter Brook, performed by the Royal Shakespeare Company; and "King Lear." (†)
March 28: "Dodes'ka-den" (1971), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa; and "Yellow Crow" (1957), in Japanese, directed by Heinosuke Gosho.
March 29: "The Spirit of the Beehive" (1973), in Spanish, directed by Victor Erice; and "Forbidden Games." (†)
March 30: "Lolita" (1962), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters; and "Laughter in the Dark." (†)

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
March 22: "Mozart—A Childhood Chronicle" (1976), in German, directed by Klaus Kirschner.
March 23: "Expulsion from Paradise" (1976), in German, directed by Niklaus Schilling; and "C'est la Vie Rrose" (1977), in German, directed by Hans-Christof Stenzel.
March 24: "The Decameron" (1971), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini himself; and "Brother Sun, Sister Moon" (1973), directed by Franco Zeffirelli, with Graham Faulkner as Francis of Assisi.
March 25: "Chinatown" (1974), directed by Roman Polanski, with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston; and "The Tenant." (†)
March 26: "Beauty and the Beast" (1946), in French, directed by Jean Cocteau, with Jean Marais and Josette Day; and "The Blue Bird" (1976), directed by George Cukor, with Elizabeth Taylor, Jane Fonda, Cicely Tyson, Ava Gardner, and Will Geer.
March 27: "Traffic" (1971), directed by, and with, Jacques Tati; and "Genevieve." (†)
March 28: "Fire at Midnight" (1978), in German, directed by Gustav Ehmck; and "Johnny West" (1977), in German, directed by Roald Koller.
March 29: "A Hell of a Good Life: Howard Hawks—19 Chapters in the Memoirs of a Storyteller" (1978), in German, directed by Hans C. Blumenberg; and "Wintersplet" (1978), in German, directed by Eberhard Fechner.
March 30: "Fifty-Fifty" (1977), in German, directed by Uwe Brandner; and "The Consequence" (1977), in German, directed by Wolfgang Petersen.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through March 23: "The 400 Blows" (1959), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Léaud; and "The Wild Child" (1970), in French, directed by, and with, François Truffaut.
March 24-25: "The Big Store" (†) and "Go West." (†)
March 26-27: "Little Big Man" (†) and "Who Is Harry Kellerman and Why Is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me?" (†)
March 28: "Sleuth" (1972), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with Laurence Olivier and Michael Caine; and "The Seven-Per-Cent Solution" (1976), directed by Herbert Ross, with Nicol Williamson, Alan Arkin, Vanessa Redgrave, Laurence Olivier, and Robert Duvall.
March 29-30: "The Servant" (1963), directed by Joseph Losey, with Dirk Bogarde, Sarah Miles, Wendy Craig, and James Fox; and "Victim." (†)

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
March 22: "Cat People" (1942), directed by Jacques Tourneur, with Simone Simon, Kent Smith, and Tom Conway; and "The Curse of the Cat People" (1944), directed by Gunther Von Fritsch and Robert Wise, with Kent Smith, Ann Carter, and Simone Simon.
March 23-25: "Bringing Up Baby" (1938), directed by Howard Hawks, with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Charles Ruggles; and "Stage Door" (1937), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, Adolphe Menjou, and Franklin Pangborn.
March 26-27: "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" (†) and "The Most Dangerous Game." (†)
March 28-29: "Room Service" (†) and "The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer." (†)
From March 30: "Swing Time" (1936), directed by George Stevens, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Helen Broderick,

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Victor Moore, and Betty Furness; and "Shall We Dance" (1937), directed by Mark Sandrich, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Edward Everett Horton, Jerome Cowan, and Eric Blore.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through March 23: "Double Indemnity" (1944), directed by Billy Wilder, with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, and Edward G. Robinson; and "The Lady from Shanghai." (†)

March 24-25: "Morning Glory" (†); and "Holiday" (1938), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Lew Ayres, Edward Everett Horton, and Doris Nolan.

March 26-27: "Women in Love" (1970), directed by Ken Russell, with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed; and "Mahler." (†)

March 28: "Dinner at Eight" (1933), directed by George Cukor, with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore; and "Queen Christina" (1934), directed by Rouben Mamoulian, with Greta Garbo and John Gilbert.

March 29-30: "The Big Heat" (†) and "The Woman in the Window." (†)

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

March 22: "Guilty as Hell" (1932), directed by Erle C. Kenton, with Edmund Lowe, Victor McLaglen, and Richard Arlen; and "Secrets of the Blue Room" (1933), directed by Kurt Neumann, with Paul Lukas, Edward Arnold, and Onslow Stevens.

March 23: "That Certain Age" (1938), directed by Edward Ludwig, with Deanna Durbin and Jackie Cooper; and "I'll Be Yours" (1947), directed by William Seiter, with Deanna Durbin and Tom Drake.

March 24-25: "Twentieth Century" (1934), directed by Howard Hawks, with John Barrymore and Carole Lombard; and "It Happened One Night." (†)

March 26: "Thoroughly Modern Millie" (†); and "Has Anybody Seen My Gal" (1952), directed by Douglas Sirk, with Piper Laurie, Rock Hudson, and Charles Coburn.

March 27: "Alice in Wonderland" (1933), directed by Norman Z. McLeod, with Charlotte Henry, Cary Grant, Gary Cooper, Louise Fazenda, and Richard Arlen; and "Jungle Book" (1942), directed by Zoltan Korda, with Sabu, Joseph Calleia, and Patricia O'Rourke.

March 28: "Miss Tatlock's Millions" (1948), directed by Richard Haydn, with Wanda Hendrix and John Lund; and "Fast and Loose" (1939), directed by Edwin Marin, with Robert Montgomery and Rosalind Russell.

March 29: "Daughter of Shanghai" (1937), directed by Robert Florey, with Anna May Wong, Charles Bickford, Buster Crabbe, J. Carrol Naish, and Anthony Quinn; and "Hotel Imperial" (1938), directed by Robert Florey, with Isa Miranda, Ray Milland, Reginald Owen, Gene Lockhart, and Albert Dekker.

March 30: "Miracle Woman" (†) and "Dirigible." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

ROY AND NIUTA TITUS AUDITORIUM, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—March 23 at 2:30: "The Men" (1950), directed by Fred Zinnemann, with Marlon Brando, Teresa Wright, and Jack Webb.... ¶ March 23 at 6: "The Key" (1958), directed by Carol Reed, with Sophia Loren, Trevor Howard, and William Holden.... ¶ March 23 at 8:30: "The Guns of Navarone" (1961), directed by J. Lee Thompson, with Gregory Peck, David Niven, Anthony Quinn, and Irene Papas.... ¶ March 24 at 2:30: "On the Avenue" (1937), directed by Roy Del Ruth, with Dick Powell, Madeleine Carroll, Alice Faye, and the Ritz Brothers.... ¶ March 24 at 6: "The Private Life of Don Juan" (1934), directed by Alexander Korda, with Douglas Fairbanks.... ¶ March 25 at noon: "Born Free" (1966), directed by James Hill, with Virginia McKenna and Bill Travers.... ¶ March 25 at 2:30: "The Docks of New York" (1928), directed by Josef von Sternberg, with George Bancroft and Betty Compson.... ¶ March 25 at 5: "Metropolis" (1926), a German silent film, directed by Fritz Lang; English inter-titles. ... ¶ March 26 at noon: "Born Free."... ¶ March 26 at 2:30: "Steamboat Bill, Jr." (1928), directed by Charles Riesner, with Buster Keaton and Ernest Torrence.... ¶ March 26 at 5: "Pygmalion" (1938), directed by Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard, with Mr. Howard and Wendy Hiller.... ¶ March 27 at noon: "Potters of Hebron" (1976), directed by Robert Haber.... ¶ March 27 at 2:30: "Metropolis."... ¶ March 27 at 6: A three-hour program of recent short Japanese avant-garde films, with an intermission.... ¶ March 28 at noon: "Potters of Hebron."... ¶ March 28 at 2:30: "A Tale of Two Cities" (1911), with William Humphrey and Julia Swayne Gordon; "Fate" (1913), directed by D. W. Griffith, with Lionel Barrymore and Mae Marsh; and "The Yaqui Cur" (1913), directed by D. W. Griffith, with Robert Harron and Kate Bruce. ... ¶ March 28 at 6: "How Yukong Moved the Mountains" (1973-75), in Chinese, with English voiceover, directed by Joris Ivens and Marceline Loridan, the final five sections ("Professor Tchien," "The Football Incident: The High School," "In Rehearsal at the Peking Opera," "Behind the Scenes at the Peking Circus," and "Traditional Handicrafts") of a twelve-part documentary on life in the People's Republic of China.... ¶ March 30 at 2:30: "The Docks of New York."... ¶ March 30 at 6: "Steamboat Bill, Jr."... ¶ March 30 at 8:30: "Charleston" (1927), a French silent film, directed by Jean Renoir, with English inter-titles; "The Love of Zero" (1928), directed by Robert Florey; "Montparnasse" (1929), directed by Eugene Deslaw; and "City of Contrasts" (1930), directed by Irving Browning. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A video installation by Peter Campus. Continuous showings from noon to 5:45 (9 on Tuesdays). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Brakhage, Broughton, Peterson, Bresson, Sturgeon, Baillie, and others. Showings March 22-24 at 7 and 9; March 25 at 2:30, 7, and 9; March 26 at 8; March 28 at 7; March 29 at 7 and 9; and March 30 at 8.

FILM FORUM, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—"The Confessions of Winifred Wagner" (1975), in German, directed by Hans-Jürgen Syberberg; English subtitles. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, American Cinémathèque, Junior Museum Auditorium, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (879-5674)—A series of international films made in 1935, together with short features, newsreels, animated films, documentaries, and experimental films. March 22: "Becky Sharp," directed by Rouben Mamoulian, with Miriam Hopkins, Frances Dee, and Cedric Hardwicke.... ¶ March 23: Program to be announced.... ¶ March 28: "Crime and Punishment," directed by Joseph von Sternberg, with Peter Lorre, Edward Arnold, and Mrs. Patrick Campbell.... ¶ March 29: "Go Into Your Dance," directed by Archie Mayo, with Al Jolson, Ruby Keeler, and Helen Morgan.... ¶ March 30: "Late Extra," directed by Albert Parker, with Virginia Cherrill and James Mason. Showings Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

AMERICAN HOT WAX—As played by Tim McIntire, the disc jockey Alan Freed is a martyr to the cause of rock 'n' roll; he's so righteous he's Buford Pusser in the world of pop music—the picture should have been called "Spinning Tall." The moviemakers (the director Floyd Mutrux, the producer Art Linson, the screenwriter John Kaye) should have had more trust in the fifties rock milieu and in their own talents, because everything about the movie *except* this pious morality-tale aspect of it is cheerfully, trashily enjoyable. Freed's unabashedly shrill secretary, Sheryl (Fran Drescher), might have had Jean Harlow for a voice teacher; his shovel-faced chauffeur, Mookie (Jay Leno), teases her and keeps her shrieking in outrage. This is a super-B movie; it toys with the conventions of musicals good-naturedly, half parodistically. With Laraine Newman, Chuck Berry, and Jerry Lee Lewis, and Moosie Drier as the twelve-year-old president of the Buddy Holly Fan Club (five thousand members). Visually high-spirited; William A. Fraker did the cinematography. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/20/78.) (34th St. East, and Loews Orpheum.)

ANNIE HALL—Woody Allen's newest film—very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, called Alvy Singer and played by Mr. Allen, is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton, for whom Mr. Allen has written a splendidly funny and loving part. (4/25/77) (Embassy 72nd St.)

THE BACHELOR AND THE BOBBY-SOXER (1947)—Right after doing himself proud in "Notorious," Cary Grant made the mistake of appearing in this meant-to-be-bubbling farce by Sidney Sheldon. He's miscast as a roué painter, and those who are cast to type don't come off any better. Shirley Temple is the bobby-soxer who develops a crush on him, and Myrna Loy is her older sister, a judge. The painter is coerced into dating the bobby-soxer until she gets over her infatuation; he escorts her to various teen functions, and competes with adolescent athletes in an obstacle race at a school picnic, before he pairs off with the older sister. With Rudy Vallée, Ray Collins, Harry Davenport, Veda Ann Borg, William Bakewell, and Don Beddoe. Directed by Irving Reis. (Regency; March 28-29.)

THE BETSY—This adaptation of Harold Robbins' novel about three generations of a Detroit automobile dynasty lacks the juicy vulgarity of soul which Robbins requires—it's so tranquil it's like a reverie on the clichés of the genre. As the superabundantly sexed patriarch of the family, Laurence Olivier keeps on acting after everyone else has given up. With Tommy Lee Jones, Robert Duvall, Katharine Ross, and Jane Alexander. Directed by Daniel Petrie. (2/27/78) (Waverly; through March 23.... ¶ U. A. East; through March 24.)

THE BIG HEAT (1953)—It would be a routine cops-and-robbers thriller, but the director, Fritz Lang, gave it a formalized style and brought off a few stunningly executed nasty scenes. Glenn Ford is a cop who ignores the orders of the brass and investigates a gangster (Alexander Scourby). Scourby's men plant a bomb in Ford's car, and Ford's wife (Jocelyn Brando) is blown up. One of the gangsters (Lee Marvin) also throws scalding coffee at the high-living, tough-girl lush (Gloria Grahame). Ford leaves the Police Department, and with Grahame's aid he enables the film to accumulate corpses and arrests. With Carolyn Jones and Dan Seymour. (Thalia; March 29-30.)

THE BIG SLEEP—Based on the Raymond Chandler novel, with Robert Mitchum as Philip Marlowe. Directed by Michael Winner. (Bay Cinema, Trans-Lux East, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

THE BIG STORE (1941)—The Marx Brothers take over a department store. But they never quite take over the movie, which is far from inspired, though it does have Margaret Dumont and that great slimy villain Douglass Dumbrille. (Cinema Village; March 24-25.)

BLUE COLLAR—The phenomenally successful young screenwriter Paul Schrader makes his début as a director with a script he wrote with his brother Leonard. It's about three Detroit auto workers (Richard Pryor, Yaphet Kotto, and Harvey Keitel) who rob their union headquarters; the destruction of their friendship as a result of the robbery is used to illustrate the you-can't-win thesis. The picture seems dogged, though it is graced with a beautiful performance by Kotto and an unusual one by Pryor, who plays a turn-coat. (2/27/78) (86th St. East; through March 23.)

Blue Country—With Brigitte Fossey, Jacques Serres, and Ginette Garcin; directed by Jean-Charles Tacchella. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Cabaret (1972)—A great movie musical, satirical and diamond-hard. With Joel Grey and Liza Minnelli, and masterly direction by Bob Fosse. (Waverly; through March 23.)

Casey's Shadow—With Walter Matthau and Alexis Smith, directed by Martin Ritt. (Baronet.)

The Children of Theatre Street—An American production team gets behind the scenes at Leningrad's historic ballet school (on Theatre Street), and then loses sight of its subject—the way the pupils are trained to become dancers. Colorful sidelights and some good performance shots of young dancers and old ballets, but, by and large, a wasted opportunity. (Quad Cinema.)

Close Encounters of the Third Kind—This celebration of the wonders up there in the skies is the best-humored of all technological-marvel fantasies. It has visionary magic, along with a love of surprises and a skeptical, let's-try-it-on spirit. Written and directed by Steven Spielberg. (11/28/77) (Ziegfeld.)

The Clowns (1971)—Fellini, and a glory. His view of the world has always been that it is like the circus—a land of buffoons, of wounds that deliver no hurt. This is the film that exactly and unsentimentally states it. There is a peculiar tenebrous undertow in the quality of the color, as there is in circuses. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 26.)

Coma—Geneviève Bujold as a surgical resident in a Boston hospital. She discovers that large numbers of young healthy patients have gone into irreversible comas while undergoing minor surgery, and then—vegetablized—have been packed off to a facility that provides long-term life-support systems. The story glides along smoothly, as if computer-operated, but it doesn't give you a lift. Michael Crichton directed. With Michael Douglas, Richard Widmark, Rip Torn, and Elizabeth Ashley. (2/6/78) (Fine Arts, Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

Coming Home—The time is 1968; the place is Los Angeles. Jane Fonda plays the proper, repressed wife of a hawkish Marine captain (Bruce Dern); after her husband leaves for Vietnam she volunteers for work in a veterans' hospital and meets a paraplegic (Jon Voight), who is in a rage of helplessness. Hal Ashby directed this intuitive yet amorphous movie, which falls apart when he resorts to melodramatic cross-cutting. (2/20/78) (Cinema I.)

Crossed Swords—With Oliver Reed, Raquel Welch, Mark Lester, Ernest Borgnine, George C. Scott, Rex Harrison, David Hemmings, and Charlton Heston; directed by Richard Fleischer. (Music Hall.)

Dirigible (1931)—Popular, handsomely produced action film starring a team of he-man heroes—Jack Holt and Ralph Graves. This team appeared in "Submarine," "Flight," and, finally, "Dirigible"—all three directed by Frank Capra, and all three featuring enormous, photogenic disasters. The heroine of this one was the most disaster-prone of all the movie ladies—the screamer, Fay Wray. With Hobart Bosworth, Clarence Muse, and Roscoe Karns. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 30.)

Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands—Directed by Bruno Barreto. In Portuguese. (Paris.)

Fingers—In the first film he has directed, the writer James Toback seems to be playing the literary adolescent's game of wanting to go crazy so he can watch his own reactions. Because he doesn't censor his masculine racial fantasies, his foolishness and his terrible ideas pour out freely. The protagonist (Harvey Keitel) is an artist with the soul of a violent hood. Toback doesn't just risk self-parody—he falls into it. Yet the film never seems ridiculous, because he's got true moviemaking fever. With Jim Brown, Tisa Farrow, and Michael V. Gazzo. (3/13/78) (Cinema II.)

Forbidden Games (1952)—René Clément's beautiful, lacerating film on the themes of innocence and war. On a crowded highway outside Paris in 1940, a delicate five-year-old girl wanders away from the strafed bodies of her parents, clutching her dead puppy in her arms. She and a peasant boy become playmates: their game—their passion—is to collect dead animals for their private cemetery,

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ENIT

and for this game they steal crosses from churches and graveyards. A harshly ironic classic of the French postwar period. With Brigitte Fossey. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 29.)

Furtivos—Directed by José Luis Borau. In Spanish. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema Studio; through March 23.)

The Fury—Brian De Palma's visionary, science-fiction thriller is the reverse side of the coin of Spielberg's "Close Encounters." With Spielberg, what happens is so much better than you dared hope that you have to laugh; with De Palma, it's so much worse than you feared that you have to laugh. The script (John Farris's adaptation of his novel) is cheap gothic espionage occultism involving two superior beings—spiritual twins (Andrew Stevens and Amy Irving) who have met only telepathically. But the film is so visually compelling that a viewer seems to have entered a mythic night world; no Hitchcock thriller was ever so intense, went so far, or had so many "classic" sequences. With Kirk Douglas, Carrie Snodgress, and John Cassavetes. (3/20/78) (Loews Ciné.)

Genevieve (1954)—Funny English comedy, directed by Henry Cornelius, with Kenneth More as an amiable old-car nut who goes on the London-to-Brighton annual motor race for petrol-driven antiques. Good about English mews life, with an entrancing sequence when the beautiful late Kay Kendall plays the trumpet. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 27.)

The Goodbye Girl—The prolific Neil Simon is at it again; this time it's a tearful comedy with Marsha Mason and Richard Dreyfuss. She says gratuitously abrasive things to him, and he prisses his lips and tells her off. Herbert Ross directed. (1/16/78) (St. Marks Cinema, Playboy, and Olympia.)

Go West (1941)—The Marx Brothers in what is, arguably, their worst picture; "Love Happy" is possibly even worse. This one—set in the Old West—has a good opening sequence and not much else. The cast includes John Carroll, Walter Woolf King, and Iris Adrian; Edward Buzzell directed; and the script can be blamed on Irving Brecher. (Cinema Village; March 24-25.)

Gray Lady Down—With Charlton Heston, David Carradine, and Stacy Keach; directed by David Greene. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through March 23. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; through March 25.)

High Anxiety—Mel Brooks' rehash of some of Hitchcock's most famous thriller effects. This is a child's idea of satire—imitations, with a funny hat and a leer. There isn't a whisper of suspense, and there are few earned laughs; all Brooks does is let us know he has seen some of the same movies we have. With Madeline Kahn, Cloris Leachman, Harvey Korman, and Ron Carey. (1/9/78) (Sutton.)

House Calls—With Walter Matthau, Glenda Jackson, Art Carney, and Richard Benjamin; directed by Howard Zieff. (Loews Tower East.)

The Hunchback of Notre Dame (1939)—Playing Quasimodo (Lon Chaney's old role), Charles Laughton seems determined to outdo Chaney's horrifying makeup. With only one eye and a hump so big his head seems to be in the middle of his chest, his Quasimodo is so distorted and misshapen that little of the human being, much less of the actor, survives. It's an appallingly masochistic performance. The adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel seems rather perfunctory, but it's an elaborate, well-photographed mixture of historical spectacle and Grand Guignol. William Dieterle directed. Maureen O'Hara is a ravishing Esmeralda, and the cast includes Edmond O'Brien (in his film début), Cedric Hardwicke, Thomas Mitchell, George Zucco, Alan Marshal, Walter Hampden, Minna Gombell, Fritz Leiber, Etienne Girardot, and Harry Davenport as Louis XI. (Regency; March 26-27.)

It Happened One Night (1934)—Runaway heiress Claudette Colbert meets reporter Clark Gable, and they transformed the romantic style of America, as well as the style of American comedy. Frank Capra directed this charming film, which is now a nostalgic incarnation of thirties humor and sentiment. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 24-25.)

Julia—Jane Fonda as Lillian Hellman, Jason Robards as Dashiell Hammett, and Vanessa Redgrave as Julia in the film version of Hellman's story about her smuggling bribe money into Nazi Germany, from her book of memoirs "Pentimento." Directed by Fred Zinnemann, from a script by Alvin Sargent, it has been made in conservative—classical humanist—style. The film's constraint is frustrating, because Jane Fonda has the power and invention to go further in the character. (10/10/77) (Quad Cinema, Festival, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

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King Lear (1971)—Blindness and nothingness are the controlling metaphors in this gray, cold Peter Brook production. Paul Scofield gives a frigid performance, and the cast, including the Cordelia, has dead eyes. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 27.)

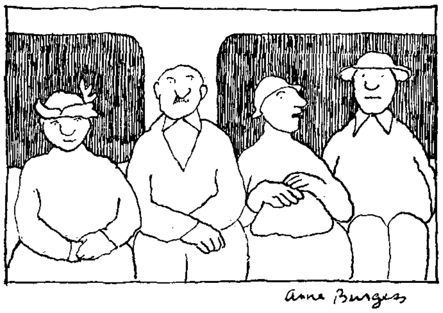
The Lady from Shanghai (1948)—Orson Welles directed the picture and plays an Irish sailor who once fought for the Spanish Republic, and now is caught up in what he calls a "bright, guilty world" of rich people. Arthur Bannister (Everett Sloane) is a criminal lawyer who is himself criminal, and the blight has spread to his wife (Rita Hayworth). Witty and enjoyable; there was never a director so excited by the grammar of film imagery as Welles. (Thalia; through March 23.)

The Late Show (1977)—The writer-director, Robert Benton, has followed the rules of the detective-movie genre, but he's also added something: the detective (Art Carney) is overweight, old, and scared. None of this prevents the heroine (Lily Tomlin), who hires him, from perceiving that he's different from the other men she knows. This one-of-a-kind murder mystery pays off in atmosphere, spooking us by the flip, greedy ordinariness of the evil. Eugene Roche is a fence who loves his stolen goodies; Bill Macy is a scrounging bartender; Joanna Cassidy is a lying, cheating charmer; Howard Duff is a penny-ante detective who dies muttering about the money he's going to make; and John Considine is a sleekly handsome strong-arm man. They're all originals. (2/7/77) (Olympia.)

Laughter in the Dark (1969)—Nicol Williamson, the great young English actor, plays the blinded rich man of Nabokov's novel, plagued by an evilly prankish couple (Anna Karina and Jean-Claude Drouot). Directed by Tony Richardson. A witty, fluid, harrowing film, with a moving hero. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 30.)

Little Big Man (1970)—The exhilarating Thomas Berger novel, brought to the screen by Arthur Penn. A hip epic, with an amiable first hour. Then the massacres and messages take over. With Dustin Hoffman as the only white survivor of Custer's Last Stand. (Cinema Village; March 26-27.)

A Little Night Music—You know what you're in for near the beginning, when the hero (Len Cariou) is greeted with "Good afternoon, Lawyer Egerman." This film is a cut above "Song of Norway" and "The Blue Bird," but it's in that general sylvan-settings category. It's an adaptation of the Broadway show, which was a reworking, with music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim and a book by Hugh Wheeler, of Ingmar Bergman's "Smiles of a Summer Night." What was lyrical farce in the Bergman film has now become clodhopping operetta. This picture has been made as if the director (Harold Prince) had never *seen* a movie. With Diana Rigg and Lesley-Anne Down, who manage to get a performance rhythm going in some of their scenes, and with Elizabeth Taylor. (3/20/78) (Columbia I.)



Madame Rosa—With Simone Signoret, directed by Moshe Mizrahi. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Plaza.)

Mahler (1976)—Ken Russell's lurid love for music is well-known: sober and good in his early days at the BBC, where he worked on film biographies of Delius, Elgar, and Richard Strauss, he has lately been producing stinkers, in pieces about Tchaikovsky, Liszt, and Mahler. Mahler is well played by Robert Powell, though he stares through us rather like a medium in a trance. Composing music is *not* a trance; it's hard work, like plumbing. (4/26/76) (Thalia; March 26-27.)

The Man Who Loved Women—The dedicated skirt-chaser of Truffaut's film is meant to be irresistibly charming, but his compulsion looks about as exciting as building a two-foot replica of the Pentagon with toothpicks. With Charles Denner, Nelly Borgeaud, Brigitte Fossey, and Leslie Caron. In French. (12/5/77) (New Yorker; through March 23. . . . ¶ Art; starting March 29.)

Miracle Woman (1931)—Barbara Stanwyck gives a peerless performance as a young evangelist—a girl from a religious background who is taken over by a carny promoter (Sam Hardy) and is developed into a big-time shear-the-sheep phenomenon, with her own church. Frank Capra directed this fictionalized version of the life of Aimee Semple McPherson. It was softened by a mawkish love story: the heroine is redeemed through her unselfish love for a blind aviator (David Manners, God help us all). But it's still a beauty, well staged and handsomely lighted (Joseph Walker was the cinematographer), and with some intermittent good writing; the screenplay is by Jo Swerling, from the play "Bless You Sister," by John Meehan and Robert Riskin. With Beryl Mercer and Russell Hopton. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 30.)

Morning Glory (1933)—Katharine Hepburn got her first Academy Award for her performance as "Eva Lovelace"—the name taken by a girl who comes to New York obsessively determined to become a great actress. It's a strange, ambivalent study of that lying-cheating kind of determination, taken from a play by Zoë Akins and directed by Lowell Sherman. With Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Adolphe Menjou. The picture was remade in the late fifties as "Stage Struck," starring Susan Strasberg. (Thalia; March 24-25.)

The Most Dangerous Game (1932)—An amusing classic suspense melodrama; the plot was used several times, but this version, directed by Irving Pichel and Ernest Schoedsack, is the most entertaining. Leslie Banks (with his schizoid face—one half suave Englishman, the other half twisted and with suggestions of exotic evil) is the mad hunter who stalks human prey, and Joel McCrea is his target. Fay Wray does her usual charming terrified heroine. (Regency; March 26-27.)

Near and Far Away—Directed by Marianne Ahrne. In Swedish. (Cinema Studio; starting March 24.)

Operation Thunderbolt—About the July, 1976, Israeli rescue at Entebbe. Directed by Menahem Golan. (Guild; through March 23.)

The Other Side of the Mountain, Part 2—With Marilyn Hassett and Timothy Bottoms, directed by Larry Peerce. (86th St. East, Waverly, and Guild; starting March 24.)

Pete's Dragon—From the Disney studios, with Helen Reddy, Jim Dale, and Mickey Rooney. Directed by Don Chaffey. (U. A. East; starting March 25.)

Room Service (1938)—The Marx Brothers in the Broadway farce about bankrupt theatrical producers holed up in a hotel room with their stranded players, fighting off famine and creditors. Unfortunately, the play fits them like a straitjacket. With Lucille Ball, Ann Miller, Frank Albertson, and Donald MacBride, grinning his great bulldog grin. Directed (lamely) by William Seiter. (Regency; March 28-29.)

Saturday Night Fever—How the financially pinched seventies generation that grew up on TV attempts to find its own forms of beauty and release. John Travolta plays Tony, a nineteen-year-old Italian Catholic who works selling paint in a hardware store in Brooklyn's Bay Ridge; on Saturday nights, he's off to the local disco dream palace, where he's the champion dancer. Karen Lynn Gorney plays opposite Travolta as Stephanie, who is trying to climb out of Brooklyn and onto Manhattan, which is seen as the magic isle of opportunity—not ironically but with the old Gershwin spirit. John Badham directed. (12/26/77) (Loews 83rd Triplex.... ¶ Art, and Gramercy; through March 28.... ¶ D. W. Griffith; starting March 24.)

The Savage Is Loose (1974)—George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, and John David Carson, as their son, are shipwrecked on a jungle island, and so is the audience. Agonizing. Scott directed. (59th St. East.)

Semi-Tough—Starting from Dan Jenkins' popular 1972 novel, an anecdotal burlesque about professional football players, the director Michael Ritchie and the screenwriter Walter Bernstein made a movie that's a loose series of riffs on the human-potential, consciousness-raising movement, with the two football stars (Burt Reynolds and Kris Kristofferson) involved in a romantic comedy triangle with the team owner's daughter (Jill Clayburgh). The movie is like a low-grade fever—you slip in and out of it painlessly. (12/12/77) (72nd Street East; through March 28.)

Straight Time—With Dustin Hoffman, directed by Ulu Grosbard. (Coronet.)

Summer Paradise—With Birgitta Valberg and Sif Ruud, directed by Gunnel Lindblom. In Swedish. (Cinema 3.)

The Sunshine Boys (1975)—Neil Simon's extended sketch about two quarrelsome vaudevillians (Walter Matthau and George Burns) who, eleven years back, broke up after forty-three years together and haven't spoken to each other since; they're brought together to appear on a TV special. It's all one-liners; Matthau keeps blasting us with his bullhorn voice; Burns is more restful, giving a rhythmed formality to his tortoise-like old trouper. The director, Herbert Ross, is an unintentional minimalist; he doesn't bring enough invention to the material, and it's just shouting, when it needs to be beautifully timed routines. With Richard Benjamin. (St. Marks Cinema; through March 28.)

The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe (1973)—French burlesque, inky-shadowed and funny, about an unlistenable-to musician (Pierre Richard) with hectic hair suggesting Colette's. The hero is in the middle of a farce about a mini-rivalry between an intelligence chief and his deputy. Written by Yves Robert and Francis Véber, directed by M. Robert. Recommended for true quixotry. In French. (New Yorker; through March 23.)

The Tenant (1976)—Directed by Roman Polanski, written by Gérard Brach and Polanski, with Polanski himself as the hero. His name is Trelkovsky, a small-boned, easily wounded Pole who lives in Paris. One feels that he has only a lease on his own identity: it seems no longer his property. We see it being made available to the artistry of drag; even his gender seems a matter of rental. This film is no piece of whimsey and shock; it is a serious, exact film about the ache of exile, photographed by Sven Nykvist, most famous as Bergman's cameraman, who gives the film the look of something by Dostoevski. "The Tenant" is a poetic nightmare about punishment imposed on an unguilty man who merely entertains great fear of guilt. (7/5/76) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 25.)

That Obscure Object of Desire—Luis Buñuel's style here is peerlessly urbane, but the film is a little monotonous. Fernando Rey plays a rich, wordly French widower of perhaps fifty, who loves a young Spanish girl; she alternates between promises and postponement—she teases him, fleeces him, enrages him. She is played by two actresses—Carole Bouquet, a tall French girl, and Angela Molina, a shorter, more rounded Spanish girl. This doubling-up stunt doesn't add any meaning; perhaps there's less than if there were a single actress who could capture our imaginations. In French. (12/19/77) (Columbia II.)

Thoroughly Modern Millie (1967)—The sheer tonnage does in this lavish, oversized musical spoof set in the twenties. Produced by Ross Hunter, it was directed in a desperately without-it style by George Roy Hill, and the players work so hard that one begins to suffer for them and, finally, to feel numb. The picture sank Mary Tyler Moore's screen career, and it certainly didn't help Julie Andrews (though she looks her best in the twenties clothes), James Fox, John Gavin, or a rather weary Beatrice Lillie. As for Carol Channing, who gets shot out of a cannon and, as usual, grins like an albino Louis Armstrong, she projects too big for even this elephantine movie. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 26.)

The Turning Point—A backstage-ballet milieu, with Anne Bancroft as a gallant, aging ballerina and Shirley MacLaine as her friend and rival, who quit to raise a family. The script is by Arthur Laurents, who writes sodden expository dialogue in which these two are forever revealing truths to each other. We get a glimpse of something great in the movie—Mikhail Baryshnikov dancing—and these two harpies out of the soaps block the view. Herbert Ross directed, unassertively and unexcitedly. With Leslie Browne, Tom Skerritt, Alexandra Danilova, Anthony Zerbe, and Martha Scott, and Suzanne Farrell, Peter Martins, and other dancers. (11/21/77) (Quad Cinema, and Little Carnegie.... ¶ D. W. Griffith; through March 23.... ¶ R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; starting March 24.... ¶ Gramercy; starting March 29.)

An Unmarried Woman—Paul Mazursky wrote and directed this buoyant, enormously friendly comedy about Erica (Jill Clayburgh) and her attempt to get back into "the stream of life" after her marriage of sixteen years breaks up. It's a tenderhearted feminist picture. What may be disappointing to those who love Mazursky's earlier work is that in trying to identify with Erica and tell the story from a woman's point of view, he shies away from having her look foolish; in crucial parts, he suppresses his sense of satire, and the picture becomes virtuous. With Michael Murphy, Lisa Lucas, Pat Quinn, Kelly Bishop, Linda Miller, Cliff Gorman, Mazursky himself, as Hal, and Alan Bates, whose fine comic, expansive performance as Saul Kaplan, a famous painter, overpowers the movie. Saul is such a rich, loamy Father Earth figure that when Erica resists him in order to satisfy her yearnings for independence she seems puny and a bit of an idiot. (3/6/78) (Murray Hill, Beekman, and Paramount.)

Victim (1961)—This pioneering attempt to create public sympathy for homosexuals and to publicize the English laws that put them in jeopardy is ingenuous, moralistic, and moderately amusing. Structurally, it's a slick thriller about a blackmail ring that preys on homosexuals. There's a terribly self-conscious attempt to distinguish between the "love" that the barrister hero (Dirk Bogarde) feels for his wife (Sylvia Syms) and the physical desire—presumably a lower order of emotion—that he once felt for a young man (Peter McEnery), who appears to be more interesting in every way than the wife. The plot requires the barrister to sacrifice his career—to confess his own homosexuality in order to trap the blackmailers. Basil Dearden directed, from a screenplay by Janet Green and John McCormick. With Dennis Price. The film marked a turning point in Bogarde's career; having been an actor for over twenty years, he was tired of playing boyishly charming, happy, bouncy roles ("I was the Loretta Young of England," he has said), and this time he acted his age in what was, in those years, a daring role. (Cinema Village; March 29-30.)

Who Is Harry Kellerman and Why Is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me? (1971)—Ulu Grosbard directs this Manhattan fable, written by Herb Gardner, about a pop songwriter played by Dustin Hoffman. The writer is split down the middle; the world says he is a success, he says he is a failure. The scenes that include Barbara Harris or David Burns are tender and funny, but the whole idea leans on a convention of psychoanalytic slapstick that is going to be incomprehensible a couple of decades after the epoch of the couch. (Cinema Village; March 26-27.)

The Woman in the Window (1945)—One of the best of Fritz Lang's American movies—a thriller with the logic and plausibility of a nightmare. Edward G. Robinson is the safe, serene associate professor of psychology in a New York City college who is interested in the relation of motive to homicide. The viewer identifies with him and feels caught in a trap when Robinson is unexpectedly forced to go at a blackmailer (Dan Duryea) with a pair of scissors. Joan Bennett is the woman in the case, and Raymond Massey is an assistant district attorney. Nunnally Johnson adapted J. H. Wallis's novel. (Thalia; March 29-30.)

Word Is Out—A documentary based on conversations with twenty-six homosexual men and women. (Eastside Cinema; starting March 26.)

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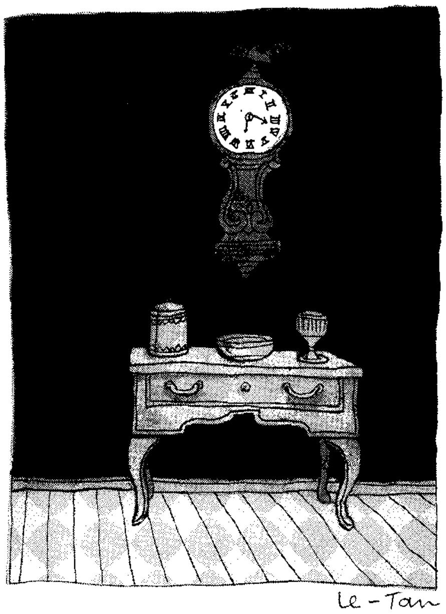
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ALMOST, *almost* spring—a cloudy, windy morning on Central Park West in the Sixties, with a warm sun breaking through from time to time. People going to work, children going to school. (We are going nowhere, except sort of uptown.) People *at* work: a man in a hard hat sitting on the edge of a big excavation in the sidewalk, his boots dangling over a baffling arrangement of exposed pipes, stares into the distance, zonked on his reflections; a doorman in uniform reassures a small child who is crying miserably. A tall man in dirty rags and tattered sneakers moves down the sidewalk with his head high and his hands folded in front of him, like an archbishop. A lurid balloon is thrashing at the curb, its string stuck in something gross. The trees of Central Park are dark and appear stunted; black rocks are hunched in umber earth—it looks like a photograph of the First World War. Then the sun pours through, astonishingly warm and welcome on the face, melting the corpuscles. A beautiful girl walks briskly, soberly down the street, but her shiny, long brown hair is doing wonderful things in the breeze, regardless. The brightest colors around are those of repair and change: a major dig of Con Ed and NYTELCO, with red-pink Day-Glo flags snapping, yellow tarpaulins, orange-and-white striped barricades, blue oxygen tanks, hard hats light blue and green. The workers stand expectantly, like musicians waiting for an A. A very old woman with gray hair is hauled along by her life-support system, a curly-haired blue-jacketed black dog on a leash. People at Seventy-second Street go down into the subway; the trains below rumble and gargle. People trudge up the steps, and their shoes go *chunk . . . chunk.* On a Volkswagen there's a bumper sticker advertising "Magnificent Hearst Castle, San Simeon, California." We look at it and can't decide whether it beckons or not. The possibility of spring leads to uncertainties like this. An overdone man in a snappy jogging outfit and modish sneakers is yelling to three children across the street a block away. "The van's up there!" he shouts over the traffic, gesturing. They do not know what he is talking about, or they wish to give that impression. He is forced to run across the street to explain, and we think, Now he is running with a purpose. We reverse direction and amble downtown. We see the balloon again; it has broken free and is now in the middle of the sidewalk, resting between puffs of wind. A small boy comes along, evidently on his way to school. He is following a nurse who is pushing a baby in a stroller, and he is wearing a wool hat, a red-and-white-and-blue scarf, and a heavy coat from the sleeves of which dangle mittens on long strings. We assume and hope—if there is any order in the universe—that he will kick the balloon. But who knows? The world is full of people who do not kick balloons. We watch intently as he approaches. Blam! He kicks the balloon. Then he catches up to it and kicks it again. Blam! He kicks it a *third* time. Then he follows his nurse to school.



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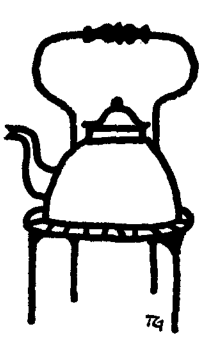
Honors

ONE miserable afternoon last week (it was the weather, and it was raining), we went to a great party for J. Barney Ferguson, who was this year's Grand Marshal for this year's St. Patrick's Day Parade. Here are some of the things that made it great: It was held in a really big room, and this really big room was filled up, mostly, with big, flush-faced gentlemen, not one of them wearing a leisure suit, and all of them holding a glass of whiskey and telling each other what sounded, from the laughs, like really funny jokes; the real name of the guest of honor, J. Barney Ferguson, is James Bernard Ferguson, and he is a policeman, in homicide; we saw two priests in the room, and, except for their priests' clothes, they were just as flush-faced and just as jovial as the other gentlemen. J. Barney Ferguson wore a gray pin-striped suit, a white shirt, and a green-and-gold striped tie. He has a good grip of a handshake and a big smile. We liked him, and so did all the other people in the room. They all went up to him, exchanged anecdotes with him, and told him jokes. He laughed a lot. Then a number of these people lined up to have their picture taken with J. Barney Ferguson. Patrick Cunningham, Bronx County Democratic Chairman, had his picture taken with J. Barney Ferguson; the editor Dennis Flanagan had his picture taken with J. Barney Ferguson; Monsignor Jack Barry, who is a monsignor with the Police Department, had his picture taken with J. Barney Ferguson; Michael Maye, the former president of the Uniformed Firefighters Association, had his picture taken with J. Barney Ferguson (Michael Maye was wearing the best loud jacket of any loud jacket we have ever seen—it was red-and-gray big plaid); William Twomey, an inspector with the City Department of Consumer Affairs, had his picture taken with J. Barney Ferguson; two people from Rumm's, a tavern in Manhattan, had their picture taken with J. Barney Ferguson; Jerry Fitzgerald, a policeman and J. Barney Ferguson's partner on the squad, had his picture taken with J. Barney Ferguson; Denis Carey, of the Red Blazer Pub, had his picture taken with J. Barney Ferguson; John Keenan, New York State's Special Prosecutor, had his picture taken with J. Barney Ferguson; and John and William Ferguson, foremen with the New York City Highway Department and J. Barney Ferguson's brothers, had their picture taken with J. Barney Ferguson. This was a five-to-seven party, and at around half past six people started to make speeches about what a great man J. Barney Ferguson really is. Then they gave him, as a token of their appreciation, a beautiful walking stick. This seemed like a good idea and a good gift, because J. Barney Ferguson has three broken bones in his back. It happened last year while he was chasing a murder suspect.



M.C.B.

FORTY-FIVE minutes before curtain time for "On the Twentieth Century," we were standing backstage at the St. James Theatre with Ernest M. Frimbo, the world's greatest railroad buff. "When Harold Prince, the director of this musical, decided that he needed a truly de-luxe train for his show, he was fortunate in that he was able to turn to an acquaintance of mine, Robin Wagner," Frimbo was saying. "Wagner, though he is comparatively new at the game, now deserves the title of M.C.B., as we in the trade call it—Master Car Builder. And a welcome accession he is! Of course, he's an *old* hand at set designing, and the Twentieth Century Limited he has turned out for this show is the finest passenger train to be built in this country in the past quarter century. I can't call it 'luxury,' because 'luxury' has become the most debased word in the dictionary, and, as you know, I'm a lexicographer. A 'luxury' apartment today has glass in the windows, a complete floor, and knobs on the doors. This isn't by any means Wagner's first stage train—he built his first one for a high-school play in San Francisco. In that show, he used the same trick that gets the biggest hand in 'Twentieth Century'—a head-on view of a steam locomotive that is apparently charging right into the orchestra seats. The high-school one, though, was just some bits of cardboard and a borrowed flashlight for the headlight; this one, built of plywood and Formica bonded with chromium, is a four-foot-power locomotive—that is, two stagehands inside it, pushing it forward—that emits steam and a deep-throated whistle. The steam is really carbon dioxide from several fire extinguishers onstage. If you're so fond of realism that you must have cinders, too, sit way down front, because during the overture the carbon-dioxide steam that comes from a third fire extinguisher in the orchestra pit freezes in midair and descends in flakes onto your lapels. Don't worry—they melt in a second. Playing with steam appears to be a popular sport in this house. The conductor of the orchestra, who is, of course, a member of Local 802, has been administering the pit steam, on the ground that the fire extinguisher is a musical instrument. The stagehands' union has been claiming that it is a prop. Just before you arrived, it was decided, a few feet from where we stand, that a fire extinguisher is a prop, and that another stagehand will be added to the company's roster. No hard feelings. The conductor, I understand, will still be allowed to play the fire extinguisher."

The audience, out front, must be always on the alert. Its first glimpse of Wagner's Century comes when the curtain rises on a tableau in which a silvery, streamlined express is roaring across a bridge. Moments later, a backstage scene in a Chicago theatre suddenly dissolves into LaSalle Street Station and the tail end of the observation car on the platform. A giant clock stands at four-twenty-five, which, as other railway buffs will remember, was at one time precisely five minutes before the old Century departed for New York every day. At the cry of "All aboard!" the tail end of the observation car unfolds to become the glittery interior of the entire car. The period is the early nineteen-thirties, when Broadway and Hollywood were still shuttling back and forth by train, and, to further the plot, which concerns both Broadway and Hollywood characters, sometimes one, sometimes two drawing rooms trundle in and out of the wings. A bar appears toward one end of the observation car when it is needed; the *exterior* of the observation car is also made to slide onstage, in front of everything else, when *it* is needed. And so things go, at a lively pace, throughout the evening. At one time, Frimbo told us, there were plans for sets for the Twentieth Century's barbershop and its dining car, but they might have run the train into the early-morning hours at the St. James, and, to Frimbo's regret, they became dropouts.

As we stood talking, the backstage speakers said, "Half hour," and a man who turned out to be Robin Wagner walked up to us. "I promised to show you how all this works," Wagner said to Frimbo. "Bring your friend along with you."

Backstage at the St. James requires the presence of thirty-two stagehands (well, thirty-three, as of that night); eight winches to move what appeared to be several miles of quarter-inch steel cable that was placed a couple of inches below the stage floor; a stage manager, perched in a catbird seat ten feet off the floor at stage right, with a closed-circuit TV monitor and a microphone; and, downstairs in the basement, two large control panels, one for the lighting and another for the winches. The winchman also has a TV monitor—the TV camera itself is hooked to the rail along the front of the balcony. On his set, the winchman can watch the progress of the drawing rooms as they move back and forth. The drawing rooms work like small cable cars; they are positioned directly over cables that are attached to the winches, and when they have to go somewhere the stagehands drop a piece of metal through a slot in the bottom of each drawing room into a device called a dog, and the dog locks it onto the cable. In San Francisco, the people who do this are called gripmen; they operate the life-sized cable cars that go up and down the hills of that city. (Wagner used to ride the Nob Hill cable car in his student days, on his way to the California School of Fine Arts.) The drawing rooms can attain a maximum speed of a foot a second—almost fast enough to keep up with the San Francisco cable cars—but the winchman can always stop them within a half inch of their destined positions.

We traipsed along belowstairs behind Wagner, a cheerful, slightly Mephistophelian chap with hazel-brown eyes, close-cropped brown hair, a nineteen-sixties San Francisco-coffeehouse mustache and short beard, a brown-and-green houndstooth jacket, and a garnet turtleneck sweater. He's only forty-four—rather young, Dr. Frimbo pointed out, for an M.C.B. "On your watch, two minutes, and then let's do it," the loudspeakers were saying as we entered the basement. We filed past the stately young ladies of the ensemble as they arose from an impromptu card game and adjusted the nineteen-thirties seams at the back of their stockings; past the LaSalle Street Station porters, whose tap shoes were sounding off like popping corn; and sat ourselves down on chairs that Wagner pulled up beside Jeremiah Harris, the winchman, a young fellow who was fitted out in jeans, a red plaid shirt, and work boots. There was a sound of running feet overhead, and then, from behind us in the orchestra pit, the trombone section opened fire. On the ten-inch Sanyo TV monitor in front of us, the curtain rose to reveal the tableau, and we could hear applause through a tiny speaker. Wagner pulled a notebook out of his pocket: "There's a strip of tape flying free on that drop."

"Electric cue twenty-nine A and winch cue four. . . . Go!" said the stage manager's voice from a speaker near Harris's control panel. Harris pushed a button and turned a knob, and behind us a winch sprang into action, its looped cable moving upward and downward through the ceiling. On the monitor we could see the changes taking place onstage.

"That's railroading!" Frimbo said. "The dispatcher in his tower talking to his train crews through their headsets."

Tom Batten, the Pullman conductor on the Century, came by in uniform. Harris, between moves, was leafing through the *Post* and studying a full-page ad for a furniture sale. "Speaking as a railroad man myself," the conductor said to Harris, "you've got it pretty easy sitting in that chair."

"I studied criminal justice in college for three years," said Harris.

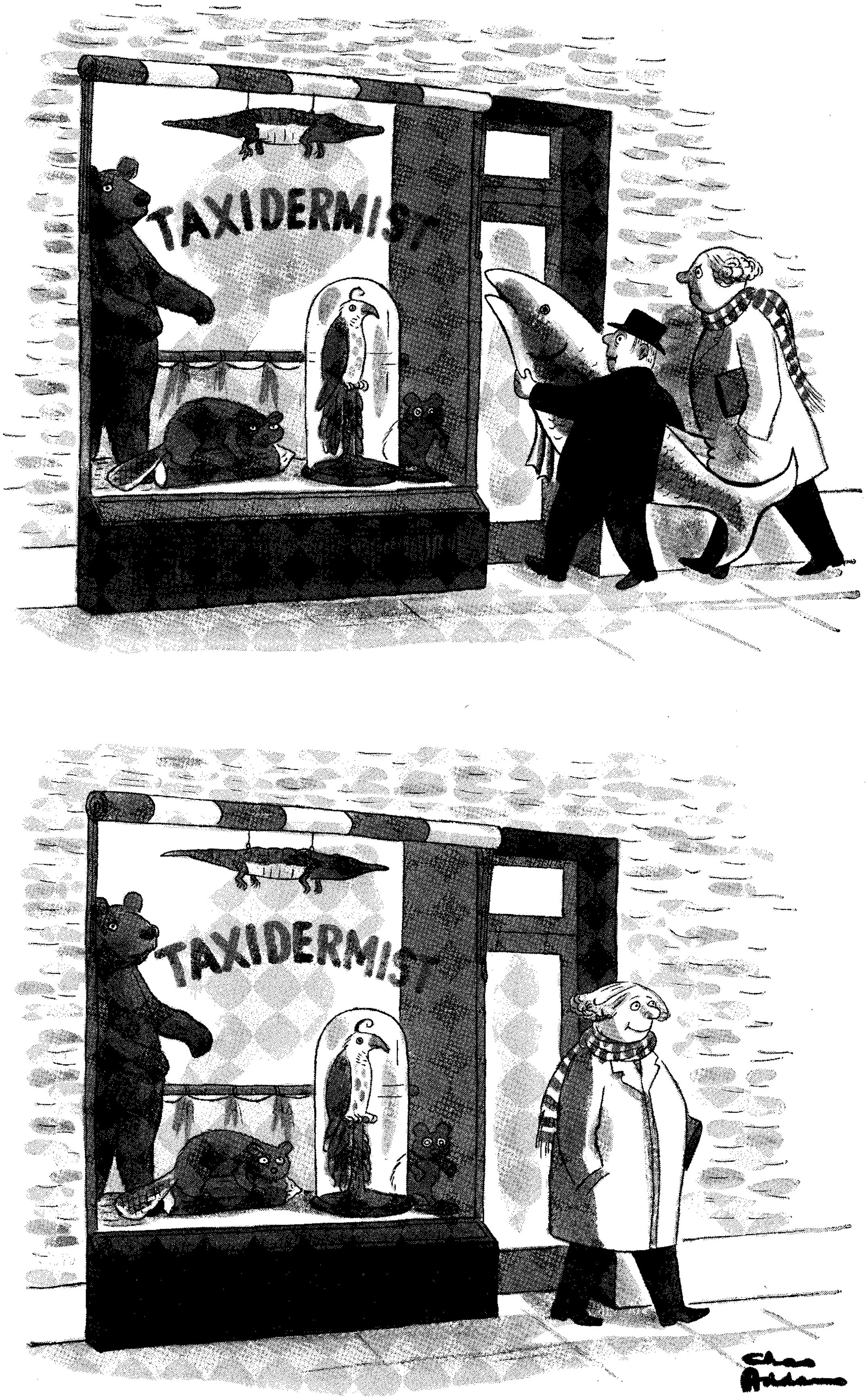
"And I've got a master's degree in zoology," said the conductor, walking on.

Singers are frangible in bad weather, but tonight Judy Kaye, Madeline Kahn's understudy, was in action for only the second time, so the stagehands were all listening. Her voice came through the speakers loud and clear. "Wow!" said one of the hands. "*That's* a voice."

Light cues and winch cues followed in a steady downpour.

"This looks even more complicated backstage than it does out front," we said to Wagner.

"There's a lot of sleight of hand involved," Wagner said, "but it's really



not a complicated show—I had seventeen winches going in 'Promises, Promises.' It's just the standard deck of cards; it's all in the way you throw them. Come on upstairs, and I'll introduce you to the man responsible for keeping so many musicals moving. He's Peter Feller, the contractor, the most underrated person in the New York theatre. He gets a small credit, hidden away in the back of the program. His firm built all our sets in a hangar at the old U.S. Air Force base up the Hudson, near Newburgh, New York. A real problem in a show like this is that we have so many moving parts. Everything gets built out of three-quarter-inch plywood-chromium-Formica, and it has to take a lot of bumping when it's shipped from theatre to theatre in forty-five-foot trucks. Remember, this show began at the old Colonial, in Boston."

We shook hands with Feller, a sturdy man with the manner of a true professional, and congratulated him.

"I'm third-generation backstage," Feller said. "My grandfather built sets in Vienna."

"And I," said Wagner, "spent six months there at the Staatsoper, when I was designing a production of 'Les Troyens.' You'd like it over there, Peter. Their opera is like our space program. The backstage at the Staatsoper is at least a hundred and sixty feet deep—we've got only twenty-eight feet here at the St. James. That stage is six times the size of this auditorium. You know they mean business in Vienna. They can store the sets for four full productions in the house at one time; they have a two-hundred-man crew of stagehands; they put on shows seven days a week, eleven months of the year; the stage is still hydraulically operated, and it can be lowered thirty feet to a subbasement, where everything on it can be shoved into a recess until it's needed again; and hanging over the stage is an eighty-foot turntable that can be let down and set up in a minute. *And* the stage manager still uses a speaking tube—he puts it over his face and yells '*Achtung!*' to the men in the flies."

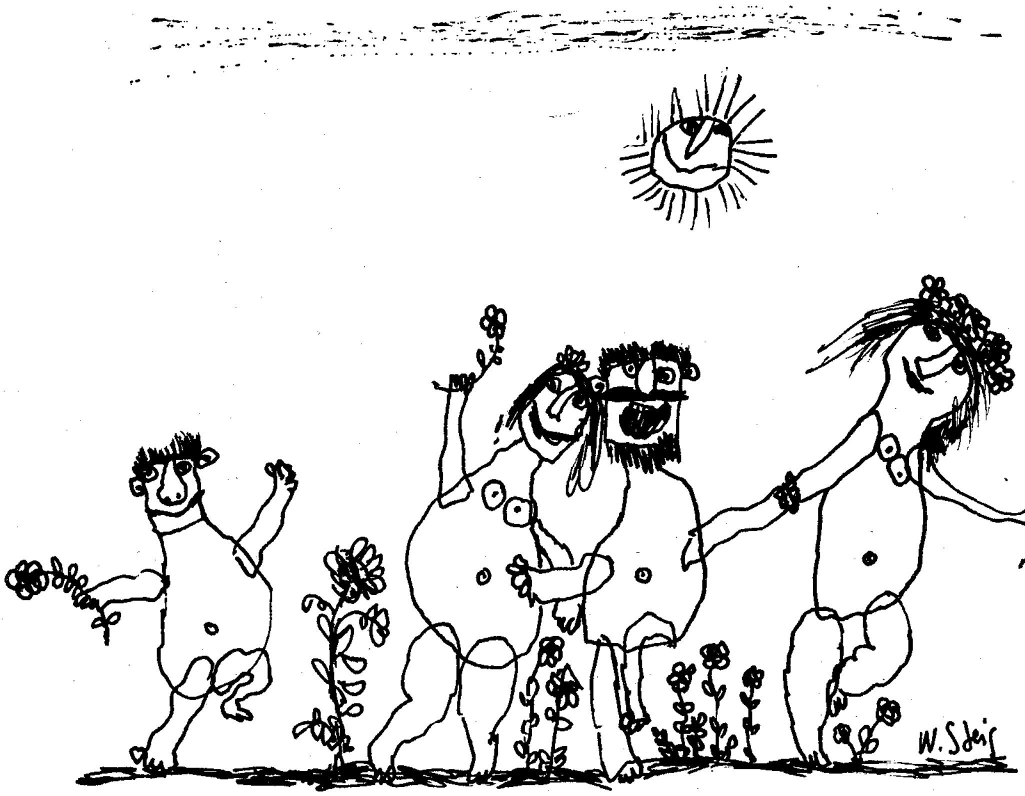
After the performance, around the corner at Charlies', a restaurant that is apt to be full of theatre people from dinnertime on, Wagner ordered himself a Stolichnaya Martini straight up with a twist, and a rare cheeseburger with grilled onions and mayonnaise. "Twentieth Century" is Wagner's twenty-sixth Broadway production. This season, he has two shows on Broadway—the other is "A Chorus Line." He has had as many as seven running at the same time, and three in almost the same block, which meant that he had to use nightly the secret passageway that connects the stage doors of the Golden, the Majestic, and the Royale. Robin Wagner's father, a Dane, was chief engineer on steamships to the Far East, and he met Robin's mother in Wellington, New Zealand. *Her* stepfather had been a chief officer for the Union Steamship Company, which ran passenger ships between Australia and New Zealand. Wagner's parents moved to San Francisco, which, like Wellington, is a city of many hills, and young Wagner's father became a Coast Guard lighthouse keeper. In art school there, from the very beginning Wagner drew trains, planes, ships, and cars. A transportation family. But Wagner's art-school teacher made him tear up his drawings; the man was an Abstract Expressionist sculptor.

"It's a great Century you've done," Frimbo said to Wagner. "But it isn't quite early thirties."

"Well," said Wagner, "I read a lot of railway books and looked at a lot of pictures, and I liked the streamlining that Henry Dreyfuss, the industrial designer, began doing for trains in the mid-nineteen-thirties. So I updated the Century by a few years. I know you're going to tell me that the mauve-and-light-blue upholstery in the interiors isn't quite Dreyfuss and that the New York Central legend is in the wrong place—but that's for a good reason. If the chromium lettering had been placed above the windows, where it belonged, the light reflected from it would have obscured the audience's view of the passengers in the windows."

Frimbo said that the bar in the observation car was a trifle elaborate, and that the china for the canapés was Art Deco but not Dreyfuss, and Wagner agreed. "And one thing more," Frimbo said. "The driving rods of the locomotive, when you get a full-sized broadside view of them in the second act, are not properly hooked up."

"Good!" said Wagner. "I like to get caught out. Your eye is too keen; that scene is only onstage for three and a half seconds. If the rods were properly hooked up, the rapid motion would tear that plywood construction apart. Look, I've got an idea. Airplane travel today is about as luxurious as riding in an elevator. Let's get together and design the ideal train to Florida—one with a sauna, a swimming pool with a Jacuzzi and a roof that would open up in warm weather, shower baths in the bedrooms, and a closed-circuit entertainment system receiving signals from a special Telstar satellite in orbit di-



Begone Dull Care

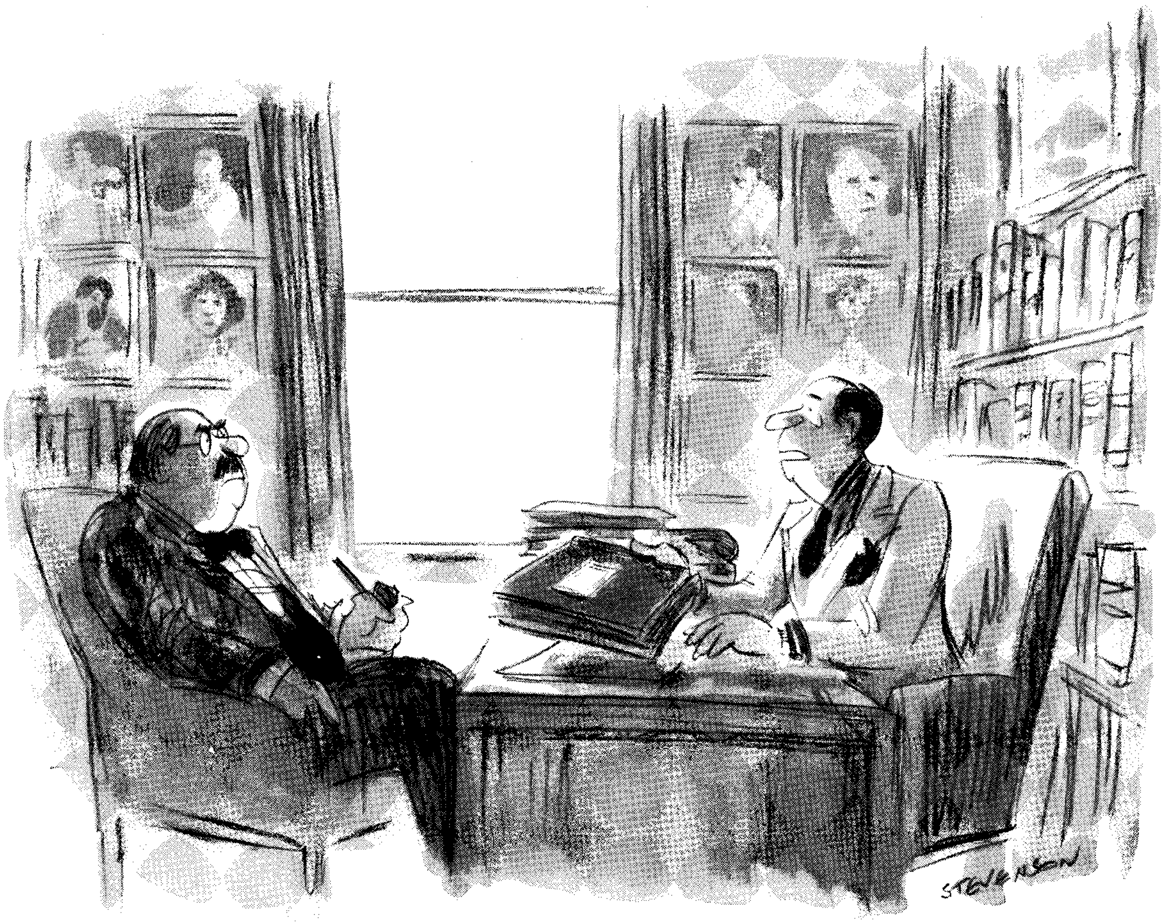
rectly overhead. I'm sure we have enough engineering skill in this country to manage something like that."

"If a wee country like your mother's New Zealand can have a shower in every bedroom on the overnight narrow-gauge train between Auckland and Wellington," said Frimbo, "why can't we?"

"Well, I have my eye on a country place near Garrison, about fifty miles up the Hudson, where you can look down on the tracks along which the Century used to run," Wagner said. "You and I could sit there and do some serious planning."

We said we thought Wagner would be picking up a lot of awards for his "Twentieth Century" set.

"I don't know," he said. "It might get the Chromium Formica Award. And what's an award anyway? One year, a costume designer picked up a Tony for costuming the Vatican Swiss Guard in a show. Those Swiss Guard uniforms were designed by Michelangelo, who never even got a mention."



"Your book shows considerable imagination and literary skill, but, frankly, the elves aren't cute enough."

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Start Your Own Business

WHEN the franchise salesmen at the Twentieth Annual Start Your Own Business Exposition, at the New York Coliseum, want to know where to send additional information to a potential business starter, they ask not "Where do you live?" or "What is your address?" but "Where are you located?" This is a nice way of putting it, because it makes a person who knows he's just a person living in an apartment feel more substantial, like the Carlsbad Caverns or the St. Louis Gateway Arch. There was a certain amount of regret in the air at the Start Your Own Business Exposition, tinged with a feeling of don't-blow-it-this-time, and it seemed strange, because, with all the millions of things there are to regret in life, we have never understood people who kick themselves for not having bought warehouses full of Tiffany lamps, for throwing away their Art Deco bamboo chairs, or for lacking the foresight to buy a McDonald's franchise in 1967. But let's look at the facts. A Foto-Fun computer portrait machine at a good location at a state fair will bring the franchise owner one thousand dollars a day, gross; ten-nine buys you the total package of Murray the K's Disco on Wheels (not including van), and, at two hundred and eighty dollars per show and an average of twenty shows a month, figure it out; twelve thou buys a Universal Jewelry Exchange franchise, and thirty per cent of the Universal franchise owners cleared over fifty thou after taxes, and Dun & Bradstreet reported that during 1974, a recession year, only forty-eight out of the twenty-five thousand jewelry stores in America failed; U.S. Marble makes sink molds that it sells you for, say, twenty thousand each; you pour them for seven dollars each and wholesale them for twenty-eight dollars, making a three-hundred-per-cent gross profit; the Zachary Organ is a promotional product that can produce gross sales of one thousand-plus per square foot, ten to twelve inventory turns per year, and a gross profit of from forty-six to fifty per cent; and (while we're on the subject), Angie Dickinson, star of NBC's "Police Woman," makes thirty thousand an episode for twenty-two episodes a year, and Suzanne Somers, star of ABC's "Three's Company," is now in the process of negotiating promotional deals, any one of which can bring her over *one million* dollars.

As we walked by the booth of the Superior Concept Corporation, distributors of Unifoam Insulation (a substance that looks like whipped cream, is pumped into walls, and dries hard), the salesman was saying to a woman, "You have a very sensitive nose. In three days of the exposition, only three people have been able to detect that."

"Detect what?" we asked.

"Formaldehyde," he said. "Unifoam is only fifty-parts-per-million formaldehyde, but this lady could smell it. This batch here is a fresh one. The smell goes away in a day or so."

"Formaldehyde. Great," said the woman.

SOMEONE HAS BEEN DISARRANGING THESE ROSES

SINCE it's Sunday and it's stopped raining, I think I'll take a bouquet of roses to my grave. Red and white roses, the kind that she grows to decorate altars and wreaths. The morning has been saddened by the taciturn and overwhelming winter, which has set me to remembering the knoll where the townspeople abandon their dead. It's a bare, treeless place, swept only by the providential crumbs that return after the wind has passed. Now that it's stopped raining and the noonday sun has probably hardened the soapy slope, I should be able to reach the grave where my body as a child rests, mingled now, dispersed among snails and roots.

She is prostrate before her saints. She's remained abstracted since I stopped moving in the room, when I failed in my first attempt to reach the altar and pick the brightest and freshest roses. Maybe I could have done it, but the little lamp blinked and she, recovered from her ecstasy, raised her head and looked toward the corner where the chair is. She must have thought, It's the wind again, because it's true that something creaked beside the altar, and the room rocked for an instant, as if the level of the memories stagnant in it for so long had shifted. Then I understood that I would have to wait for another occasion to get the roses, because she was still awake, looking at the chair, and she would have heard the sound of my hands beside her face. Now I've got to wait until she leaves the room in a moment and goes to the one next door to sleep her measured and invariable Sunday siesta. Maybe then I can leave with the roses and be back before she returns to this room and keeps looking at the chair.

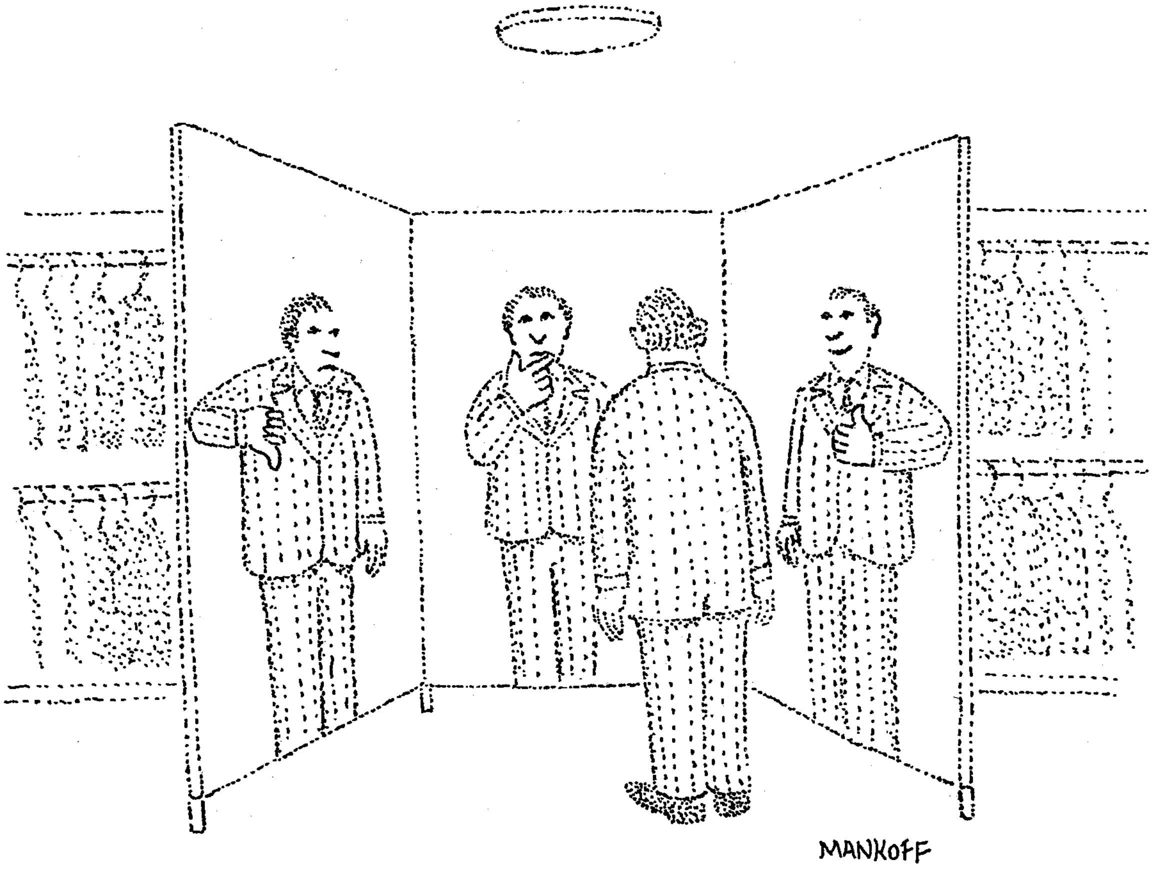
Last Sunday was more difficult. I had to wait almost two hours for her to fall into ecstasy. She seemed restless, preoccupied, as if she were tormented by the certainty that her solitude in the house had suddenly become less intense. She took several turns about the room with the bouquet of roses before leaving it on the altar. Then she went out into the hallway and into the next room. I knew that she was looking for the lamp. And later, when she passed by the door again and I saw her in the light of the hall with her dark little jacket and her pink stockings, it seemed to me that she was still the girl who forty years ago had leaned over my bed in this same room and said, "Now that they've put in the toothpicks, your eyes are open and hard." She was just the same, as if time hadn't passed since that remote August afternoon when the women brought her into the room and showed her the corpse and told her, "Weep—he was like a brother to you," and she leaned against the wall, weeping, obeying, still soaked from the rain.

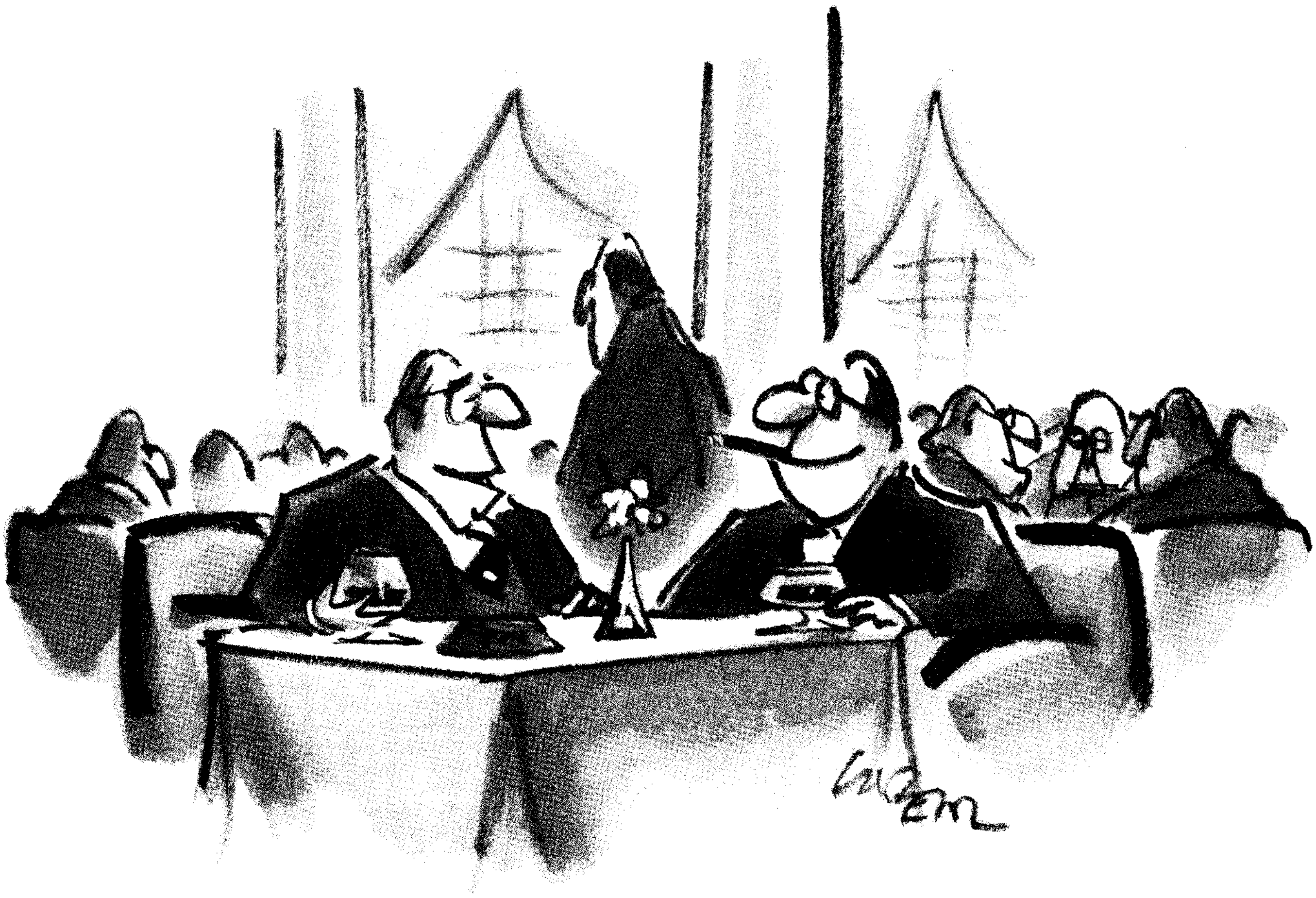
For three or four Sundays now I've been trying to get to where the roses are, but she's been vigilant in front of the altar, keeping watch over the roses with a frightened diligence that I hadn't known in her in the twenty years she's been living in the house. Last Sunday, when she went out to get the lamp, I managed to put a bouquet of the best roses together. At no moment had I been closer to fulfilling my desires. But when I was getting ready to return to the chair I heard her steps in the corridor again. I rearranged the roses on the altar quickly and then I saw her appear in the doorway with the lamp held high.

She was wearing her dark little jacket and the pink stockings, but on her face there was something like the phosphorescence of a revelation. She didn't seem then to be the woman who for twenty years has been growing roses in the garden; coming back now with a lamp, fat and grown old, forty years later, she was still the same child who on that August afternoon had been brought into the next room so that she could change her clothes.

MY shoes still have the hard crust of clay which had formed on them that afternoon, even though they've been drying beside the extinguished stove for forty years. One day I went to get them. That was after they'd closed up the doors, taken down the bread and the sprig of aloe from the entranceway, and removed the furniture. All the furniture except for the chair in the corner, which has served me as a seat all this time. I knew that the shoes had been set to dry, and they didn't even remember them when they abandoned the house. That's why I went to get them.

She returned many years later. So much time had passed that the smell of musk in the room had blended in with the smell of the dust, with the dry and tiny breath of the insects. I was alone in the house, sitting in the corner, waiting. And I had learned to make out the sound of rot-





"For years I was afraid of overconfidence, but when I finally gave in to it, it wasn't bad at all."

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ting wood, the flutter of the air becoming old in the closed bedrooms. That was when she came. She stood in the door with a suitcase in her hand, wearing a green hat and the same little cotton jacket, which she hadn't ever taken off. She was still a girl. She hadn't begun to get fat and her ankles didn't swell under her stockings as they do now. I was covered with dust and cobwebs when she opened the door, and somewhere in the room the cricket who'd been singing for twenty years fell silent. But in spite of that—in spite of the cobwebs and the dust, the sudden reluctance of the cricket, and the new age of the one who had just arrived—I recognized in her the girl who on that stormy August afternoon had gone with me to collect nests in the stable. Just the way she was—standing in the doorway with the suitcase in her hand and her green hat on—she looked as if she were suddenly going to shout, say the same thing she'd said when they found me face up on the hay-covered stable floor, still grasping the railing of the broken stairs. When she opened the door wide, the hinges creaked and the dust from the ceiling fell in clumps, as if someone had started hammering on the ridge of the roof; she paused on the threshold, then came halfway into the room, and, with the voice of someone calling a sleeping person, she said, "Boy! Boy!" And I remained still in the chair, rigid, with my feet stretched out.

I thought she had come only to see the room, but she continued living in the house. She aired out the room, and it was as if she had opened her suitcase and her old smell of musk had come from it. The others had taken the furniture and clothing away in trunks. She had taken away only the smells of the room, and twenty years later she brought them back again, put them in their place, and rebuilt the little altar, just the way it was before. Her presence alone was enough to restore what the implacable industry of time had destroyed. Since then she has eaten and slept in the room next door, but she spends the day in this one, conversing silently with the saints. In the afternoons she sits in the rocker next to the door and mends clothing. And when someone comes for a bouquet of roses she puts the money in the corner of the kerchief that she ties to her belt and invariably says, "Pick the ones on the right; those on the left are for the saints."

That's the way she's been for twenty years—in the rocker, darning her things, rocking, looking at the chair as if now she were taking care not of the boy with whom she had shared her childhood afternoons but of an invalid grandson who has been sitting here in the corner ever since the time his grandmother was five years old.

It's possible that now, when she lowers her head again, I can approach the roses. If I can manage to do so, I'll go to the knoll, lay them on the grave, and come back to my chair to wait for the day when she won't come back to this room and the sounds will cease in all the rooms.

On that day there will be a change in all this, because I'll have to leave the house again in order to tell someone that the rose woman, the one who lives in the tumbledown house, is in need of four men to take her to the knoll. Then I'll be alone forever in the room. But, on the other hand, she'll be satisfied. Because on that day she'll learn that it wasn't the invisible wind that came to her altar every Sunday and disarranged these roses.

—GABRIEL GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ

(*Translated, from the Spanish, by Gregory Rabassa.*)

ARTHUREE

MY brother that drives the pulp truck goes by the name of Arthuree. That is not the name we gave him, but Mama says let him go on through the world with it, he left her when she was down sick, so all he has now is what other people give him.

I ought to say right here that he is a mighty good brother. When I am out selling my vegetables, he waves and hollers at me, and if his brakes will let him he stops his truck to take what I can spare him. The first thing he wants to know is how is Mama feeling.

Arthuree married Livia right after he ran away. She is a pretty, yellow lady out of Vicksburg. Has nice kind ways about her. She would be fine except she's way too poorly, just skin and bones unless she's about to find a baby. She walked down our creek road regular to see us until she had three or four of them, and Mama had to stop her on account of their everlasting head colds. If they go to sneezing on her, Mama's pressure is so high she has to pull the cover over her head and rush them out, even in the rain. Couldn't afford a cold.

We kind of hoped Arthuree himself would slip on back to see us, but he never has. Mama says when he does come she isn't going to fool around with a lot of friendly talk. He shamed her nearly to death, never learning to read and write and now going around with that wrong name Arthuree. Well, I guess he did give her a time, but I believe it's over with. When he left us, he some way got a Homelite chain saw, and the bank helped him to pay down on a pulp truck. He got to be a pulper, and it makes me mighty proud to see him driving by, attending to his business.

After Livia had to stop coming to see Mama and me, we didn't hear a word about them. Then one day Livia surprised us and came all by herself. She had some wonderful news to tell, she said. Arthuree was registering in a school. It was free, the adult education, and they kept it in a trailer. They gave out coffee and doughnuts and held it in the nighttime. That was the best part, she said, because he could work all day in the woods and haul his sticks to the mill, then travel to the trailer with his books. He was going to find out everything he missed when he wouldn't go to school back when Mama had him. And the first thing he wanted to learn was exactly how to write. He didn't like to make his "X" in front of all the people at the bank—had banking business every week to pay up on the pulp truck. He was doing so well, Livia said, he put something extra by for parts and better tires.

The biggest trouble with the education, Livia said, was trying to get to it. The trailer was across the creek in Bogue County, and his trees and the mill he took them to continued on up here in King. The line was sitting right there in between, and a trooper in his car would wave you out of King, but not back in after it had gotten dark. The law would let you out to go to school, or do anything you wanted, down in Bogue, but they didn't want you back till time to work.

The best thing they could think to do was move down there to Bogue in some old empty house. He didn't care what the house was like, Arthuree had told her, just so nobody owned it and they didn't have to trespass. That way he could run up to King and hit the woods every morning in time to cut and stack until he made a load, go to the mill and throw his sticks off, cross on down to Bogue, go to school, and then go to the house that they would have to find and pass the night.

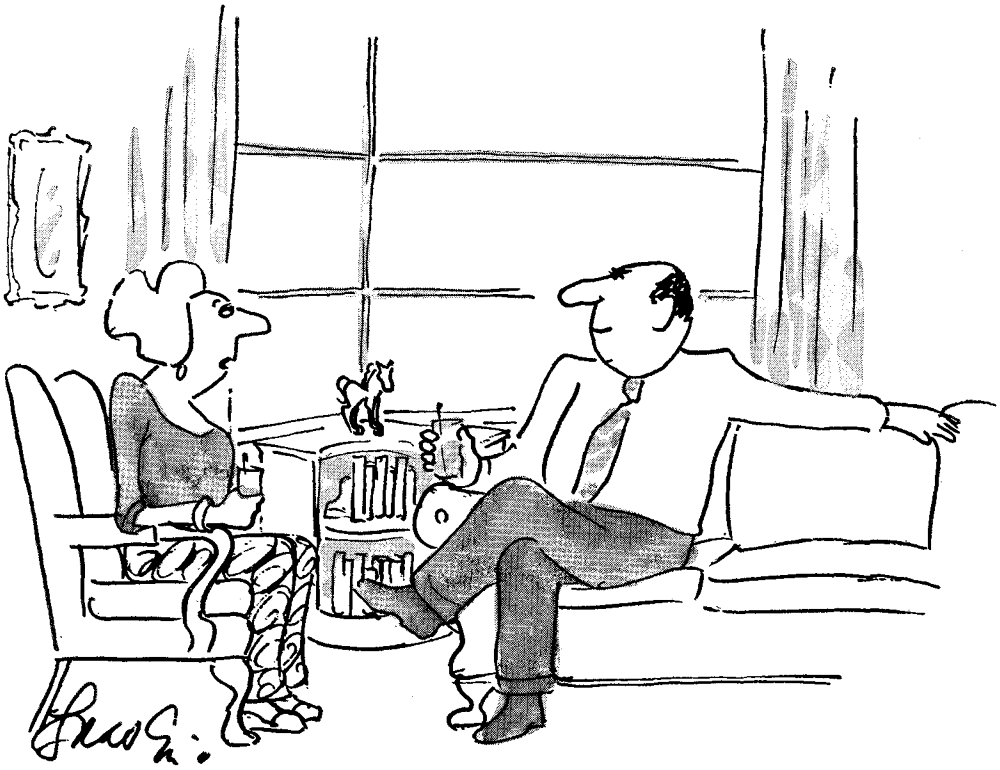
After Livia left, Mama told me she didn't know about this kind of business. That pair of geese had better remember they had a living now, regardless of the "X" mark. John Henry (that was Arthuree) had gone to the age he was now not learning how to write. School always made him nervous. How did he think he could work all day to keep a family going, and run to school all night? She thought I ought to make a trip to King's Town and talk to Mr. Houston at the bank. My uncle used to work for them, and they have always held us high. Tell Mr. Houston, Mama said, that Arthuree or his wife (and not to say which one) had started up a plan, and tell the plan. Her pressure was terrible, and she didn't know what trouble they'd wind up with.

I got to the bank next morning. Mr. Houston was there, but he had telephones and buzzers going, and a line of people waiting. Still and all, he took me. He listened to everything that Mama had to say. Then he told me that he would get a letter out to our creek box, as soon as he got the time, and tell her what he thought. He had already noticed that John Henry had fallen a payment behind, and that was not like him.

ETC.
ZIEGLER

IT was about three Sundays later that Livia came to see us. She said Arthuree was staying with the babies. She looked so tired, like she could barely hold herself up on her feet, that Mama told me to sit her down, pull off her shoes, and run and get some Kool-Aid.

The school was fine, Livia said, and yes Ma'am, they'd found a house. Arthuree had moved them down there, and he was steady studying, even in the truck. She was the one worn out, she said, down in those thick Bogue County



"When people ask what you're like, I say you're a saint. That usually shuts them up."

• •

woods, from racing day and night to try and dodge a varmint.

Mama doesn't like people to jump subjects around like that when they're talking to *her*. Where was the house, she said, what did it look like, and had her son learned to write John Henry Stoner?

Livia tried to answer. It was an old rotten house, she said, and never had been painted. She didn't know exactly where it was, just down a cut off 61, but close by the education. The main thing wrong was it didn't have doors or windows. She made pallets on the floor to rest the babies, and kept a fire going all night in the fireplace. There was a kitchen with an old iron stove to cook on, plenty of persimmons and fall plums, and any night he tried Arthuree could headlight her a rabbit. She had salt and grease and cornmeal—everything she needed. He brought her water in a can the Piggly lent him. So far, he could drive down the cut and park the truck and then pull back up to gravel without it getting stuck. There was no trouble about all these different things.

I didn't think Mama was looking at her, but she was. She told her she was dragging. If she ever did gain a pound, Mama said, she'd be too poor to tote it. She asked her how her milk was, at this rate. Then, before Livia had a chance to answer, Mama cut in the varmint. What kind of critter was it, by the way that it was acting?

Well, Livia said, it was working on her nerves, because it hid out during the daylight and screamed around the house as soon as night began. Before dark, she would get the babies fed and then put them in the front room around the fireplace while she fixed the best supper she could for Arthuree. He liked stewed rabbit or frog's legs or quail if he'd got any. He didn't get home till way late, and she was afraid to leave the babies by themselves and watch his plate till he came for fear one of them would get burned up if she dozed off to sleep. So she did the best she could, got his dinner finished, left it on the stove that soon would die, and went in with the babies to snatch a little nap before he got there. Right away, then, she would hear the varmint screaming, getting closer and closer to the kitchen. And every single night, when Arthuree came home his plate was clean. Licked clean before he got it. There hadn't been a rattle and the plate was never shoved or dropped. It was just sitting there, right where she had put it, shiny clean. Arthuree would run out with his gun and spend more of the night trying to catch its eyes with his headlights. It must do some travelling as soon as it had its dinner.

Mama told Livia that it looked to her like she had something serious on her hands. "The idea of you down in those Bogue County woods with little bitty children," Mama said. "Did it ever occur to you that eater down there might want himself a taste of something new?"

Livia began to cry. She believes a lot in Mama. She could move Arthuree's plate in with the babies, she said, but she thought the same as Mama, that now it was used to its dinner—the varmint—it might come after them. She was about at the end of her courage and didn't know *what* to do.

Mama said that from the first if they had asked her she could have told them plenty, completely excusing the varmint. And now it was all out in the open, she said, how was John Henry doing, taking all that risk and running behind with his payments? Had he learned to write his name yet?

I wished Mama hadn't asked her *that*—she really began to cry. He didn't want to talk against the school, Livia said, but Arthuree had gone there to learn one thing and they were trying to teach him another. They had looked him up on paper and found he wasn't the name he said he was or something. Instead of them getting straight with him, he had to humble down and try to get along with them. It was a school you never got finished with. Everything they taught you called for something else. People were quitting, it wasn't just Arthuree, and they would have to close it down if many more left out.

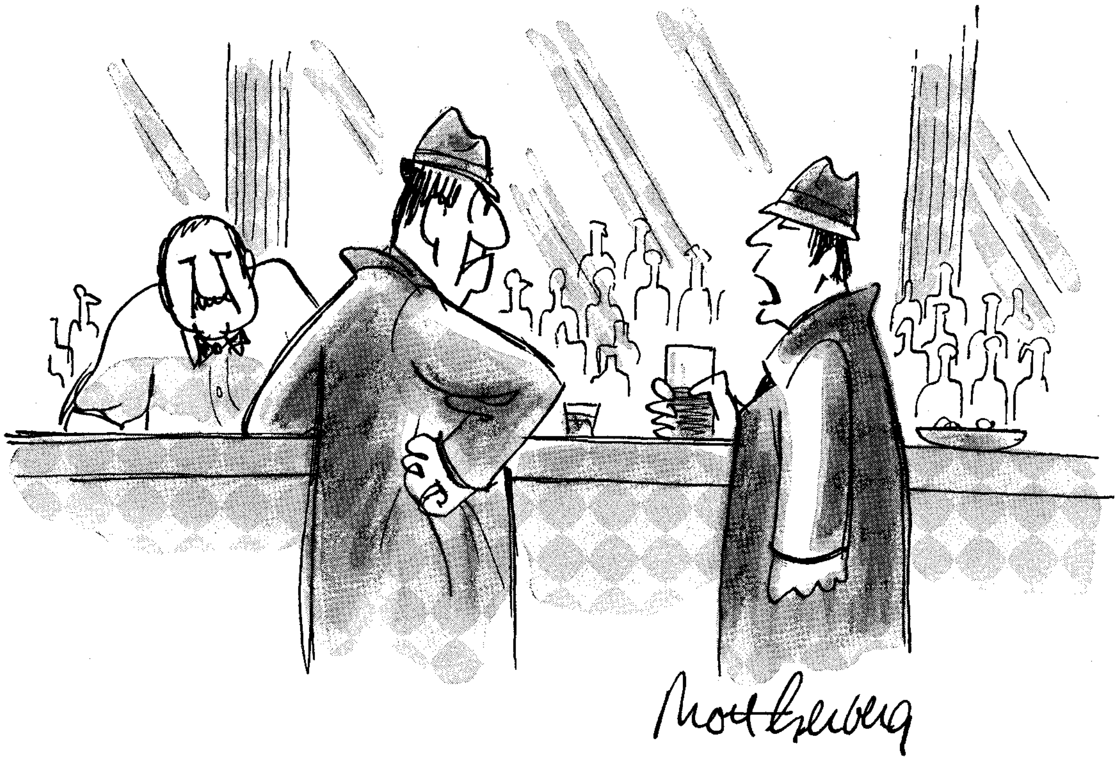
That wasn't any wonder, Mama said. The news was getting around. And she pulled Mr. Houston's letter that had come in the mail out from under her pillow. It would kill her eyes to read it, she said, but she would.

> Dear Lily: The school you ask about is run by the federal government and doesn't have pledge or prayer. I would not want my son in it. John Henry is late with his note again. Yours in Christ, Randolph C. Houston.

"There's one thing sure," Mama told Livia. "A man can't work all day and go to school against Jesus all night and keep from losing his truck."

Livia didn't understand the part about Jesus, but she held herself and rocked and cried some more. She hadn't known any of this, she said. Why would he lose his log truck? His payments only had another year to go.

"Another year is right," Mama said. "And you think that bank is going to sit there and wait for its money while your husband is plowing around



"I do not endorse your position."

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Bogue County going to school, trying to catch a wildcat—because that's exactly what it is—and all the other foolishness? They would grab back his truck and then when he sawed down a tree he'd have nothing to put it on. Maybe he could harness up the wildcat and let it make the mill run."

Like I was afraid, this was too much for Livia. She quick got on her shoes and covered up her ears with her little bony hands. She ran out the door and across our front gallery. Mama said not to chase after her, she just had a dose of truth and truth took its time to trickle in. How she knew it was a wildcat, Mama said, was the way it handled a plate. Only a cat could leave it clean and never rattle or shove it. They would come to their senses now, and move on back up home, and get themselves down to business.

Well, I couldn't do anything but pray. God had already let it be the time of year people were buying a lot of my things for the winter, turnips and spinach and shelled pecans, and after I got Mama prettied up for the day with everything she would need right there on a chair beside her, I would tie my different bunches and start straight in to King's Town. I carried two baskets and didn't feel the one, walking along, because the other matched it. The mill road was a far piece out of my way, but every day before I sold out I traipsed as fast as I could that way to catch a sight of the pulp truck. I knew his from all the others because his doors didn't work and he used a lot of rope that dangled out and blew.

Some of the other fellows that know Arthuree would honk and wave at me, so that meant for certain he was still amongst them. It was getting to be right rainy, though, after All Souls' Day, and I was mighty anxious.

I didn't want to worry Mama more, but I thought I better ask her. What did it mean, I asked, that Livia hadn't been back to tell us what they did, and if they'd caught the wildcat?

She was so tired she didn't answer right away. She wanted me to attend to some work I'd forgotten about at home. There was a spiderweb in one of our little windows, right where the sun comes in, and I needed to brush it out. Then she told me about grown children. They hardened their hearts, she said, and would rather to prance around with a varmint than heed their own mother. I didn't believe this was good, for her to think that even. I told her I had prayed so much I was about sure to see the pulp truck soon and she went on to sleep.

By Christmas, the little drizzles had turned frosty and I didn't have much to pick. It was cold too, to walk up the old mill road. I don't generally think up a plan and try it out just by myself, but with all this winter coming on I couldn't be satisfied that Livia and those babies were safe and warm out in the world somewhere. I thought about Mr. Houston at the bank. He likes me, but he doesn't like to see *anybody* too often.

I stayed in a corner of the bank, admiring all the angels. They had them strung across from one overhead lamp to another. After I had been there a good while, he got up and came over to where I was and asked me what I wanted. When I told him, he said John Henry was fine, and the reason I didn't see him might be he'd got a better truck, he'd moved his family back, and every time he turned around now he came and asked advice. There was no earthly reason, Mr. Houston said, for Mama to worry about him. And then he went to a big iron file and got out a paper. He brought it clear across the bank just for me to see it. Tell Mama, he said, the bank had sent word itself for him to come on home while the sap was down. They had helped him rent a house and loaned him the money for the finer truck to work with. He didn't believe he'd ever stray again, he would strictly stick to business. Mr. Houston smiled when he showed me the piece of paper. Instead of the "X" on the bottom line, where you're supposed to sign, there was a nice set of letters: ARTHUREE.

—BERRY MORGAN

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IN BACK OF

I'm looking for things back of remarks that are said . . .—*William Stafford.*

In back of "I love you"
stands "goodbye."
In back of
"goodbye"
stands "it was lovely
there in the grass, drenched
in so much green
together."
Words that wait
are dark as shadows
in the back rooms
of mirrors:
when you raise
your right hand
in greeting,
they raise their left
in farewell.

—LINDA PASTAN

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE SNOW LEOPARD—I

IN late September of 1973, I set out on a journey to the Crystal Mountain, walking west under Annapurna and north along the Kali Gandaki River, then west and north again, around the Dhaulagiri peaks and across the Kanjiroba, two hundred miles or more to the Land of Dolpo, on the Tibetan Plateau. The zoologist George Schaller, whom I knew first in 1969, in the Serengeti Plain of Tanzania, where he was working on his celebrated study of the lion, had started a survey of wild sheep and goats and their near-relatives the goat-antelopes, and he wondered if I might like to join him on an expedition to northwest Nepal, near the frontier of Tibet, to study the bharal, or Himalayan blue sheep; it was his feeling, which he meant to confirm, that this strange "sheep" of remote ranges was actually less sheep than goat, and perhaps quite close to the archetypal ancestor of both. We would go in the autumn to observe the animals in rut, since the eating and sleeping that preoccupy them throughout the remainder of the year would give little clue to evolution and comparative behavior. Near Shey Gompa—"Crystal Monastery"—where the Buddhist lama had forbidden people to molest them, the bharal were said to be numerous and easily observed. And where bharal were numerous there was bound to appear that rarest and most beautiful of the great cats, the bharal-killer—the snow leopard. Schaller knew of only two Westerners—he was one—who had laid eyes on the wild Himalayan snow leopard (*Panthera uncia*) in the past twenty-five years; the hope of glimpsing this near-mythic beast in the snow mountains was reason enough for the entire journey.

Twelve years before, on a visit to Nepal, I had seen the astounding snow peaks to the north; to close that distance, to go step by step across the greatest range on earth to somewhere called the Crystal Mountain, was, for me, a true pilgrimage, a journey of the heart. Since the usurpation of Tibet by the Chinese, the Land of Dolpo, all but unknown to Westerners even today, has been said to be the last enclave of pure Tibetan culture left on earth. The Lama of Shey, the most revered of all the *rinpoches*, the "precious ones," in Dolpo, had remained in seclusion when David Snellgrove, a scholar of Tibetan religions, reached the Crystal Monastery seventeen years previously, but perhaps our own luck would be better.

On my way to Nepal, I stopped at Varanasi, the holy city on the Ganges, and visited the Buddhist shrines at Bodh Gaya and Sarnath. In those monsoon days of mid-September, the brown heat of India was awesome, and after a few days on the Ganges plain I was ready to fly north to Kathmandu, in the green foothills of the Himalayan wall. The day I arrived was clear, and among the temple spires and tiered pagodas of Kathmandu black kites and red veered on the wind. The dry air at four thousand feet was a great relief from the humidity of India, but to the north the peaks were hidden by thick clouds of the monsoon, and by evening it was raining. I found Schaller at the hotel. We had not met in a year or more, our last correspondence had been in midsummer, and he was relieved that I had turned up without mishap. For the next two hours we talked so intensely that I wondered later if there was anything left to speak about in the months ahead.

The rains prevailed throughout our last three days in Kathmandu. Schaller was desperate to get under way, not only because he loathes all cities but because winter comes early to the Himalayas, and these rains of the monsoon would bring heavy snow to the high passes between this place and our destination. Last letters were written and sent off, all excess gear and clothing were discarded, and travellers' checks were exchanged for small rupee notes by the dirty packet, since large bills have no currency among the hill peoples. With our Sherpa camp assistants, we packed tents and pots, and bargained for last-minute supplies in the Oriental rumpus of the bazaar, where in 1961 I had bought a small bronze Buddha, green with age. My wife, Deborah, and I were to become students of Zen Buddhism, and the green bronze Buddha from Kathmandu was the one I chose for a small altar in her room at the New York hospital where she had died of cancer in the previous year.

In the early morning of September 26th, in a hard rain, with a driver, two Sherpas, and all expedition gear, we packed ourselves into the Land-Rover that would carry us as far as Pokhara; two more Sherpas and our Tamang porters were to come next day by bus,

COLD DRINKS
candy
HOT

"Room service here."

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in time for departure from Pokhara on the twenty-eighth. From Kathmandu there is a road through the Gorkha district to Pokhara, in the central foothills; farther west, no roads exist at all. The road wound through steep gorges of the Trisuli River, then in torrent; dirty whitecaps marked the rapids, and the brown flood was thickened every little while by thunderous rock slides down the walls of the ravine. Repeatedly the rocks fell on the road: the driver would wait for the slide to ease, then snake his way through the debris, while all heads peered at the dark rocks poised overhead. In Gorkha land, in raining mountains, a group of shrouded figures passed, bearing a corpse.

After midday, the rain eased, and the Land-Rover rode into Pokhara on a shaft of storm light. Next day there was humid sun and shifting southern skies, but to the north a tumult of massive swirling grays was all that could be seen of the Himalayas. At dusk white egrets flapped across sunken clouds that were black with rains; on earth, the dark had come. Then another realm came into view, four miles above these mud streets of the lowlands. At a point so high as to seem overhead, a luminous whiteness shone—the light of snows. Glaciers loomed and vanished in the grays, and the sky parted, and the snow cone of Machapuchare glistened like a spire upon the clouds.

In the night, the stars convened, and the vast ghost of Machapuchare radiated light, although there was no moon. In the shed where we lay down, behind a sort of inn, there were mosquitoes. Schaller, dreaming, cried out in his sleep. Restless, I went out at daybreak and saw three peaks of Annapurna, soaring clear of low soft clouds. This day we would depart for the northwest.

SEPTEMBER 28

AT sunrise the small expedition meets beneath a giant fig beyond Pokhara—two white sahibs, four Sherpas, fourteen porters. The Sherpas are of the famous mountain tribe of northeast Nepal, "Tigers of the Himalayas," whose members accompany the ascents of the great peaks; they are Buddhist herders who have come down in recent centuries out of eastern Tibet—*sherpa* is a Tibetan word for "easterner"—and their language, culture, and appearance all reflect Tibetan origin. One of the porters is also a Sherpa, and two are refugee Tibetans; the rest are of mixed Aryan and Mongol stock. Mostly barefoot, in ragged shorts or the big-seated, jodhpur-legged pants of India, wearing all manner of old vests and shawls and headgear, the porters pick over the tall wicker baskets. In addition to their own food and blankets, they must carry a load of up to eighty pounds that is braced on their bent backs by a tumpline around the forehead, and there is much hefting and denunciation of the loads, together with shrill bargaining, before any journey in these mountains can begin. Porters are mostly local men of uncertain occupation and unsteadfast habit, notorious for giving trouble. But it is also true that their toil is hard and wretchedly rewarded—one dollar a day. As a rule, they accompany an expedition for no more than a week away from home, after which they are replaced by others, and the hefting and denunciation start anew. Today nearly two hours pass and clouds have gathered before all fourteen are mollified and the tattered line sets off toward the west.

We are glad to go. The edges of Pokhara might be tropical outskirts anywhere—vacant children, listless adults, bent dogs, and thin chickens in a litter of sagging shacks and rubble, mud, weeds, stagnant ditches, bad sweet smells, vivid bright broken plastic bits, and dirty fruit peelings awaiting the carrion pig. Gray river road, gray sky. A delicate woman bears a hamper of small silver fishes, and another bends low beneath a basket of rocks that will be hammered to gravel by other women of Pokhara, in the labor of the myriad brown hands that will surface a new road south to India. Hibiscus, frangipani, bougainvillea: seen under snow peaks, these tropical blossoms become the flowers of heroic landscapes. Macaques scamper in green meadow. Drongos, rollers, barbets, and the white Egyptian vulture are the common birds, and all have close relatives in East Africa, where Schaller and I first met; he wonders how this vulture would react if confronted with the egg of an ostrich, which was also a common Asian bird during the Pleistocene. In Africa, the Egyptian vulture is recognized as a tool-using species, because of its knack of cracking the huge ostrich eggs by slinging rocks at them with its beak.

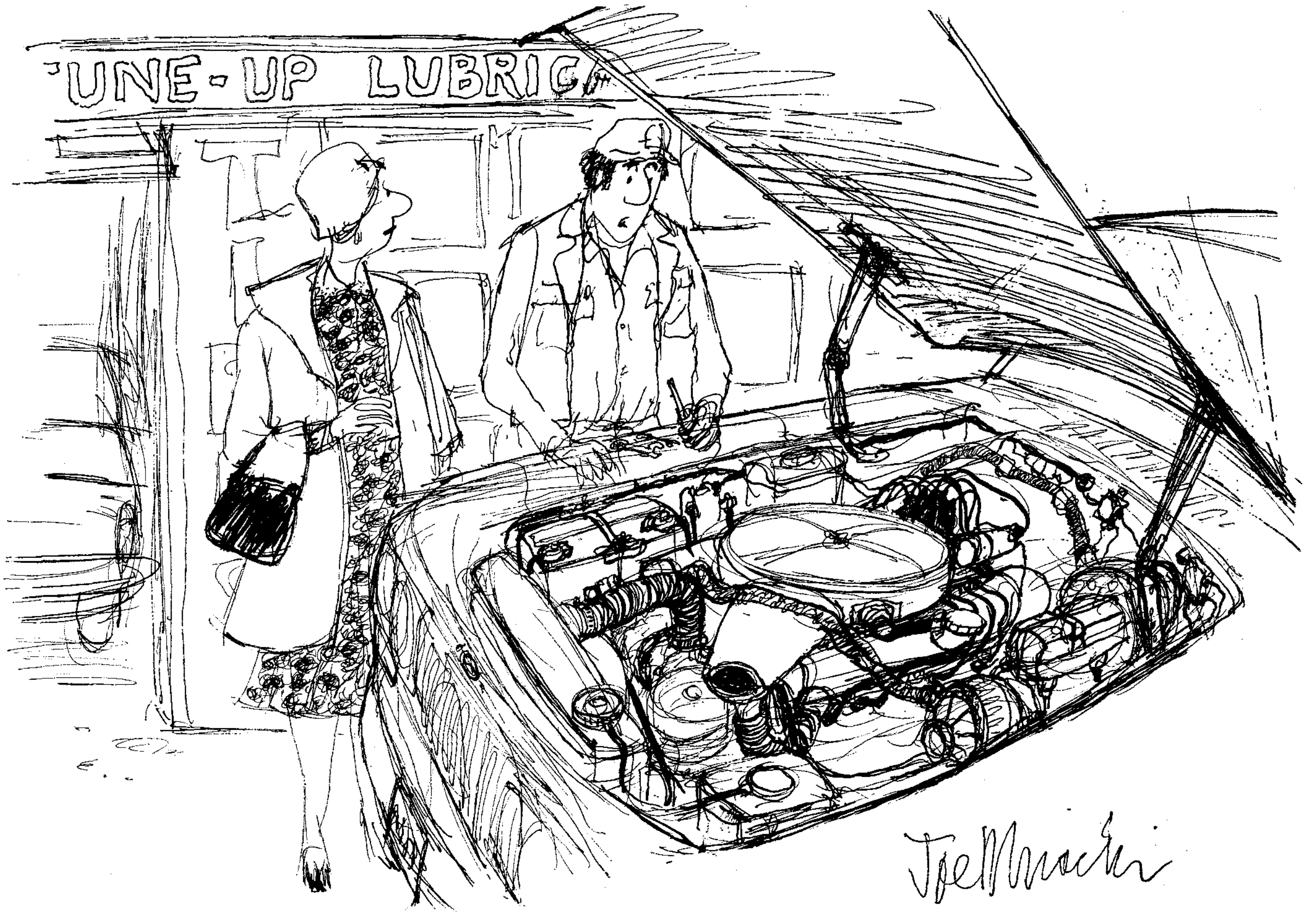
Until quite recently, these Nepal lowlands were broadleaf sal forest (*Shorea robusta*), the haunt of elephant and tiger and the great Indian rhinoceros. Forest cutting and poaching cleared them out; except in last retreats such as the Karnali Valley, to the west, the saintly tread of elephants is gone. The last wild Indian cheetah was sighted in central India in 1952, the Asian lion is reduced to a single small population in the Gir Forest, northwest of Bombay, and the tiger becomes legendary everywhere. Especially in India and Pakistan, the wild hoofed animals are rapidly disappearing, owing to destruction of habitat by agriculture, overcutting of the forests, overgrazing by the scraggy hordes of domestic animals, erosion, flood—the whole dismal cycle of events that accompanies overcrowding by human beings.

The track along the Yamdi River is a main trading route, passing through rice paddies and villages on its way west to the Kali Gandaki River, where it turns north to Mustang and Tibet. Green village compounds, set about with giant banyans and old stone pools and walls, are cropped to lawn by water buffalo and cattle; the fresh water and soft shade give them the harmony of parks. These village folk own even less than those of Pokhara, yet they are spared by their old economies from modern poverty: one understands why "village life" has been celebrated as the natural, happy domain of man by many thinkers, from Lao-tzu to Gandhi. In a warm sun children play, and women roll clothes on rocks at the village fountain and pound grain in stone mortars. From all sides come reassuring dung smells and chicken clatter and wafts of fire smoke from the low hearths. In tidy yards, behind strong stiles and walls, the clay huts are of warm earthen red, with thatched roofs, hand-carved sills and shutters, and yellow-flowered pumpkin vines. Maize is stacked in narrow cribs, and rick is spread to dry on broad straw mats, and between the banana and papaya trees big calm spiders hang against the sky.

A canal bridged here and there by ten-foot granite slabs runs through a hamlet, pouring slowly over shining pebbles. It is midday, the sun melts the air, and we sit on a stone wall in the cool shade. By the canal is the village teahouse, a simple open-fronted hut with makeshift benches and a clay oven in the form of a rounded mound on the clay floor. The mound has a side opening for inserting twigs and two holes on the top for boiling water, which is poured through a strainer of cheap tea dust into a glass containing coarse sugar and buffalo milk. With this *chiya* we take plain bread and a fresh cucumber, while children playing on the shining stones pretend to splash us.

One by one the porters come, turning around to lower their loads onto the wall. A porter of shy face and childlike smile who looks too slight for his load is playing comb music on a fig leaf. "Too many hot," says another, smiling. This is the Sherpa porter, Thukten, a wiry small man with Mongol eyes and outsized ears and a disconcerting smile—I wonder why this Thukten is a porter.

I set off ahead, walking alone in the cool breeze of the valley. In the bright September light and mountain shadow—the foothills are closing in as the valley narrows, and the snow peaks to the north are no longer seen—the path follows a dike between the reedy canal and the green terraces of rice that descend in steps to the margins of the



"Gee!"

river. At a rest wall, two figs of different species were planted long ago; one is a banyan, or *nigrodha* (*Ficus indica*), the other a pipal (*F. religiosa*), sacred to both the Hindus and the Buddhists. Wild flowers and painted stones are set among the buttressed roots, to bring the traveller good fortune, and stone terraces are built up around the trunks in such a way that the shade-seeking traveller may back up and set down his load on a shelf while standing almost straight. These resting places are everywhere along the trading routes, some of them so ancient that the great trees have long since died, leaving round holes in stonework oval platforms. Like the teahouses and the broad stepping stones that are built into the hills, the rest walls impart a blessedness to this gentle landscape, as if we had wandered into a lost country of the golden age.

Awaiting the line of porters that winds through the paddies, I sit on the top level of the stones, my feet on the step on which the loads are set and my back against the tree. In the absence of all motor sound, of even the simplest machinery—for the track is often tortuous and steep, and fords too many streams to permit bicycles—in the warmth and harmony and seeming plenty, come whispers of a paradisal age. The fertile plains of Kapilavastu, sixty miles to the southwest, have changed little in the many centuries since Siddhartha Gautama was born there to a rich clan of the Sakya tribe, in a kingdom of elephants and tigers. Gautama was later called Sakyamuni (Sage of the Sakyas), and afterward the Buddha. He Who Knows. Fig trees and the smoke of peasant fires, the greensward and gaunt cattle, white egrets and jungle crows are still seen on the Ganges plain of northern India, where Gautama passed his life, from Kapilavastu south to Varanasi (an old city even when Gautama came there) and Rajgir and Gaya.

Of Gautama's life it is only known that he was born about six centuries before the time of Christ here at the foot of the Himalayas in what is now Nepal; that he forsook a life of ease to become a mendicant, or "wanderer"—a common practice in northern India even today. In Gautama's time, the disciplines called yogas were already well evolved. Perhaps a thousand years before, the dark-skinned Dravidians of lowland India had been overcome by nomad Aryans from the Asian steppes who were bearing their creed of sky-gods, wind, and light across Eurasia. "The newly-settled nomads were striving to make themselves, body and will, tempered and taut like the bow and the bowstring—their favorite simile," Gerald Heard has written. What was sought was a deflection of the vast forces of the universe with *siddhis*, or "powers" cultivated through yogic mastery of body and mind—not the passive fatalism of which Eastern religions are so commonly accused but acceptance of each moment, resilience and serenity, calmness in action and intensity when calm. The yogi in seated meditation was called "the flame in the windless spot which does not flicker."

PARENTS

What it must be like to be an angel
or a squirrel, we can imagine sooner.

The last time we go to bed good,
they are there, lying about darkness.

They dandle us once too often,
these friends who become our enemies.

Suddenly one day, their juniors
are as old as we yearn to be.

They get wrinkles where it is better
smooth, odd coughs, and smells.

It is grotesque how they go on
loving us, we go on loving them.

The effrontery, barely imaginable,
of having caused us. And of how.

Their lives: surely
we can do better than that.

This goes on for a long time. Everything
they do is wrong, and the worst thing,

they all do it, is to die,
taking with them the last explanation,

how we came out of the wet sea
or wherever they got us from,

taking the last link
of that chain with them.

Father, mother, we cry, wrinkling,
to our uncomprehending children and grandchildren.

—William Meredith

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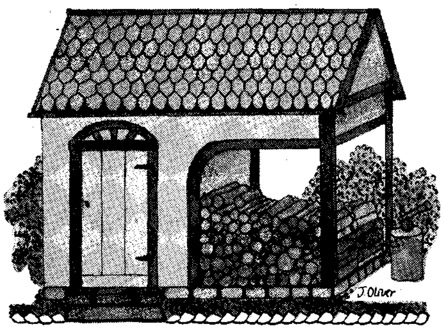
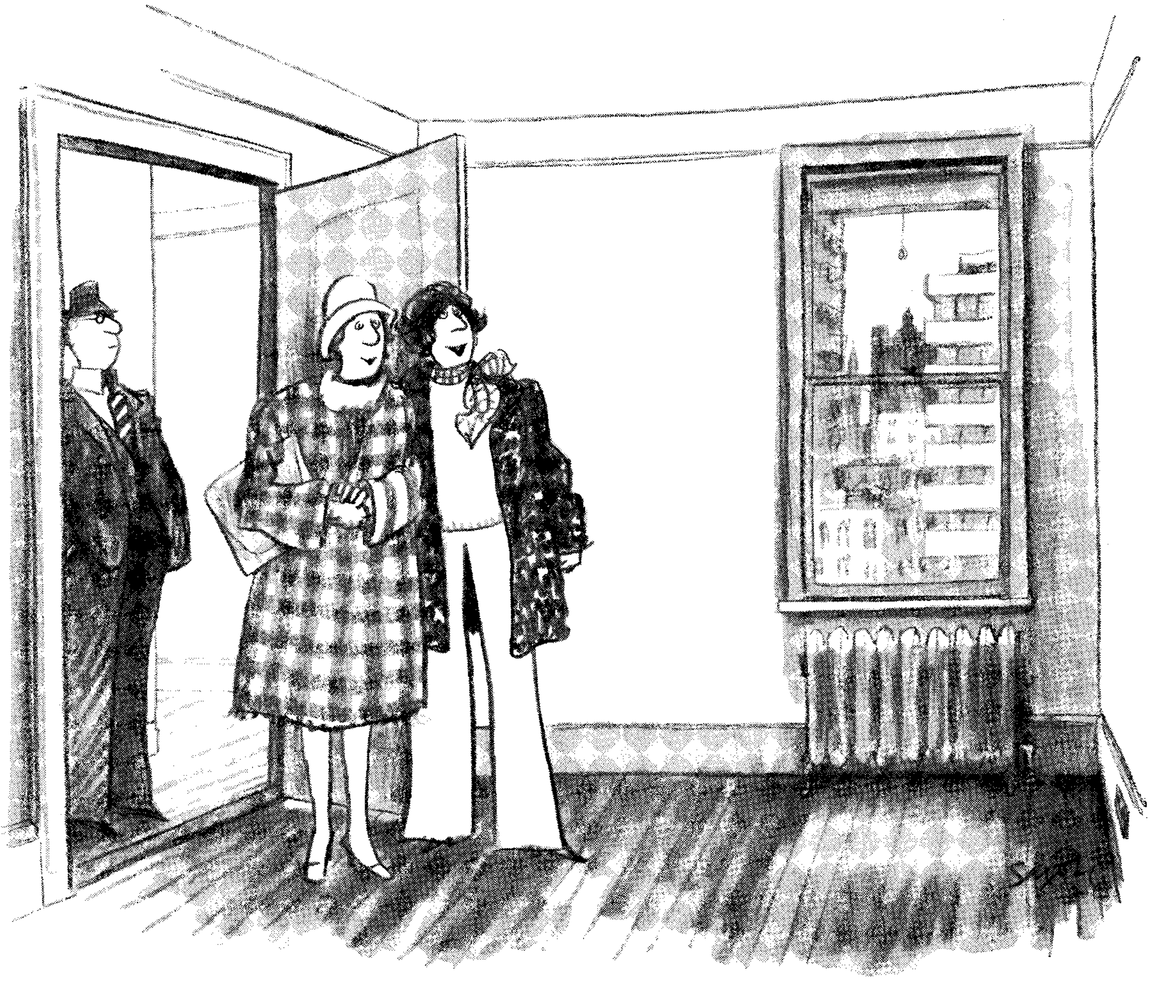


The Aryans' concept of the universe was contained in their Sanskrit *vedas*, or "knowledge"—ancient texts of unknown origin which include the Rig-Veda and the Upanishads and were to become the base of the Hindu religion. To the wandering ascetic named Sakyamuni, such epic preachments on the nature of the universe and man were useless as a cure for human suffering. (Though he preached to women and weakened the caste system by admitting lowborn brethren to his order, Sakyamuni never involved himself in social justice, far less government; his way holds that self-realization is the greatest contribution one can make to one's fellow-man.) In what became known as the Fourfold Truth, Sakyamuni perceived that man's existence is inseparable from sorrow; that the cause of suffering is craving; that peace is attained by extinguishing craving; that this liberation may be brought about by following the Eightfold Path—strict attention to one's belief,



“And this will be Richard’s atelier.”

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intentions, speech, actions, livelihood, effort, mindfulness, and concentration.

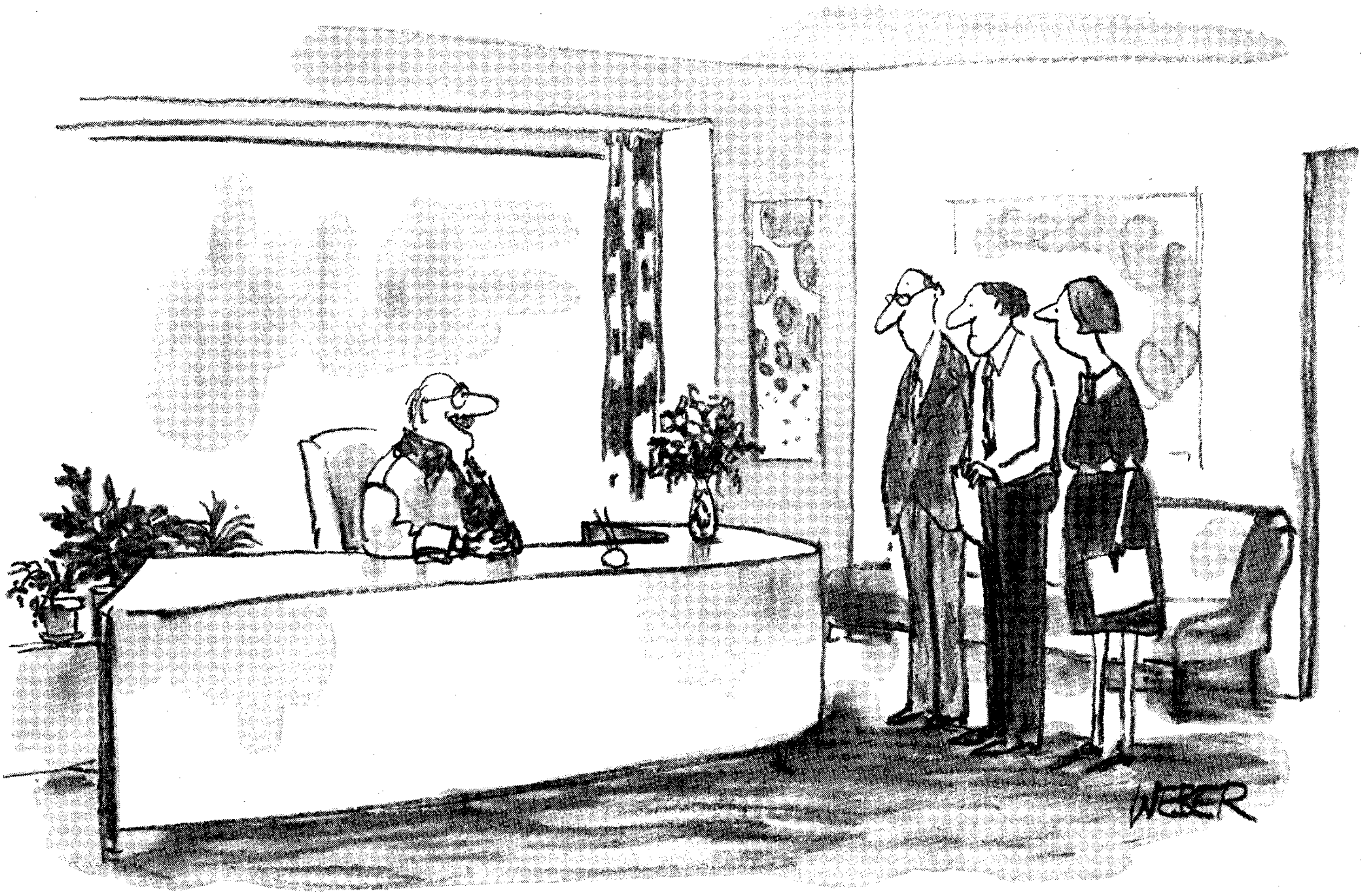
In the sixth century B.C., near the town of Gaya, south and east of Varanasi, Sakyamuni attained enlightenment in the deep experience that his own “true nature” was not different from the nature of the universe. For half a century thereafter, at such places as the Deer Park in Sarnath, and Nalanda, and the Vulture’s Peak, near present-day Rajgir, he taught a doctrine based upon the impermanence of all existence, the eternal continuity of becoming, as in the morning river that appears the same although the river of the night before has passed away. At the age of eighty, he ended his days at Kusinara (the modern Kasia), thirty miles east of Gorakhpur and just west of the Kali Gandaki River.

This much is true; all else is part of the great Buddha legend, which is truth of a different order. In regard to his enlightenment, it is related that this wanderer was in his thirties when he gave up the rigors of the yogi and embraced “the Middle Path” between sensuality and mortification, accepting food in a golden bowl from the daughter of the village headman. Thereupon, he was renounced by his disciples. At dusk, he sat himself beneath a pipal tree with his face toward the east, vowing that though his skin and nerves and bones should waste away, and his lifeblood dry, he would not leave this seat until he had attained Supreme Enlightenment. All that night, beset by demons, Sakyamuni sat in meditation. And in that golden daybreak, it is told, the Self-Awakened One truly perceived the morning star, as if seeing it for the first time in his life, and cried aloud, “I am created simultaneously with the Universe!”

In what is now known as Bodh Gaya—still a pastoral land of cattle savanna, shimmering water, rice paddies, palms, and red clay hamlets without paved roads or wires—a Buddhist temple stands beside an ancient pipal descended from that *bodhi* tree, or “tree of wisdom,” beneath which this man sat. Here in a warm dawn, ten days before, with three Tibetan monks in maroon robes, I watched the rising of the morning star and came away no wiser than before. But later I wondered if the Tibetans were aware that the *bodhi* tree was breathing, murmuring with gusts of birds, while another large pipal, so close by that it touched the holy tree with many branches, was without life. I make no claim for this event: I simply declare what I saw there at Bodh Gaya.

ALREADY the Yamdi River narrows; soon it will vanish among mountains. In a village on the northern slope, the huts are round and oval rather than rectangular, and Jangbu, our head Sherpa, says this is a village of the Gurungs, a people who came down long ago out of Tibet. In this region of southern Nepal live various hill peoples of Mongol and Aryan mix, most of them Paharis, or hill Hindus. For centuries, the Hindus have come up along the river valleys from the great plain of the Ganges, while Tibetans crossed the mountain passes from the north: the Tibetan-speaking Buddhist tribes, which include the Sherpas, are called Bhotes, which means Tibetans. (Bhot, or B’od, is Tibet, and Bhutan, which lies at the southern edge of Tibet, means “end of Bhot.”) Whether Hindu or Buddhist, most of these tribes—and the Gurungs especially—still recognize animist deities of the old religions that persist in remote corners of the Asian mountains.

Some long-haired Tibetans, with buttery flat red faces, descend the river barefoot on the silver stones. These people are bound to Pokhara from Dhorpatan, a week away. When crops are harvested, the Tibetans, Mustang Bhotes, and other hill peoples follow the ridges and valleys south and east to Pokhara and Kathmandu, trading wool and salt for grain and paper, knives, tobacco, rice, and tea. One Tibetan boy has caught a rockfish in the shallows; he runs to show me, almond eyes agleam. The children all along the way are friendly and playful; though they beg a little, they are not serious about it like the grim Hindu children of the towns. More likely,



"I called in you people from Accounting because I wanted to ask you if you're having fun."

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they will take your hand and walk along a little, or do a somersault, or tag and run away.

Where the valley narrows to a canyon, there is a teahouse and some huts, and here a pack train of shaggy ponies descends from the mountain in a melody of bells, and splashes across the swift green water at the ford. From the teahouse, a trail climbs steeply toward the southwest sky. In this land, the subsistence economies have always depended upon travel, and in its decades—centuries, perhaps—as a trade route for the hill peoples, broad steps have been worn into the mountain path. Wild chestnut trees overhang the trail; we pull down branches to pick the spiny nuts.

At sunset, the trail arrives at the hill village called Naudanda. Here I try out my new home, a one-man mountain tent in poor condition. Phu Tshering, our merry cook, in bright red cap, brings supper of lentils and rice, and afterward I sit outside on a wicker stool acquired at the teahouse at the ford and listen to cicadas and a jackal. The east-west ridge falls steeply on both sides—to the Yamdi Valley in the north, the Marsa in the south; from Naudanda, the Yamdi is no more than a white ribbon rushing down between dark walls of conifers into its gorge. Far away eastward, far below, the Marsa River opens out into Lake Phewa, near Pokhara, which glints in the sunset of the foothills. Pokhara is the last outpost of the modern world; in one day's walk we are a century away.

SEPTEMBER 29

A LUMINOUS mountain morning. Mist and smoke, sun shafts and dark ravines: a peak of Annapurna poises on soft clouds. In fresh light and the peep of baby chickens, we take breakfast in the village teahouse, and are under way well before seven.

A child dragging bent useless legs is crawling up the hill outside the village. Nose to the stones, goat dung, and muddy trickles, she pulls herself along like a broken cricket. We falter, ashamed of our strong step, and noticing this she gazes up, clear-eyed, without resentment—it seems much worse that she is pretty. In Bengal, Schaller says stiffly, beggars will break their children's knees to achieve this pitiable effect for business purposes: this is his way of expressing his distress. But the child that lies here at our boots is not a beggar; she is merely a child, staring in curiosity at tall, white strangers. I long to give her something—a new life?—yet am afraid to tamper with such dignity. And so I smile as best I can, and say "*Namaste!*" Good morning! How absurd! And her voice follows as we go away, a small clear smiling voice—"*Namaste!*" It is a Sanskrit word for greeting and parting that means "I salute you."

We are subdued by this reminder of mortality. I think of the corpse in Gorkha country, being borne along in the mud and mountain rain, the black cloths blowing; I hear again my own wife's final breath. Such sights caused Sakyamuni to forsake Kapilavastu and go in search of the secret of existence that would free men from the pain of this illusory world, known as samsara.

> Grieve not for me, but mourn for those who stay behind, bound by longings of which the fruit is sorrow . . . for what confidence have we in life when death

> is ever at hand?... Even were I to return to my kindred by reason of affection, yet we should be divided in the end by death. The meeting and parting of living things is as when the clouds having come together drift apart again, or as when the leaves are parted from the trees. There is nothing we may call our own in a union that is nothing but a dream.

And yet, as his own death drew near, Sakyamuni turned again toward the north. Perhaps, like the rest of us, he longed for home.

The path tends west around small mountains, then climbs toward a village in the pass. Where a white vulture sails in the sunny mist, a high forest comes in view, threaded by waterfalls. We are escorted through the village by a boy playing a tomtom; he wears a saucy hat, short shirt and vest, and nothing more. One day this boy and others will destroy that forest, and their steep fields will erode in rain, and the thin soil will wash away into the torrents, clogging the river channels farther down so that monsoon floods will spread across the land. With its rapidly increasing population, primitive agriculture, and steep terrain, Nepal has one of the most serious erosion problems of any country in the world, and the problem worsens as more forests disappear in the scouring of the land for food and fuel; in eastern Nepal, and especially the Kathmandu Valley, firewood for cooking (not to speak of heat) is already precious, brought in by peasants who have walked for many miles to sell the meagre faggots on their backs. The country folk cook their own food by burning cakes of livestock dung, depriving the soil of the precious manure that would nourish it and permit it to hold water. Without wood humus or manure, the soil deteriorates, compacts, and turns to dust, to be washed away in the rush of the monsoon.

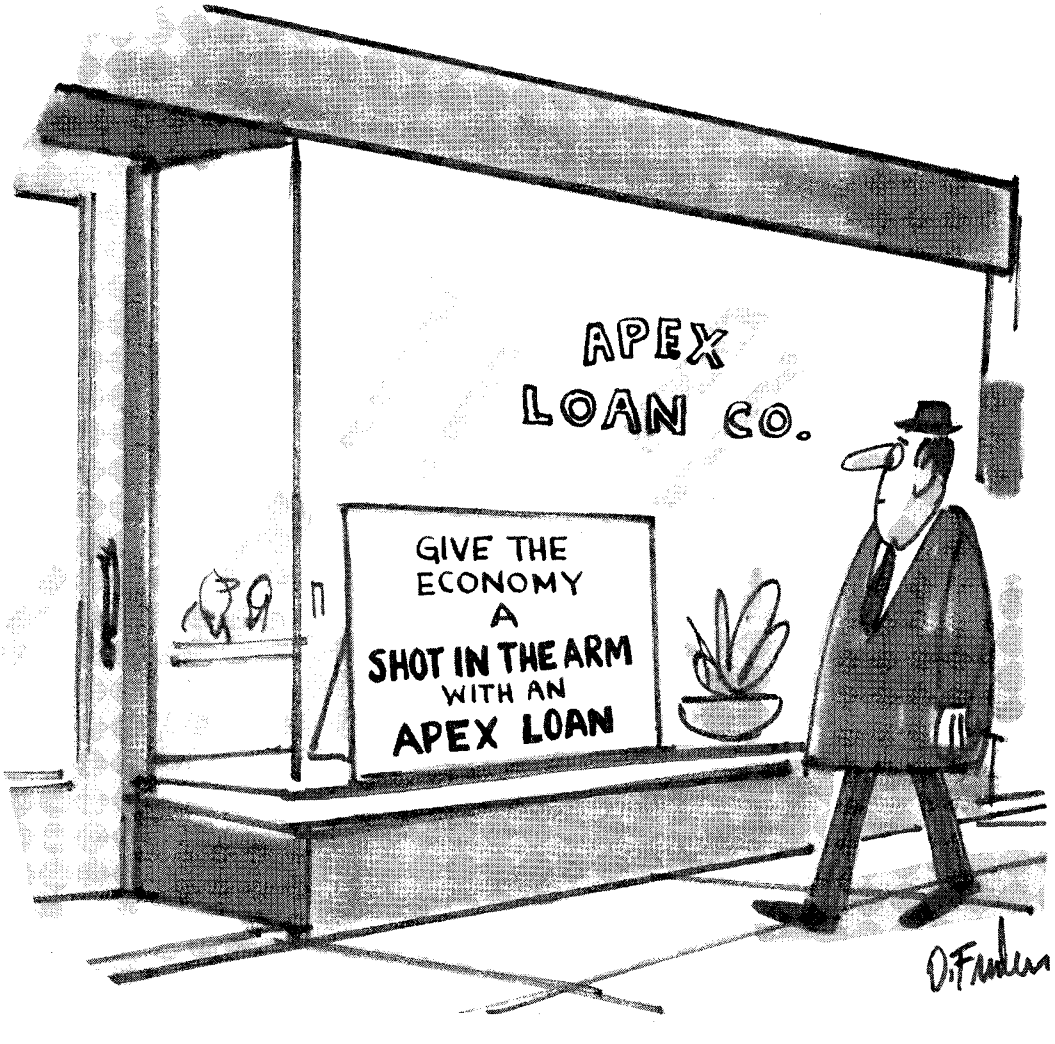
In Schaller's view, Asia is fifteen to twenty years behind East Africa in its attitudes toward conservation, and the gap may well prove fatal. All of the region from western India to Turkey, and northern Africa as well, has turned to desert, and yet a country such as Pakistan, with less than four per cent of its territories in forest, is doing little about the impending disaster, despite a huge idle standing army—sponsored, of course, by the United States—that could just as well be out in the weary countryside planting new trees.

Pine, rhododendron, barberry. Down mountain fields, a path of stones flows like mercury in the sunlight; even the huts have roofs of silver slates. The path winds around the mountain to the bottom of the pine forest, where a shady hamlet overlooks the confluence of the Modi River with a tributary from the north. This is the way of foot travel in Nepal, steeply up and steeply down the labyrinthine valleys. The down is hardest on the legs and feet, which jam at the knees and into the toes of the boots. In Kathmandu, our youngest Sherpa, Gyaltsen, took my mountain boots to a cobbler to have them stretched; unstretched, the boots came back with neat round patches of bright leather sewn onto the outside surfaces at the indicated points. The patches were removed in Pokhara, but the cobbler there had no tool to stretch the boots, and so they are just as narrow and—because of perforations—less rainworthy than before.

Today we have been walking for ten hours; there are signs of blisters. Gyaltsen, who is carrying my backpack, is somewhere far behind, and since I have no sneakers in my rucksack I walk barefoot. My feet are still tough from the past summer, and the paths are mostly rain-softened, for we have descended once again into a lowland. Eyes to the ground, alert for sticks and stones, I can admire a cocoa-colored wood frog and the pale-lavender-blue winged blossoms of the orchid tree (Bauhinia) and the warm loaf left by a buffalo. But since the encounter with the crawling child, I look at paradise askance. Along the Modi, my feet are hurt by sharp shale, and where we make camp in the village of Gijan, we pick off leeches: taking rice supper in a local hut, Schaller investigates wetness in his sneaker and finds it full of his own blood.

SEPTEMBER 30

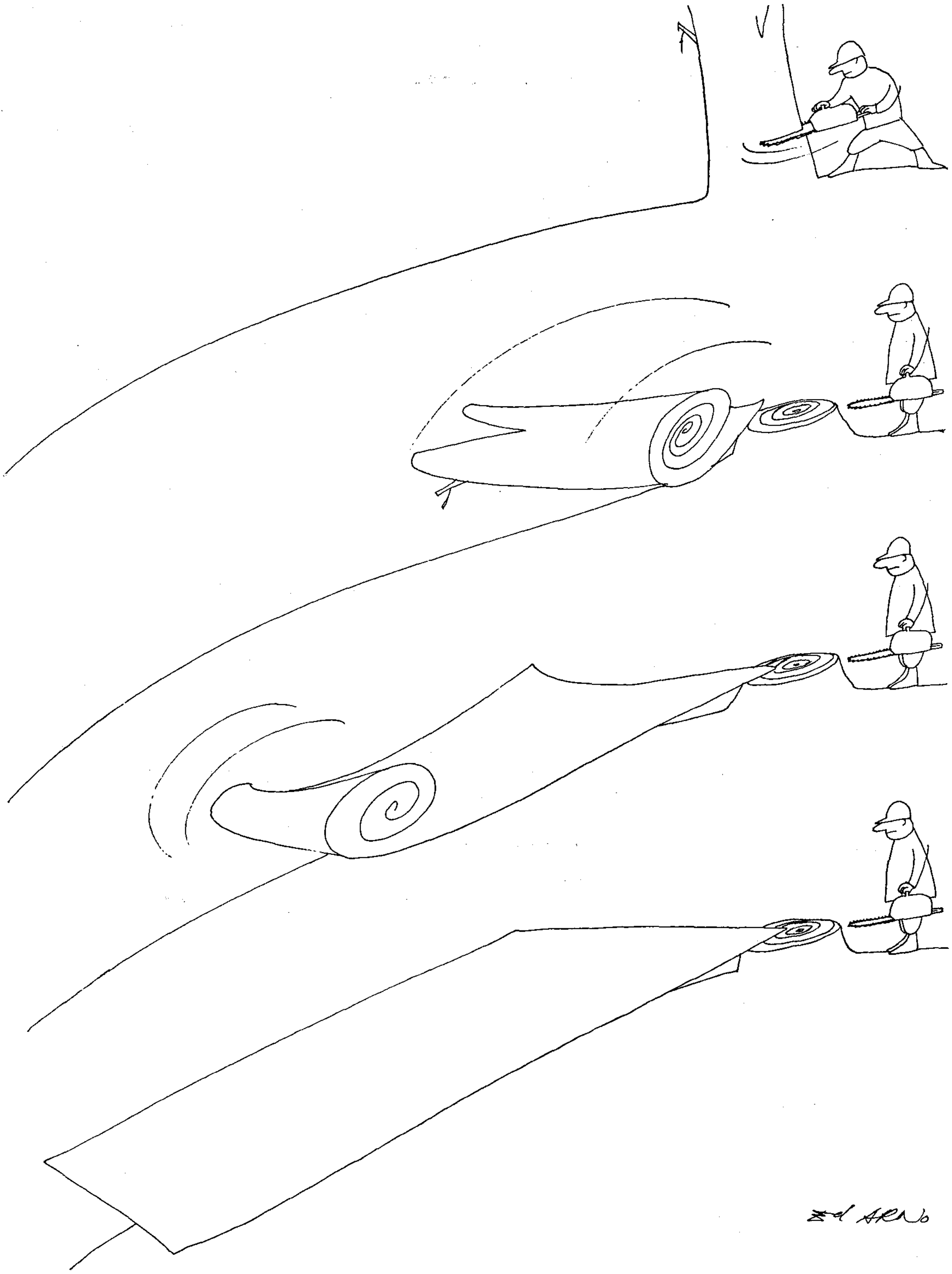
YESTERDAY, we walked for eleven hours of rough up-and-down, and this morning the delicate porter who plays fig-leaf music has disappeared. Jangbu, the head Sherpa, replaces him in Gijan with an old Magar named Bimbahadur, a crook-legged veteran of the gurkha regiments who goes barefoot, in huge

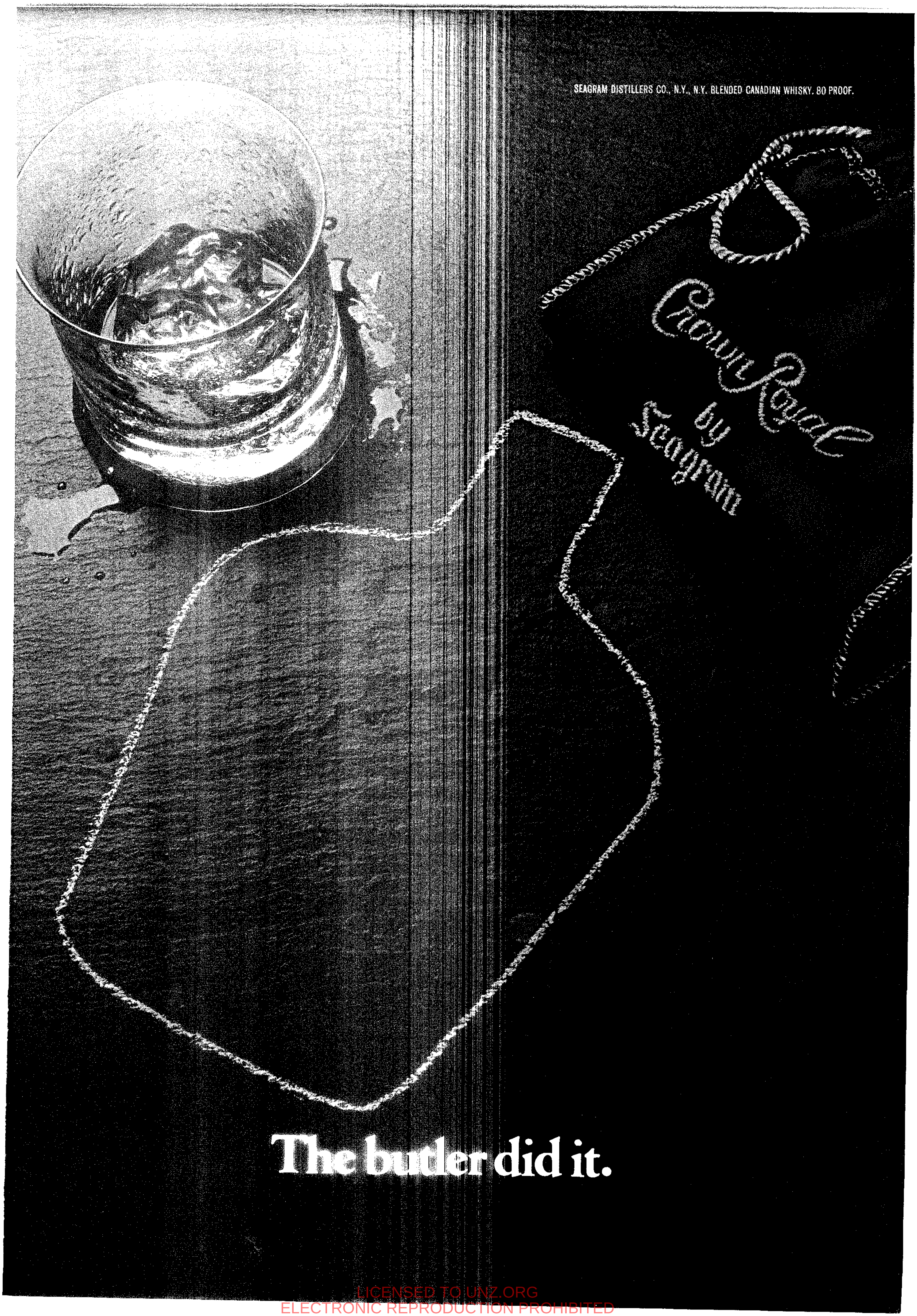

APEX LOAN CO.
GIVE THE ECONOMY A SHOT IN THE ARM WITH AN APEX LOAN
D. Fradon

shorts. (Whether Hindu or Buddhist, Chetri or Sherpa, a Nepalese who joins the regiments is called a "gurkha." Their legend had its start in 1769, when the armies of the king of Gorkha moved out from their central valleys, absorbing the small tribal kingdoms and creating the Hindu state now called Nepal; in their great ferocity, they rushed into Tibet, only to be thrown back by the Chinese, who had designs upon the Land of the Snowy Ranges even then. In the mid nineteenth century, brandishing the wicked hatchet-knife known as the kukri, gurkha troops were sent to aid the British raj during the Indian Mutiny, and gurkha regiments were later supported by both India and Britain.) Our Sherpa porter, Thukten, is also a gurkha veteran, and he and Bimbahadur are soon companions, since Thukten—perhaps because he took a porter's job, or for other reasons not yet clear—is kept at a subtle distance by the younger Sherpas. Thukten might be thirty-five or fifty-three (his face is ageless), whereas the other Sherpas—Jangbu, Phu Tshering, and the two camp assistants, Gyaltsen and Dawa—are all in their early twenties. In his knickers and high sneakers, Gyaltsen looks like a schoolboy and has in fact brought tattered schoolbooks with him.

The route from Gijan goes west along a mountain ridge to a high point with a view of four deep valleys. Below, in the village where the Modi meets the Jare, a woman sits in a window of carved birds. The Modi is crossed on a wood bridge with chain rails; the old bridge sways and creaks over gray torrents that rush down from the Annapurna glaciers in the north. The rice-field path follows narrow dikes worn to grease by human feet. Sun in the wings of dragonflies, over a meadow still in shadow: a dove calls from the hollow of the mountains. Now Machapuchare rises, a halo of cloud wisps spun in a tight whorl around the pinnacle. (Unlike the other peaks of the Annapurna massif, Machapuchare remains pristine, not because it is impregnable—mountaineers climbed to within a hundred and fifty feet of its summit in 1957—but because to climb it is forbidden; the local tribes revere it as a holy mountain, and the Nepal government wisely preserves its peak *in mysterio tremendo.*) Soon all Annapurna is high and clear, turning slowly every day as the trail moves westward.

How easy it feels to be superfluous on this expedition, in no haste and without gainful destination; *gnaskor*, or "going around places," is how pilgrimages are described in Tibet. Schaller is back there harrying the porters, who overlook no opportunity to rest; the Sherpas pretend to help him, but they know that the porters will not walk more than seven hours if they can help it and, lacking tents, are usually aware before they set out in the morning of the hut or cave where they will spend the night. Schaller knows this, too, but he also knows that the season is against him, and he will not really be at ease until he reaches the land of the blue sheep and the snow leopard. "Once the data starts coming

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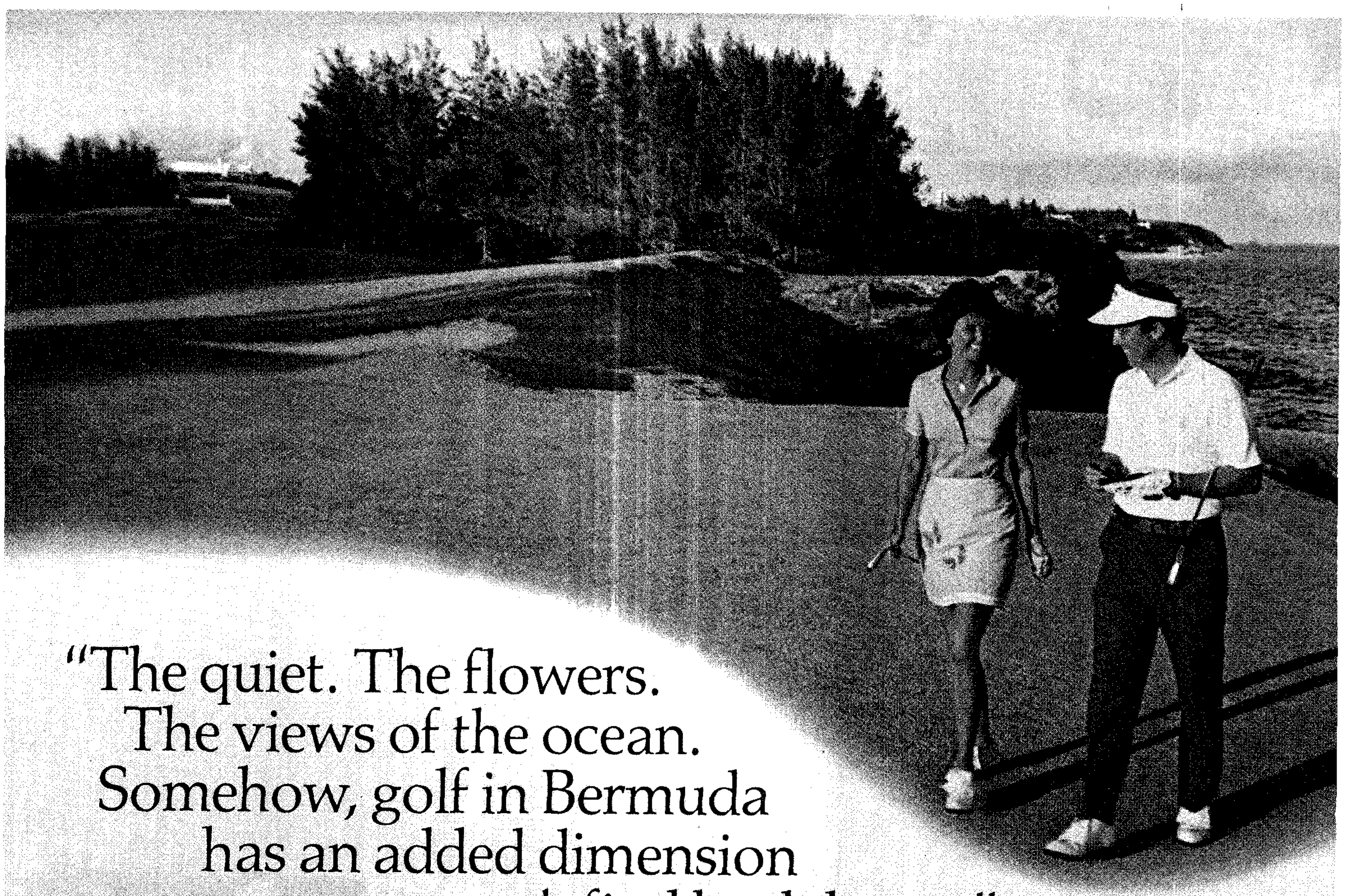

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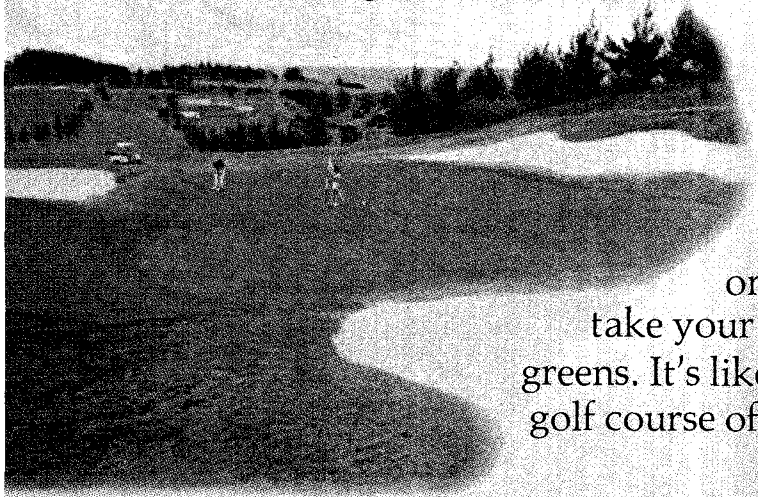

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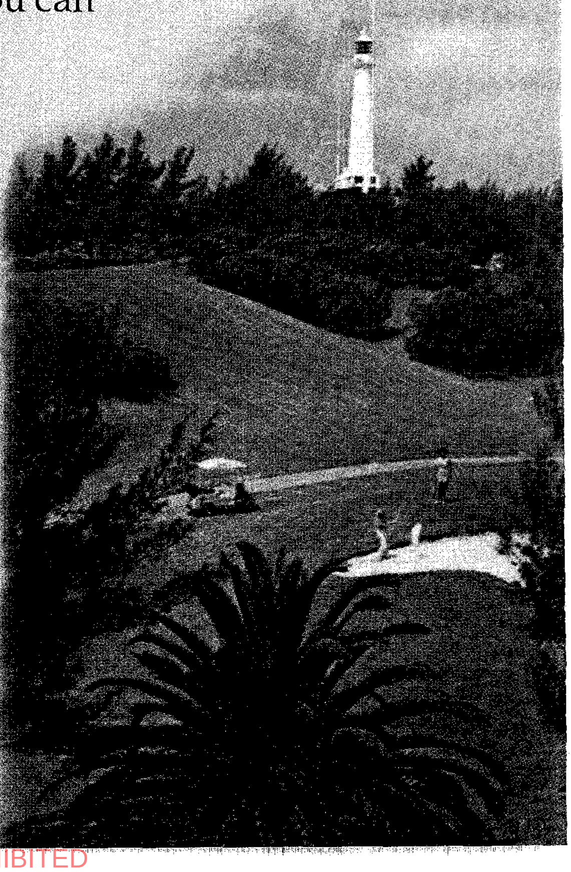

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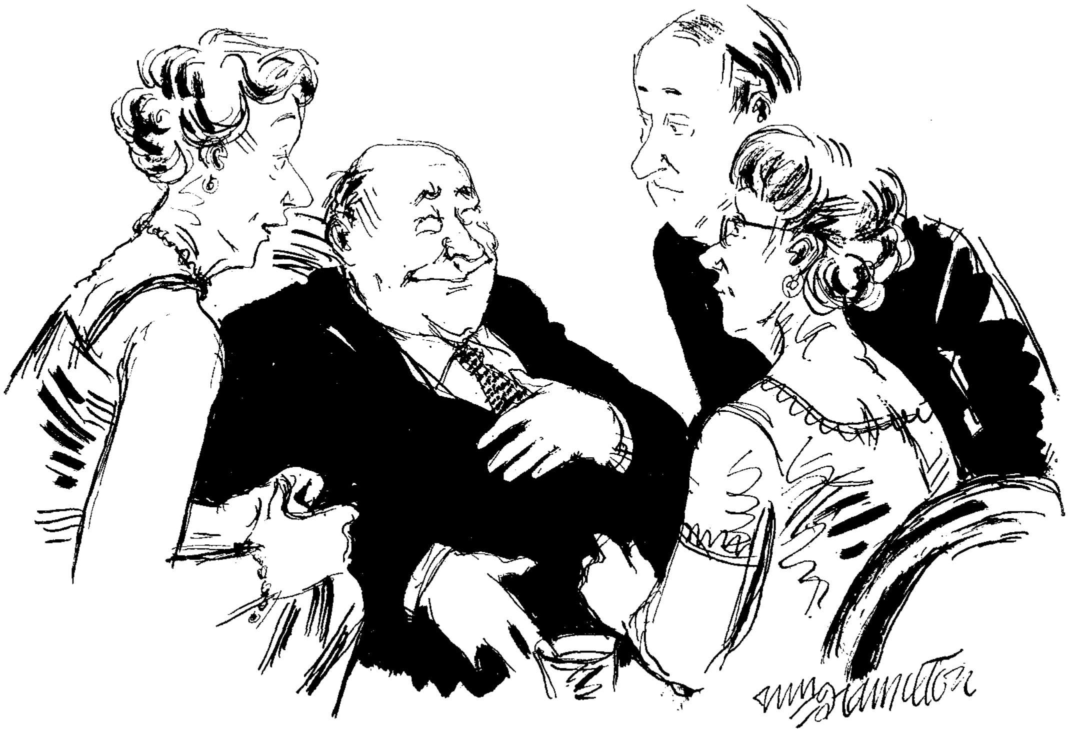


"Old-Fashioneds used to be Fred's Achilles' heel. Now Margaritas are Fred's Achilles' heel."

• •

in," he said in Kathmandu, "I don't care about much else; I feel I'm justifying my existence." Also, he dislikes all these small villages; we are still too close to civilization to suit him. "The fewer people, the better," he says often. Originally he wished to fly this small expedition to the strip at Dhorpatan, a settlement of Tibetan refugees to the west where all the porters that he needed might be found. But no plane was available until the second week of October, and with the weather still uncertain it seemed best to make the trek to Dhorpatan on foot. Now he overtakes me, fretting: "It would take us four days to Dhorpatan instead of eight or nine if we didn't have to wait for these damned porters." He sighs, for he knows that there is nothing to be done to speed the pace. "I wish we were up there at eight thousand feet right now—I like crisp air." I do not answer. The porters' pace just suits me, not less so because my boots feel stiff and small. I enjoy crisp air myself, but I am happy in this moment; we will be up there in cold weather soon enough.

Kusma, a large Hindu village near the Kali Gandaki River, at approximately three thousand feet, is nearly the lowest point of altitude on this journey. Phu Tshering replenishes our supplies with fresh cucumbers and guavas, and by noon we are under way once more, moving north along the east bank. In the first village on the river is a small wood temple, with two stone cows decked out in red hibiscus. The village creaks to the soft rhythm of an ancient rice treadle, and under the windows babies sway in wicker baskets. In the serene and indiscriminate domesticity of these sunny villages, sow and piglet, cow and calf, mother and infant, hen and chicks, nanny and kid commingle in a common pulse of being. We eat a papaya at the teahouse, and afterward bathe in the deep pools of a mountain torrent that comes foaming down over pale rocks beyond the village. On this last day of September, I linger for a while in a warm waterfall, in the moist sun, while my washed clothes bake dry upon the stones.

All afternoon the trail continues up the Kali Gandaki, which rushes down from Mustang and Tibet onto the Ganges plain; because it flows between the soaring massifs of Annapurna and Dhaulagiri, both over twenty-six thousand feet in altitude, the Kali Gandaki has the deepest canyon of any river in the world. Kali means "black" or "dark," and it is true that its steep walls, gray torrent, and black boulders give a hellish darkness to this river. Fierce Kali, the Destroyer, Time, is the consort of the Hindu god of the Himalayas, Great Shiva, the Re-Creator and Destroyer; Kali's black image, with its necklace of human skulls, is the emblem of this dark river that, rumbling down out of hidden peaks and vast clouds of unknowing, has filled the traveller with dread since the first naked man tried to cross and was borne away.

Over the river's heavy wash, a far cicada rings high and clear, a sound as fierce as a sword blade shrieking on a lathe. Morning glory, a lone dandelion, cassia, orchids. So far from the nearest sea, I am taken aback by the sight of a purple land crab, like a relict of the ancient days when the Indian subcontinent, adrift on the earth's mantle, moved northward to collide with the Asian land mass, driving these marine rocks, inch by inch, five miles into the skies: the Kali Gandaki is a famous source of the black sacred stones called salagramas, which contain the spiral fossil forms of marine univalves. The formation of the Himalayas, begun in the Eocene, some fifty million years ago, is still continuing: an earthquake in 1959 caused mountains to fall into the rivers and changed the course of the great Brahmaputra, which rises in Tibet and comes down through northeastern India to join the Ganges in its delta at the Bay of Bengal. All the great rivers of south Asia come down out of the highest country in the world—from the Indus, which empties into the Arabian Sea, east to the Ganges and the Brahmaputra, the Mekong and the Yangtze, and even the great Hwang Ho, which pours across all of China into the Yellow Sea.

At Paniavas, which has a brass cow head on its village font, a bridge crosses the roaring river, and camp is made on the far side in sudden rain. At twilight, I walk beneath the dripping trees. From the hill above, in their bird voices, the Pahari children cry out their few phrases of schoolbook English, laughing at my answers.

"Good-a morning!"

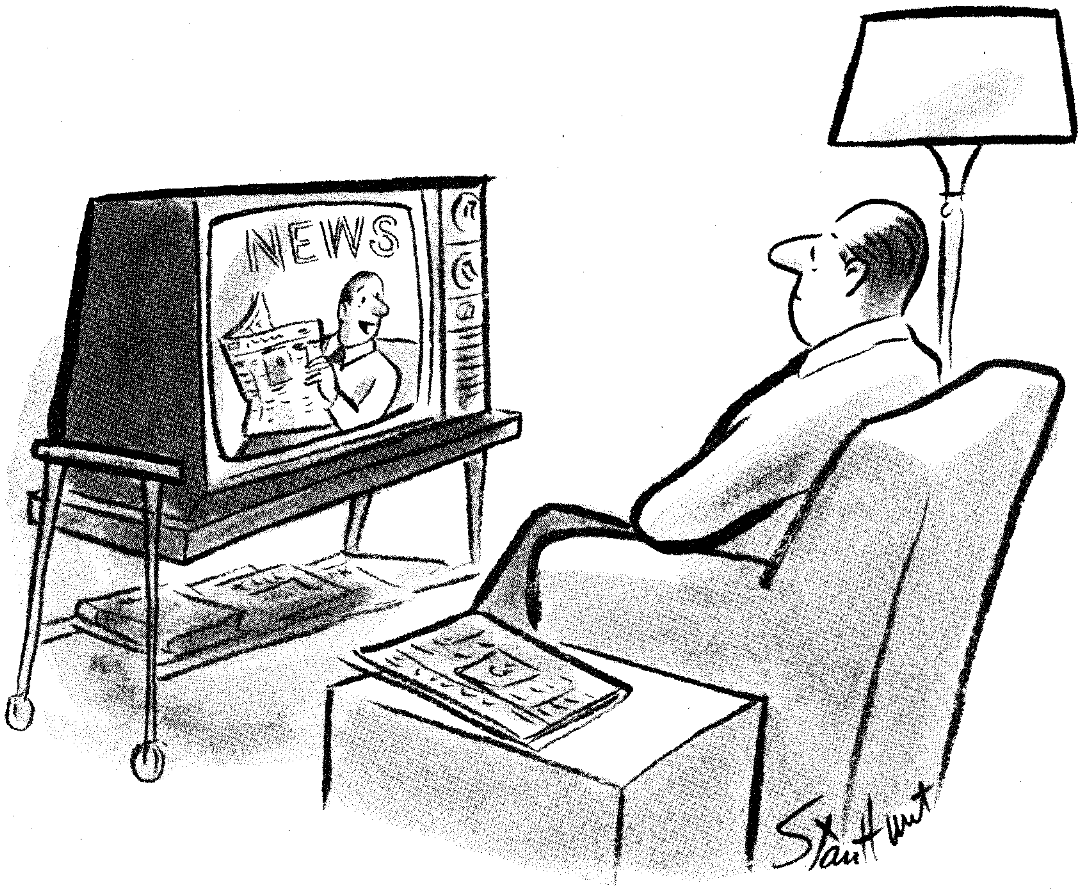
"What it is you-a name?"

"What time it is by you-a watch?"

"Where are you-a going?"

OCTOBER 1

THE monsoon rains continue all night long, and in the morning it is cool and cloudy. Along the trail up the Kali Gandaki there are fewer settlements, fewer stone huts in which



"We'll be turning to the sports in just a moment, but first here's an interesting item on page thirteen."

• •

travellers may take shelter, and with the north wind comes the uneasy feeling that, in this autumn season, we are bound into the wind, against the weather. Down the river comes a common sandpiper, the Eurasian kin of the spotted sandpiper of home: it teeters and flits from boulder to black boulder, bound for warm mud margins to the south. I have seen this jaunty bird in many places, from Galway to New Guinea, and am cheered when I meet it again here.

Under the clouds, the lower flanks of great Dhaulagiri, 26,810 feet high, are white from last night's storm; the snow line is much lower than the altitudes that we must cross to get to Dolpo. This track continues northward to Jomson and Mustang, and originally we planned to trek as far as Jomson, then head west into Dolpo by way of Tsharka. But permits to travel beyond Jomson are difficult to obtain from the Nepal government, which is very sensitive about all of the wild region on the northwest border. Before the Gorkha wars, in the late eighteenth century, Dolpo and Mustang were kingdoms of Tibet—a historical fact that might tempt Chinese encroachment. And both regions have been hideouts of the fierce Tibetan nomads known as Khampa, who have actively resisted the Chinese occupation, retreating to Dolpo and Mustang after their raids: even in Marco Polo's time the Khampa were renowned bandits, and from all reports are fond of their old habits. Our present route, approaching by way of Tarakot from the south, lessens the chances of encountering Khampa and drawing attention to a situation that Nepal, for the sake of good relations with its tremendous neighbor, is anxious to ignore. From the trade center at Beni another track heads west, under Dhaulagiri, following the northern bank of a tributary, the Myagdi. We shall travel in this direction for six days, then round the western end of the Dhaulagiri massif and north across the Himalayas. At Beni bazaar, the police are suspicious and aggressive, checking us out with exaggerated care; our permit for Dolpo is uncommon. But at last the papers are returned, and we leave town as soon as possible.

October 2

RAIN comes and goes. At midafternoon, the track arrives at the main village of this region, called Dharbang, where the slate-roofed houses are strongly built of red and white clay bricks, with carved-wood windows. On the school veranda, Jangbu and Phu Tshering build a fire to dry sleeping bags, which are turned each little while by Dawa and Gyaltsen. Like all Sherpa work, this is offered and accomplished cheerfully, and usually Thukten lends a hand, although such help is not expected of the porters and he is not paid for it. The Sherpas are alert for ways in which to be of use but are never insistent, far less servile; since they are paid to perform a service, why not do it as well as possible? "Here, sir! I will wash the mud!" "I carry that, sir!" Their dignity is unassailable, for the service is rendered for its own sake—it is the task, not the employer, that is served. As Buddhists, they know that the doing matters more than the attainment or reward, that to serve in this selfless way is to be free. Because of their belief in karma—the principle of cause and effect which permeates Buddhism and Hinduism (and Christianity, for that matter: as ye sow, so shall ye reap)—they are tolerant and unjudgmental, knowing that bad acts will receive their due without the intervention of the victim. The generous and open outlook of the Sherpas, a kind of merry defenselessness, is by no means common, even among unsophisticated peoples; I have never encountered it before except among the Eskimos. And since the nomadic Mongol ancestors of both Tibetans and native Americans are sometimes thought to have spread, in prehistory, from the same region of northern Asia, I wonder if this sense of life is not a common heritage from the far past.

These simple and uneducated men comport themselves with the wise calm of monks, and their well-being is in no way separable from their religion. And of course they are all incipient Buddhas—we are, too—according to the Mahayana texts compiled four centuries after Sakyamuni's death. Since Mahayana insists on the interdependence of all life and aspires to the salvation of all beings, not just those who follow monastic orders, it does not de-

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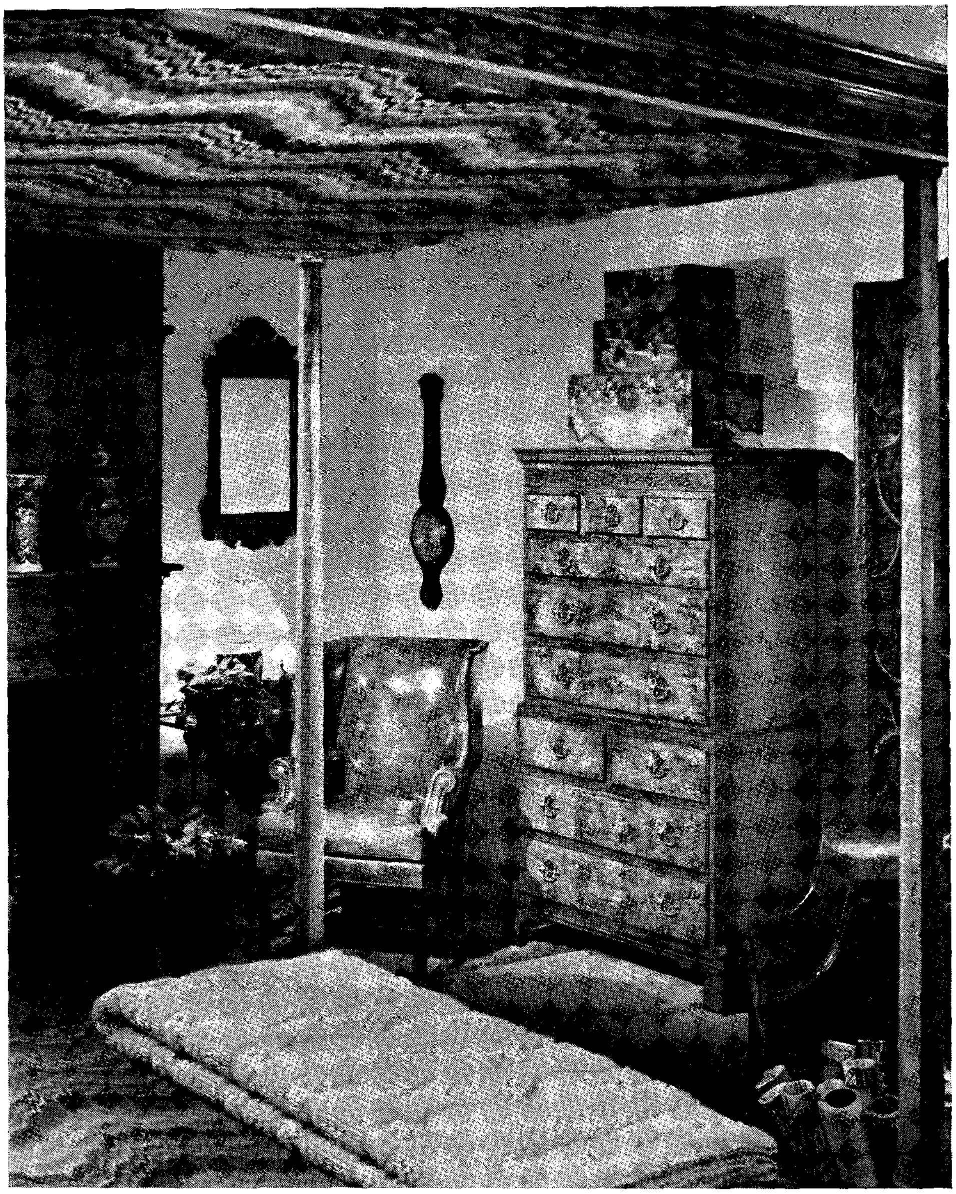

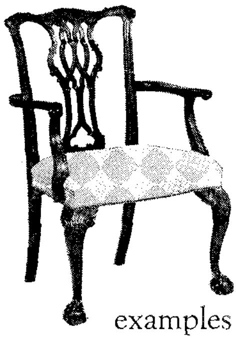

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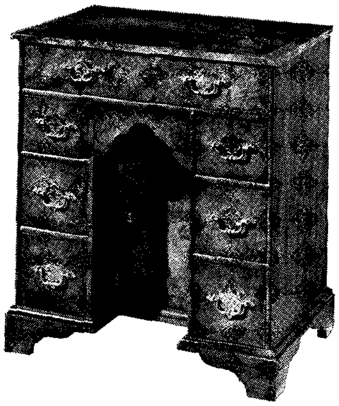

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mand renunciation of ordinary life (though it is expected that renunciation will later come about of its own accord) and is less narrow in all respects than the Hinayana of Ceylon and southeast Asia, which adheres closely to the early Buddhism of Gautama. Mahayana also developed the ideal of the Bodhisattva (literally, Buddha-being), who has deferred his own entry into the eternal peace of nirvana, remaining here in the samsara state until all of us become enlightened; in this way Mahayana answered man's need for a divine savior that early Buddhism and Hinayana lack. Mahayana lies at the foundation of the Tantric Buddhism of the Himalayas, Tibet, and Central Asia, as well as that extraordinary sect which developed in China, travelled eastward to Korea and Japan, and promises to become a world religion.

The traditional founder of Ch'an Buddhism (in Japan, Zen) was Bodhidharma, a great teacher in the apostolic line of Sakyamuni who carried the dharma from India to China in 527 A.D. No doubt influenced by the simplicity of the Chinese religion known as Tao (the Way), the fierce "blue-eyed monk" or "wall-gazer" exhorted *his followers to ignore the sectarian* disputes, ponderous scriptures, proliferating icons, and priestly trappings of organized religion and return to the intense meditation that had opened the Buddha's Way. Led by a succession of great masters, Zen Buddhism (of which Bodhidharma was First Patriarch in China) infused all of Oriental culture with the spare clarity of its vision. In Zen thought, even the Buddha's "golden words" get in the way of perception; the universe itself is the scripture of Zen, for which religion is no more and no less than the experience of the infinite within us.

OCTOBER 3

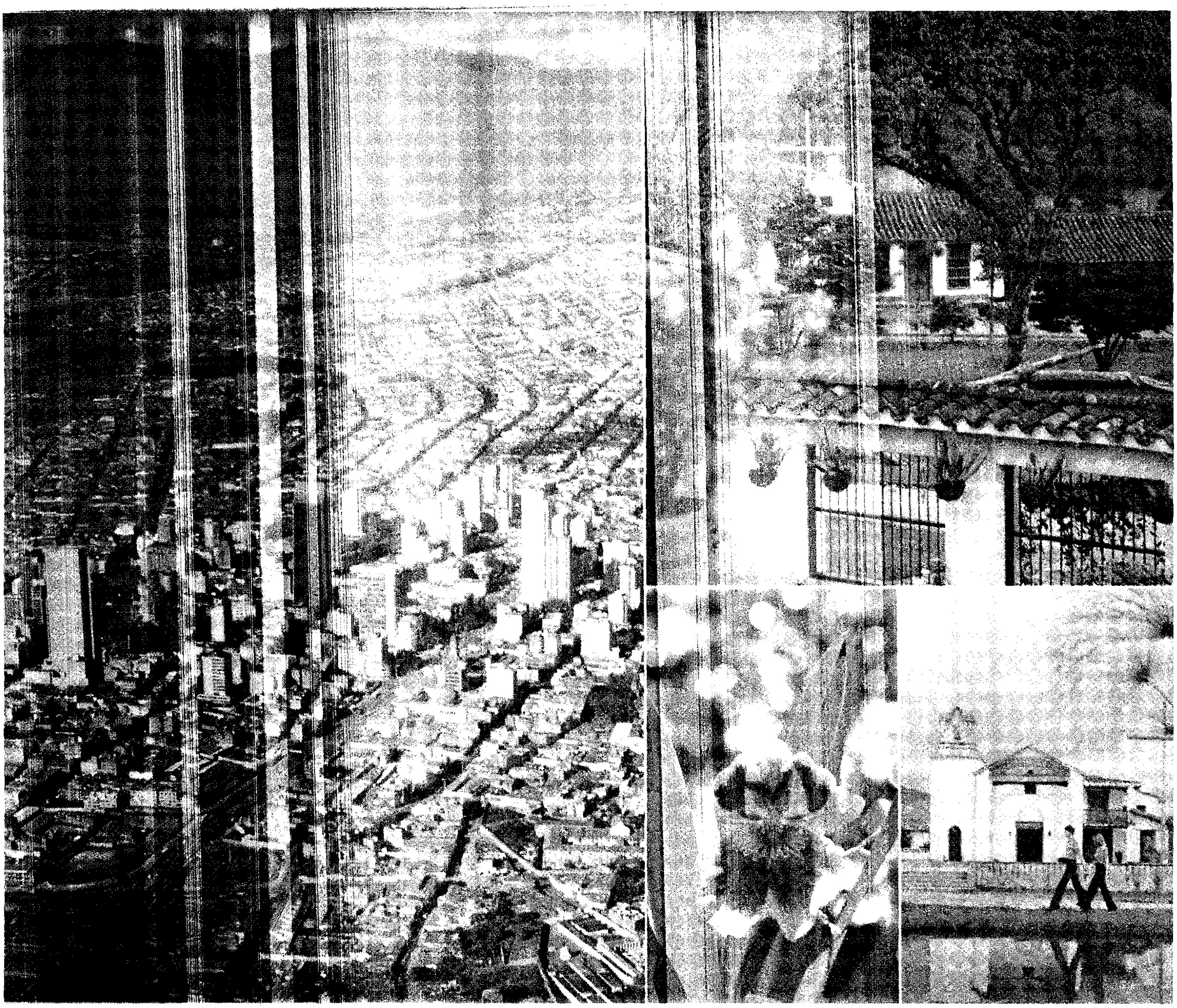
FROM the river above Dharbang comes evil thunder. The cliffs are falling, and three wet dogs that scavenge in the schoolyard turn to listen. Rocks tremble and bound into the river, which after two days of heavy rain is rushing, roaring, lunging through the canyon. When the rain relents a bit, we straggle out, but soon a man coming from the west warns Phu Tshering about danger on the trails. Phu Tshering, who is never serious if he can help it, murmurs, "Two day rain—very bad," making a sliding motion with his brown hand. *In places, the* ledge trail has collapsed into the river, and elsewhere slides have buried the *trail in an avalanche of shale.* Crossing these places, the porters stare upward through the restless mists at the overhanging rocks. The young Tamang porter Phirim has a scrap of English, and as he passes me remarks, "Today, tomorrow, trail no good." To assure me that he is serious, he swings with his heavy load to gaze at me from beneath the tumpline around his forehead, then hobbles on along the path that climbs up this steep canyon. Such warnings, according to Schaller, are apt to precede threats to quit or demands for higher pay, but later, commanding the porters to stay closer together, he acknowledges the perilous conditions: "If one of these chaps slips," he says, "we'll never miss him until the end of the day."

We walk on in mud and gloom and cold. At the mountain village called Sibang, to the beat of tomtoms, a buffalo is slowly killed and its fresh blood drunk, while children stand in a circle in the rain. At this time of year, people pay homage to Durga, an ancient demoness who, in the first centuries A.D., came to be identified with the black Kali, the dreadful female aspect of Lord Shiva and embodiment of all horrors of the mortal mind. These moun*tain children have the big bellies of* malnutrition, and though they seem no less content than the children of the valleys, they are quiet, and do not sing out to us.

OCTOBER 5

AT Muri, the path turns away from the Myagdi River, now far below, and follows a ridge for several miles above the valley of the Dara. At this altitude, near seven thousand feet, the trail passes among oaks. The mountain lacks all sign of people or planting, and Schaller is ecstatic. We look for sign of forest animals, such as moon bear and the yellow-throated marten and the beautiful red panda. In this cloud forest—who knows?—even a yeti could occur. Yet the forest looks somehow familiar. Alder and ilex, viburnum, barberry, and rhododendron, daisies and everlasting, wild strawberry, sphagnum moss, and bracken are all here, and pale lavender asters much like those that would be abundant now in woods and fields at home. In the autumn trees, the flickerlike cry of a woodpecker, the chickadee voices of the tits seem wistful, and fill me with uneasiness about my children.

Rue, Sara, and Luke are away at *school and college; only the youngest,* Alex, is at home, in our house, which has been lent to a family of friends. I



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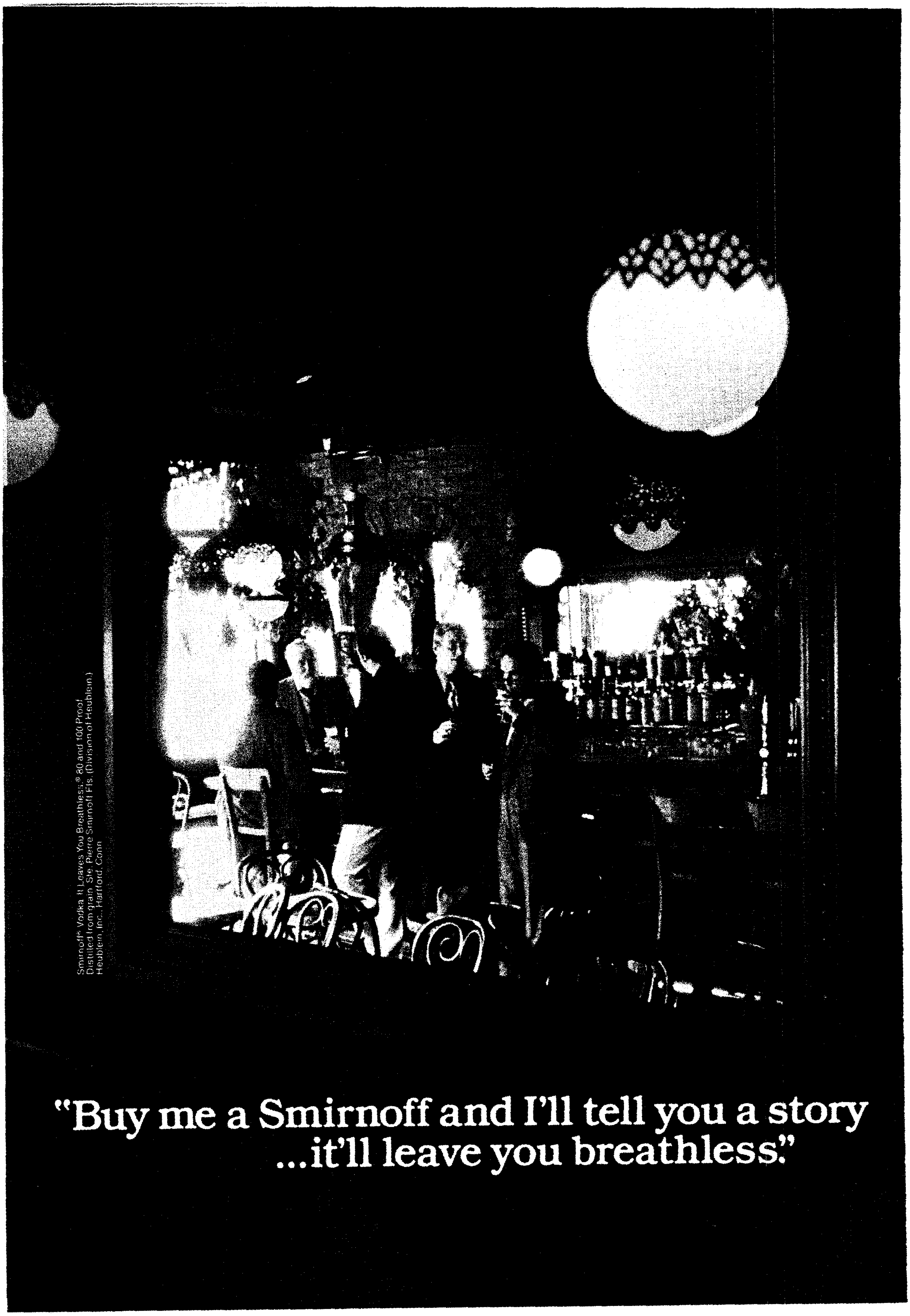
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think of our parting on the day that school opened, just a month before, a clear, clear morning of September, of monarch butterflies and goldenrod, late roses, shining pine needles, of flights of cormorant headed south along the coast in a dry east wind. Alex asked how long I would be gone, and, when I told him, blurted out, "Too long!" I had driven him to school, and he was upset that he might be seen in tears. "That's much too long," he wept. Hugging him, I promised to be home before Thanksgiving.

In his first summers, forsaking all his toys, Alex would stand rapt for near an hour in his sandbox in the orchard, as doves and redwings came and went on the warm wind, the leaves dancing, the clouds flying, bird song and sweet smell of privet and rose. The child was not observing; he was at rest in the very center of the universe, a part of things. Ecstasy is identity with all existence, and ecstasy showed in his paintings; like the Aurignacian hunter who became the deer he drew on the cave wall, Alex had no "self" to separate him from the bird or flower. Amazingly, we take it for granted that the instinct for survival, fear of death, must separate us from the happiness of pure and uninterpreted experience, in which body, mind, and nature are the same. Compare the wild, free paintings of the child with the stiff, pinched "pictures" these become as the painter notices the painting and the one who paints it, notices the silence all around; self-conscious now, he steps out of his own painting and, finding himself apart from things, becomes alarmed by the vast significations of creation. The armor of the "I" begins to form. We run around asserting our separate identities, and feeling desperate for that reason. Alex is eight, and already he shuts away the wildness of the world. I lost it, too, in early childhood. But later, swift strange memories would come on wings of light. And once, on bow watch in Pacific storm, alone for eight hours in the oceanic din as waves crashed across the deck, I left my senses, overwhelmed by the mighty risings and decline of earth; in a sort of trance, I seemed to hear the whisper of my own flight through time, my own pulse in the universal rhythm. Being a part of things made my own transience less frightening than exalting. Afterward, it was hard to breathe, there was pain of loss. Loss of *what*, I wondered—for in those days I understood nothing.

All poets know of these strange pangs of loss, and here and there in my prose readings odd passages would leap like accidents out of the page. "The Piper at the Gates of Dawn" was an early example, and a description of singing fishes in a novel by Hamsun, and a passage in Borges, and another in Thoreau, and many in Hesse, who wrote of little else. Hamsun's characters tend to destroy themselves, and Hamsun and Hesse, with the sad authority of failure, warned of the fatal spell of the mystical search—so did Kierkegaard, who declared that too much "possibility" led to the madhouse. But when I came upon these cautionary words I already had what Kierkegaard called "the sickness of infinitude," wandering from one path to another with no real recognition that I was embarked upon a search, and scarcely a clue as to what I might be after. I only knew that at the bottom of each breath there was a hollow place that needed to be filled.

In 1959, in the jungles of Peru, I experimented with *ayahuasca*, a hallucinogen of morbid effect used by shamans of the Amazon tribes to induce states that we call "supernatural," not because they transcend the laws of nature but because they still elude the grasp of formal science. Though frightening, the experience made clear that chemicals might lead to another way of seeing, and not in the slow labor of ascetic discipline but in cool efficiency and speed, as in flight through air. I never saw drugs as a path, far less as a way of life, but for the next ten years I used them regularly—mostly LSD but also mescaline and psilocybin. The journeys were all scaring, often beautiful, often grotesque, and here and there a blissful passage was attained that in my ignorance I took for religious experience. I had bad trips, too, but they were rare; most were magic shows, mysterious, enthralling. After each—even the bad ones—I seemed to go more lightly on my way, leaving behind old residues of rage and pain. Whether joyful or dark, the drug vision can be astonishing, but eventually this vision will repeat itself, until even the magic show grows boring; for me, this occurred in the late sixties, by which time Deborah and I had already turned toward Zen.

Now those psychedelic years seem far away; I neither miss them nor regret them. Drugs can clear away the past, enhance the present; toward the secret garden, they can only point the

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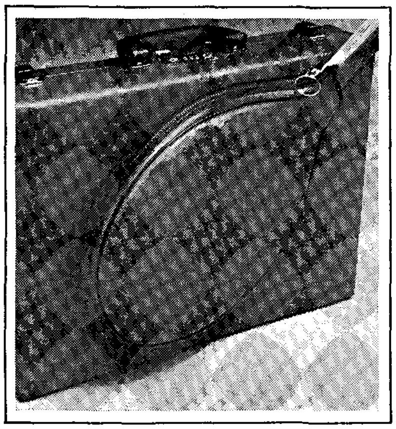

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way. Lacking the grit of discipline and insight, the drug vision remains a sort of dream that cannot be brought over into daily life. Old mists may be banished, that is true, but the alien chemical agent forms another mist, maintaining the separation of the "I" from true experience of the infinite within us.

In a dark grove of mossy oaks, wet camp is made at nine thousand feet. Through the ragged treetops, skies are clearing. There is a moon, and cold.

OCTOBER 6

DAYBREAK brings a pink glow to the aerial ferns along the oak limbs, but near ten thousand feet the ferns give way to graybeard lichens, the oaks die out, and clouds close in again, with fitful rain. The trail moves westward over Jaljala Ridge, crossing wet tundra set about with purple gentians and a pink-belled heath. Schaller's altimeter reads 11,200 feet. All peaks are cloud-hidden, but the dark masses of Annapurna and Dhaulagiri are both visible, and a shadow between them is the gorge of the Kali Gandaki, far away eastward and below. Just beneath the swirling clouds is a white stillness; the descending snow line is no more than a thousand feet above the ridge where we now stand, and far below the high passes we must cross. Unless the monsoon ends while the weather is still warm enough to melt high snows, there will be trouble in the weeks to come.

Ahead, a valley of yellow maples descends gently to the west, on one side a wall of firs, on the other a rampart of bare rock; the valley stream sparkles with shifting storm light, attracting three species of the splendid Asian redstarts (*Phoenicurus*), which are related to the nightingale. "This is the first day since we left that I feel I've got out into the open," Schaller says.

This wilderness will certainly be gone by the century's end. Already, as the valley widens, signs of slash-and-burn appear ("Fire very bad, sah!" Thukten says), and rockslides caused by destruction of the forests block the river with huge fallen trees. The water turns brown and torrential, diverted farther down the valley into channels between pale strands of deadwood and silted stones—the Uttar Ganga (Northern River), pouring away between the western mountains to its meeting with the Bheri and the great Karnali, which will carry it southward into India.

The trail, flooded by monsoon tor-

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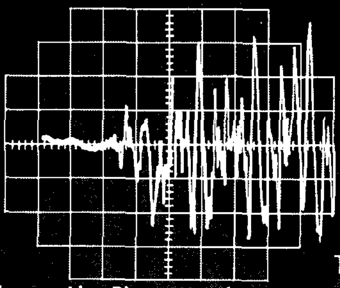

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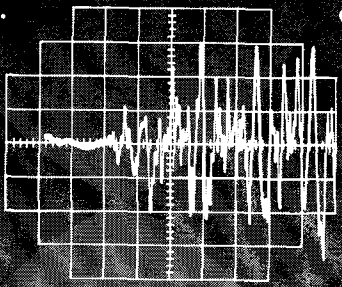

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rents, is lost among the river islands, oxbows, and incoming streams. Here and there the drifted trees serve us as bridges, and Schaller, slowly but steadily, walks almost all of them upright. But I have lost that steady step and feel unbalanced by my rucksack, and must hitch ignominiously across the worst of them on my backside. Finally, I cut myself a heavy stick of my own length, as probe and balance; later, I think, it may be useful as a stave.

The woodlands open out onto the only broad flat valley in these mountains, a summer grazing ground for Magars from the south. In recent years, Dhorpatan has become a great encampment of Tibetans, who came here in the great flight from the Chinese that began in 1950. They raise horses and potatoes, making journeys in winter to Pokhara and Kathmandu to trade their last turquoise, silver, and religious artifacts in the bazaars, and visit with their countrymen from the other settlements, for Tibetans have a nomad heritage and love to travel.

Dhorpatan has no bazaar and no real center, being strung out in scattered hut clusters all along the northern side of the broad valley. There are a few Magars here, but otherwise the people are Tibetan. Buddhist prayer flags fly from every hut, and heaps of prayer stones rise like gigantic cairns from the valley floor.

In Tibet, where wolves and brigands prosper, the nomads' camps and remote villages are guarded by big black or brindle mastiffs. Such dogs are also found in northern Nepal, and last year, in the Bhote Kosi Valley, Schaller was set upon by two of them that were guarding some Bhote packs left on the trail; he narrowly escaped serious injury. The mastiffs are so fierce that Tibetan travellers carry a charm portraying a savage dog fettered in chain; an inscription reads, "The mouth of the blue dog is bound beforehand." In the night, the dogs roam as sentinels and guards; in the day, they are chained. In the first of the Dhorpatan encampments we came upon, we walked the center of the mud thoroughfares, to avoid the snarling, straining animals on both sides. Then one of these broke or slipped its chain and came for us without a bark. Since Schaller was several yards ahead, I was selected for attack, which was thwarted only in the last split second. Luckily, I heard it coming, and swung around upon it with my heavy stick: the beast tumbled back and then came on again, snarling now in a low, ugly way. Searching in vain for a heavy rock, I did my best to crack its skull, while the dog lunged back and forth at the tip of my stick in horrid fury. Meanwhile, Schaller had located a heavy split of wood; he hurled it at the dog with all his force. The brute dodged, then sprang after it, sinking its teeth deep into the wood. Finally it was driven off by a Tibetan, who until now had watched calmly from the doorway of his hut to see how I might fare. From Dhorpatan north across the Himalayas, it was said, such dogs were common, and I never walked without my stave again. If I had not cut it in the hour before (after eight days of getting by without one), I would have been badly bitten.

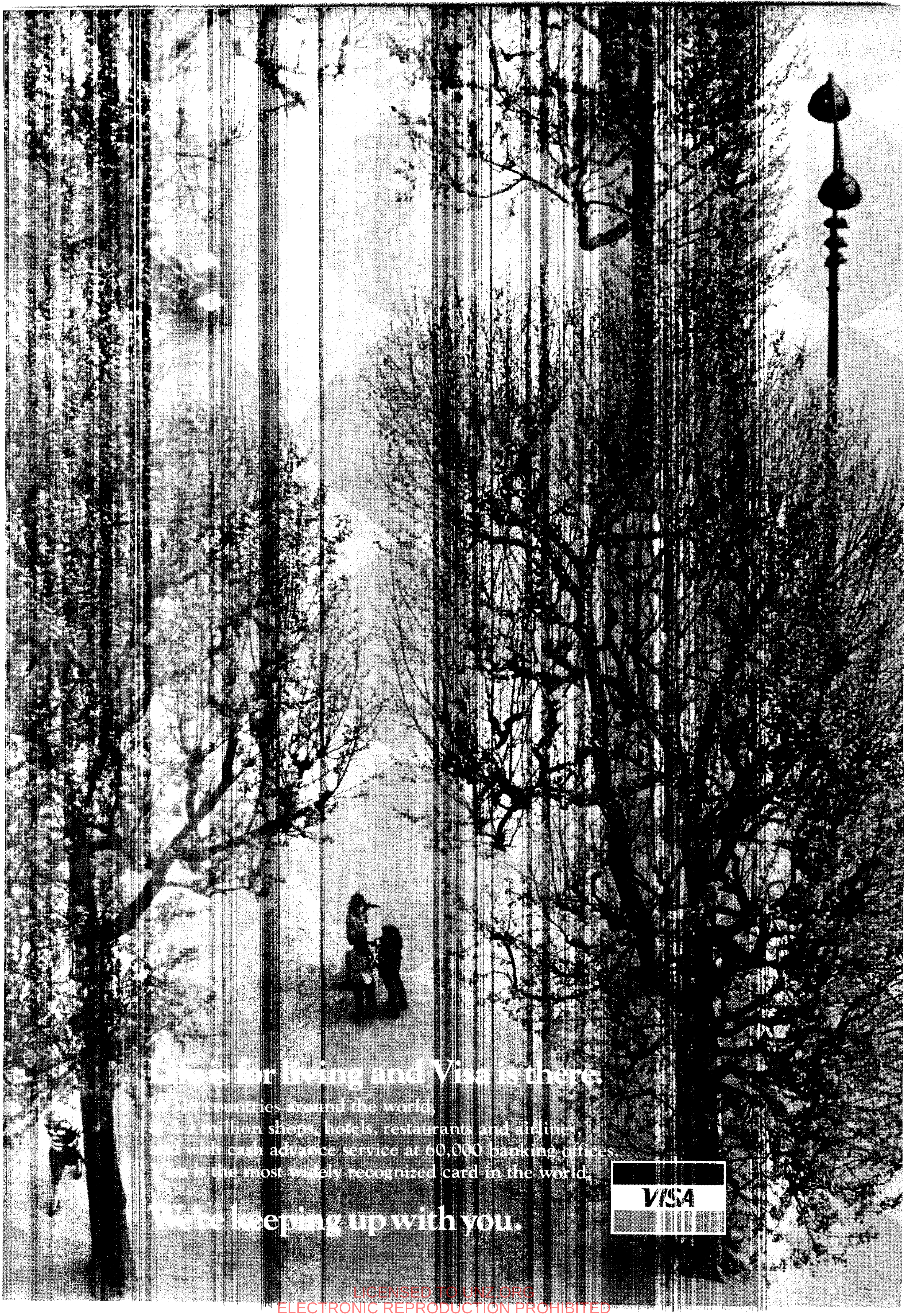
October 8

AN emissary to the Tibetans from the Dalai Lama's exiled court at Dharmsala, in India, has lately come by way of Tarakot, which lies across the mountains to the north. He says the trail is "very hard, very steep and slippery, too many ups and downs." Since this describes most Himalayan trails, especially in time of snow, it is not to be taken seriously. But another Tibetan, come south in recent days, says that at Jang Pass, between here and Tarakot, the snow is higher than the knees, and this bad news will make it hard to conscript porters. Also, the police at the Tarakot check post are said to be very arbitrary, paying little attention to documents issued by colleagues far away in Kathmandu; they may refuse to let us enter Dolpo, even though our trekking permits authorize us to go as far north as Phoksumdo Lake. Last year an anthropologist had a permit to go to Tarap, in Dolpo, but was forbidden to continue beyond Tarakot, where he was stranded for the winter by a late-October blizzard that shut off the Jang Pass. And that blizzard is bad news, too, since the pass between Tarakot and Shey is much higher than this first one at the Jang, and we must cross and then recross it before winter. It now seems certain that my promise to be home by Thanksgiving will be broken.

October 10

YESTERDAY'S snow retreats uphill as the sun rises, and we do not overtake it until afternoon, at 12,400 feet. The snow is gray, on steep gray mushy scree, and the trail rises into clouds that hide the snow peaks. Cotoneaster of deep green, with its red berries, is the lone piece of color in the grayness.

It is hard going in this mush: the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summit never comes. The pass is a V far off and high against a sky that withdraws into swift, fitful weather, and when it is reached it is only the portal to a higher valley, with yet another V at its far end. In the wet snow, the narrow path traversing the steep slopes is hard to trace, and treacherous. Phu Tshering and Dawa have mountain boots inherited from past expeditions, but most of the Tamang porters go barefoot so that the sneakers provided for them may be sold another day in Kathmandu. Bowlegged old Bimbahadur starts off ahead of the others every morning, yet by evening he has fallen far behind.

A path is forged through the wet snows, around white mountains, striking a tree line of dwarfed cedar, and emerging at dusk on a saddleback ridge of alpine tundra where it is flat enough to pitch a tent. Just at darkness, the clouds lift: at 12,500 feet, the campsite is surrounded by bright glaciers. Five peaks of Dhaulagiri shine in the black firmament, and over all this whiteness rings a silver moon—the full moon of October, when the lotus blooms.

October 11

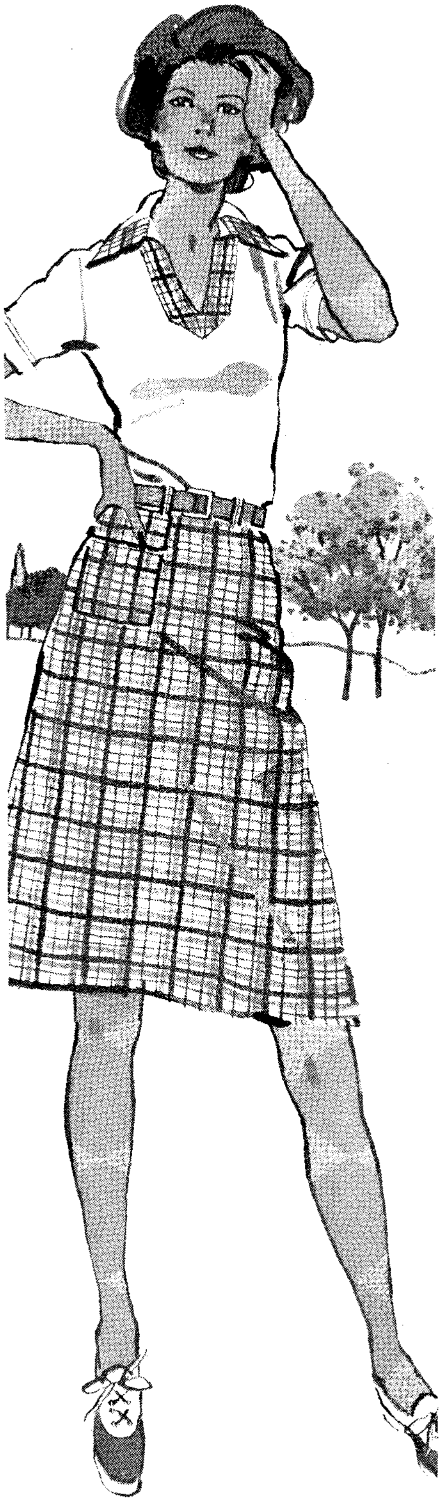
IN the clear night, bright stars descend all the way to the horizon, and before dawn a band of black appears beyond the peaks, as if one could see through the horizon into outer space. The circle of silver peaks turns pink, then a fresh white as the sun ignites Churen Himal, 24,184 feet high, and Putha Hiunchuli, just four hundred feet lower. The air is ringing. Schaller declares that in East Nepal, under Mount Everest, he saw nothing to match the prospect from this aerie, all but encircled by great snow peaks.

The mountain sky is bare—wind, wind, and cold. Because of the cold, the Tamangs had squashed into the Sherpas' tent, but in the night gusts the tent collapsed, and at daybreak all are singing from beneath it. Now, half-naked in the brittle air, the Tamangs hunch barefoot at the fire, kneading maize-meal *tsampa* and humming softly in the smoke.

With the first sun rays, we descend into a still forest of gnarled birch and dark stiff firs. Through light filtered by straying lichens, a silver bird comes to a cedar, fanning crimsoned wings on the sunny bark. Then it is gone. The path continues down into oaks. A thousand feet below, in the basin of this snow bowl, is a mountain meadow, and here, by a herdsman's shed of stone, I sit back in straw and dung warmth against the sunny stones. A brilliant black-red beetle comes, and a husky grasshopper, rubbing its fiery legs. A crow flops to a cedar by the river, and the crow's wings, too, are full of silver, in the hard silver light of the Himalayas. "Wherever you go, the crow shows up sooner or later," Schaller remarks. "And of all the crows I like the raven best. In Alaska, at forty below, no sign of life—and there's the raven!" Schaller had a pet raven while attending the University of Alaska, and this bird brought about his first encounter with the girl who became his wife: her attention was drawn to a man shouting at the sky, commanding an unseen raven to come back.

With its crows and river willows and snow mountains all around, this meadow might be in western North America. Deborah would have loved these mountains. As a girl, she spent much of her time in the Rocky Mountains of Colorado and later in the Alps in southern France; she always wished to see the Himalayas. Lovely in person and in spirit, exceptionally intelligent, exceptionally kind—such was the view of all who knew her well. One friend remarked, "She has no mud on her soul." At times, there was an above-life quality, as if she were practicing for the day when the higher state that she aspired to must come. I found her goodness maddening and behaved badly. My days with her were tainted with remorse. I could not abide myself when near her, and therefore took advantage of my work to absent myself on expeditions all around the world: once, I went away for seven months. Yet love was there, half-understood, never quite finished; the end of respect that puts relationships to death did not occur.

The sword light on the peaks brings back the snows of Courchevel, in the French Alps, where we went skiing just a year before she died. It was a happy trip, and gave us new hope for the future. From Courchevel we drove to Geneva, from where she would fly to America next day. I was on my way to Italy, to a small house in the mountains of Umbria. In the dark winter afternoon, in the old quarter of Geneva, we discovered a most beautiful bowl in a shopwindow, seven elegant thin black fishes in calligraphic design on old white and pale blue; the bowl, fired at Isfahan in the thirteenth century, seemed to float in the hands like an old leaf. But it was too expensive, and I found her something else. Next morning, her plane left an hour before mine, and in this interim, carried away



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by the drama of our parting, I telephoned the antique shop and arranged to buy the Isfahan bowl, which was eventually sent on to Italy to be carried home. The delicate thing was a symbol of a new beginning, and I meant to surprise her with it on her birthday. But when that day came we quarrelled, and the bowl, put away for a better occasion, was forgotten altogether as the marriage came apart. No parting was quite final; each wild reconciliation was followed by new crisis. An exhausted decision to divorce was made on a late summer's morning not five months before her death. That decision was firm. We made it calmly and were both relieved. The very next day, acting on an imperious inner command, I made a commitment to her, this time for good. She understood; sipping coffee in the sun, she merely nodded.

In the autumn, she began to suffer from obscure pains that the doctors could not identify; she grew thin, wide-eyed, very beautiful. She came home from the hospital in early December when no clues to her pain were found, but two weeks later metastatic cancer was discovered, and she entered another hospital just before Christmas. She was frightened and depressed, and wished desperately to know that the love I felt for her was not just pity, that it had been there in some measure all along. I remembered the Isfahan bowl.

On Christmas Eve, I went home to patch together some sort of Christmas for the children, but I forgot to bring the bowl back to New York. Had I given it to her earlier, she would have understood just what it meant; but by January she was in such pain and so heavily sedated that any sort of present seemed forlorn. She scarcely knew friends who came to visit: what could she make of a bowl she had seen just once, on another continent, a year before? I had missed a precious chance, and I remember that as I propped her up in bed, coaxing her to concentrate, then opened up the box and placed the bowl in her hands, my heart was pounding. I could scarcely bear to watch how she stared at the bowl, grimacing in the effort to fight off the pain, the drugs, the consuming cancer in her brain. But when I prepared to take it back, she pressed it to her heart, lay back like a child, eyes shining, and in a whisper got one word out: "Switzerland!"

Far overhead, the giant vulture called the lammergeier turns and turns.

The porters are cooking their mid-morning meal; they will eat the second

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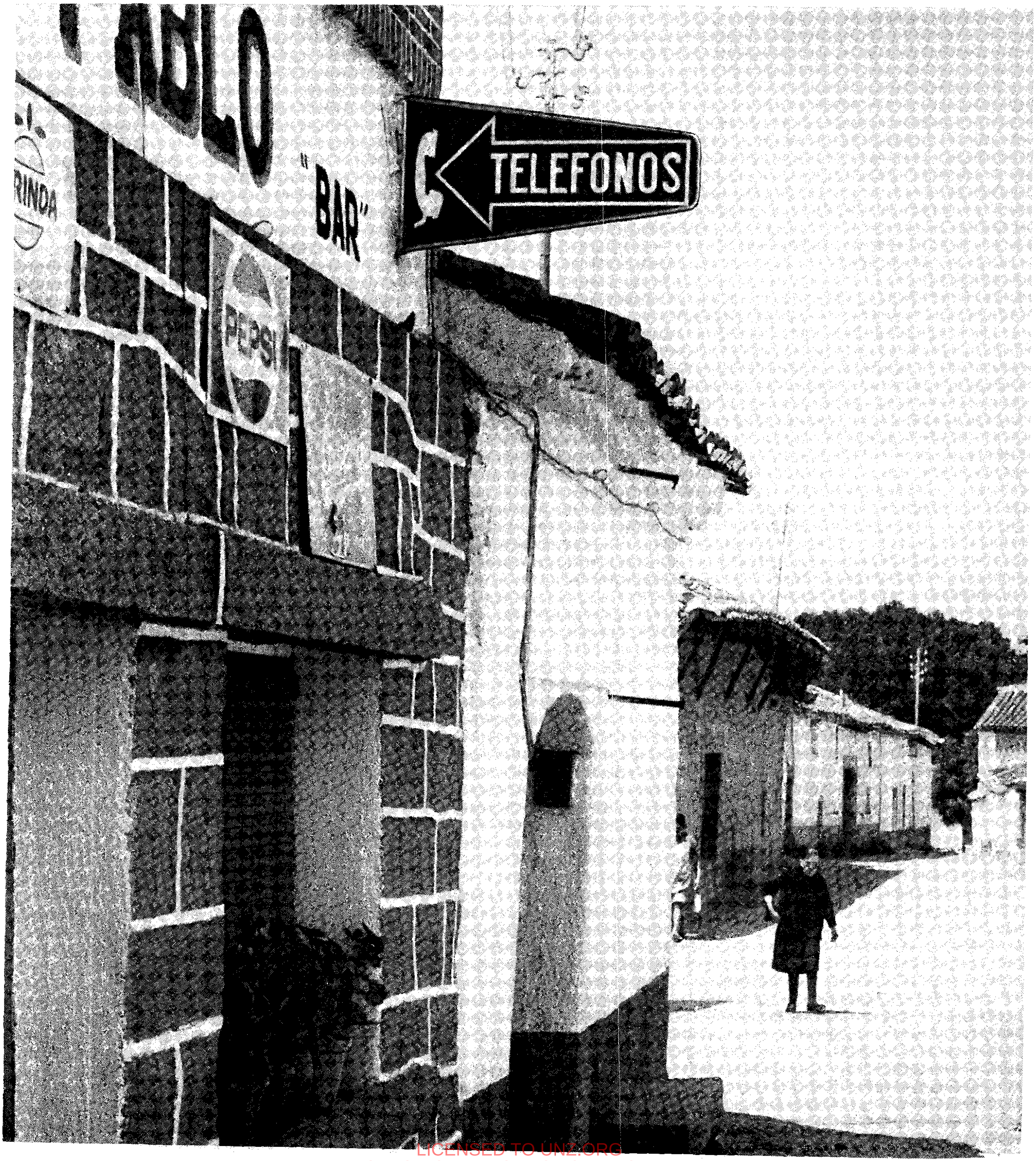

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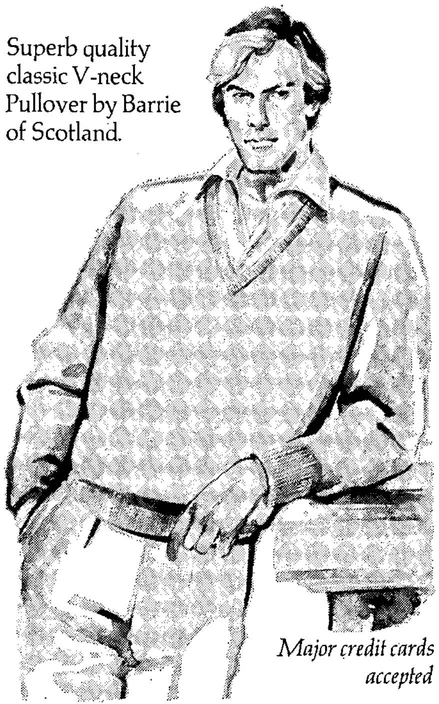

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of two daily meals at the end of the day's trek, in late afternoon. We wait for Jangbu, who stayed behind in Dhorpatan, hunting for more porters. Phu Tshering sends Dawa back in search, and the tireless Thukten volunteers to keep Dawa company; they return up the steep mountain. In less than an hour, the Sherpas return, having seen the others on the upper trails. When Jangbu comes, at noon, the new porters set about their morning meal, and so we are delayed an hour longer.

We wait by the stone hut. Schaller, beside himself, expends his energy by hiking off upriver; returning, he scans the mountains with his spotting scope. Blue sheep could occur here on the bare upper slopes, but they have been hunted heavily in this region by Pahari Hindus working out of Dhorpatan, and none are seen. On a high wooded ridge, however, he locates two Himalayan tahr, an archaic animal that is a transitional form between goat-antelopes and goats. Under the sky, the dark creatures are still, yet they give life to the whole mountain, and the Tamangs, looking through a telescope for the first time in their lives, dance and whistle in excitement.

The new porters are dirt-colored men in dirty rags and small black caps, carrying the curved gurkha hatchet-knife. They are not interested in the telescope. Most are Kamis, of the blacksmith caste, soot-faced familiars of the smelting fire and the iron stolen from the rock, feared and despised as black magicians by primitive people throughout Eurasia and Africa since the beginning of this Dark Age of Iron. With them are two young Tibetans, who carry the heaviest loads, not only because they are smallest and weakest but because, being Buddhist, they are treated as inferior even by low-caste Hindus such as these.

The Kamis are a sharp-eyed lot, so we are watchful, too. And we have hardly set out down the valley when the first malingerers fall by the wayside, pleading sore feet and dysentery; they fade with their loads into the bushes. We rout them out, and stay behind them, to keep them from making off with our few supplies. During their frequent rests, sly Thukten infiltrates their ranks, smoking and grumbling with them, winking at us, and confusing them altogether.

At the end of the day, the trail descends through hill pasture to the hamlet of Yamakhar, a cluster of stone huts on a steep hillside. We arrive in darkness. Jangbu is hunting out a place to sleep; since the porters have no tents, they must find shelter. I have sore feet, a sore knee, and a sore back, and I think about the lammergeier seen this morning: in fifteen minutes, in a single glide, the great bird could go where we have gone in ten hard hours.

OCTOBER 12

THE Kamis will go no farther; no doubt they are daunted—I am, too—by the sight of the precipitous trail up the mountain face across the river. With a longing look at the unlooted loads, they set off for Dhorpatan, taking the two Tibetan boys along. Though glad to be rid of them, we now discover that there are no porters to be had at Yamakhar, and Jangbu is bargaining with the owner of a hut for the hire of five ponies. What the ponies will do in the snows of the Jang Pass is a problem we shall have to deal with when we get there.

Because of high mountains to the east, this village will be dark until midmorning, but the upper slope of the mountain opposite is already in the sun when Schaller and I make a long slippery descent through farm terraces into bamboo at the Pema Torrent, which roars through the cold gloom of the ravine. A remarkable wooden bridge has boarded sides that are carved in flowers while the four posts at the bridge ends are sculpted crudely as paired *dhauliyas*, or "guardians," representing local deities of the old religions. The females are holding their vaginas wide, as if in welcome to the realms of the mountain gods; sternly we cross the bridge and climb anew.

The path meets the sun at a small hamlet. As the falcon flies, this place is not a mile from Yamakhar, yet they might be in different lands, in different centuries. The stone huts of Yamakhar are separate, while the dwellings here are built much as the Pueblos build, all in one stepped structure on the hillside, so that the roof of one house is another's terrace, the levels connected by crude ladders hewn in a single log. Yamakhar people dress like Nepali peasants; here the men wear loincloths and a blanket across the shoulders, and the women wind their hair in gigantic buns, which they comb in the sunlight with stiff broomlike brushes. Several women and one man wear striking necklaces of the white tusks of musk deer, one of the many primitive animals that are found in this evolutionary backwater, cut off

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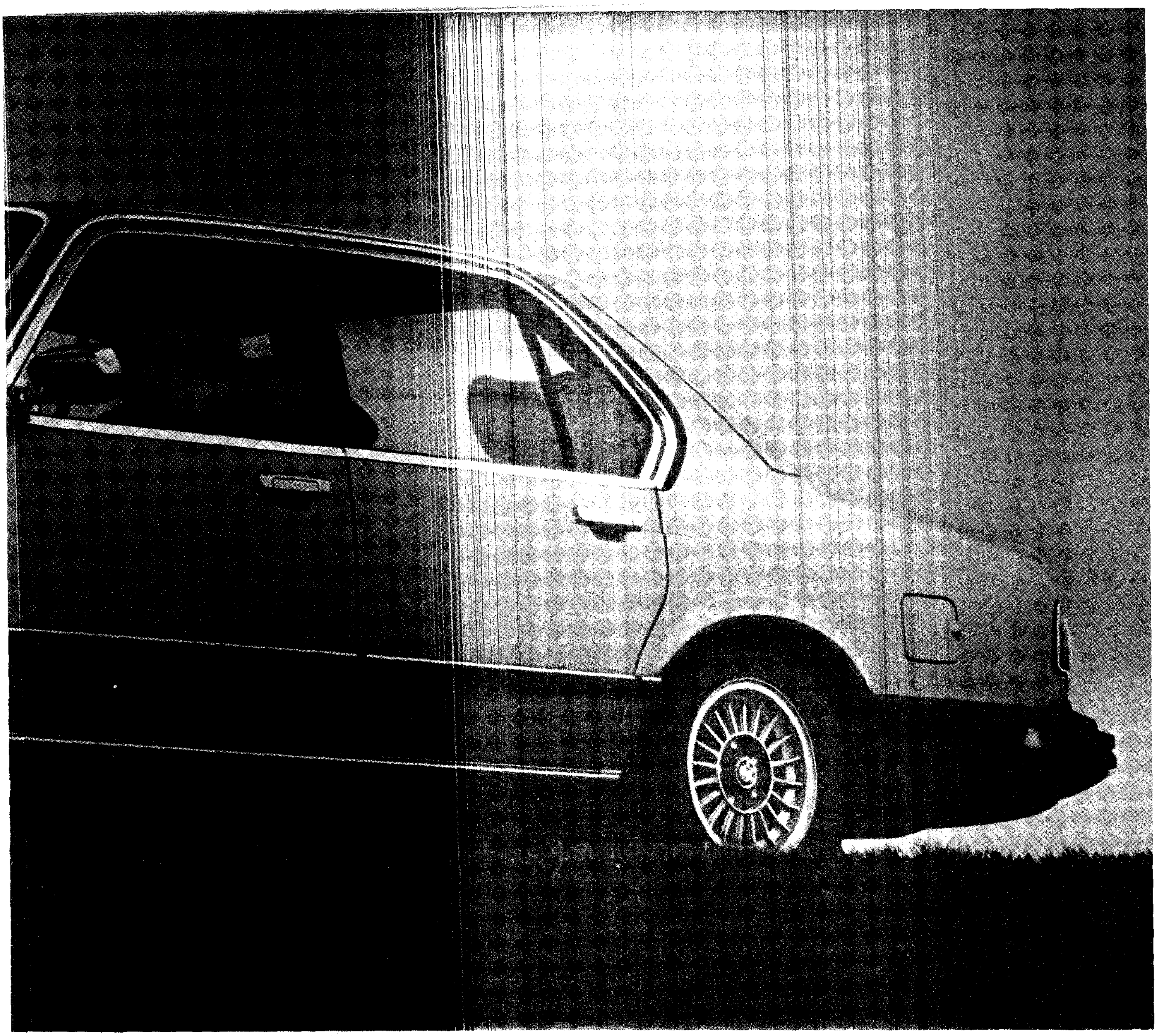

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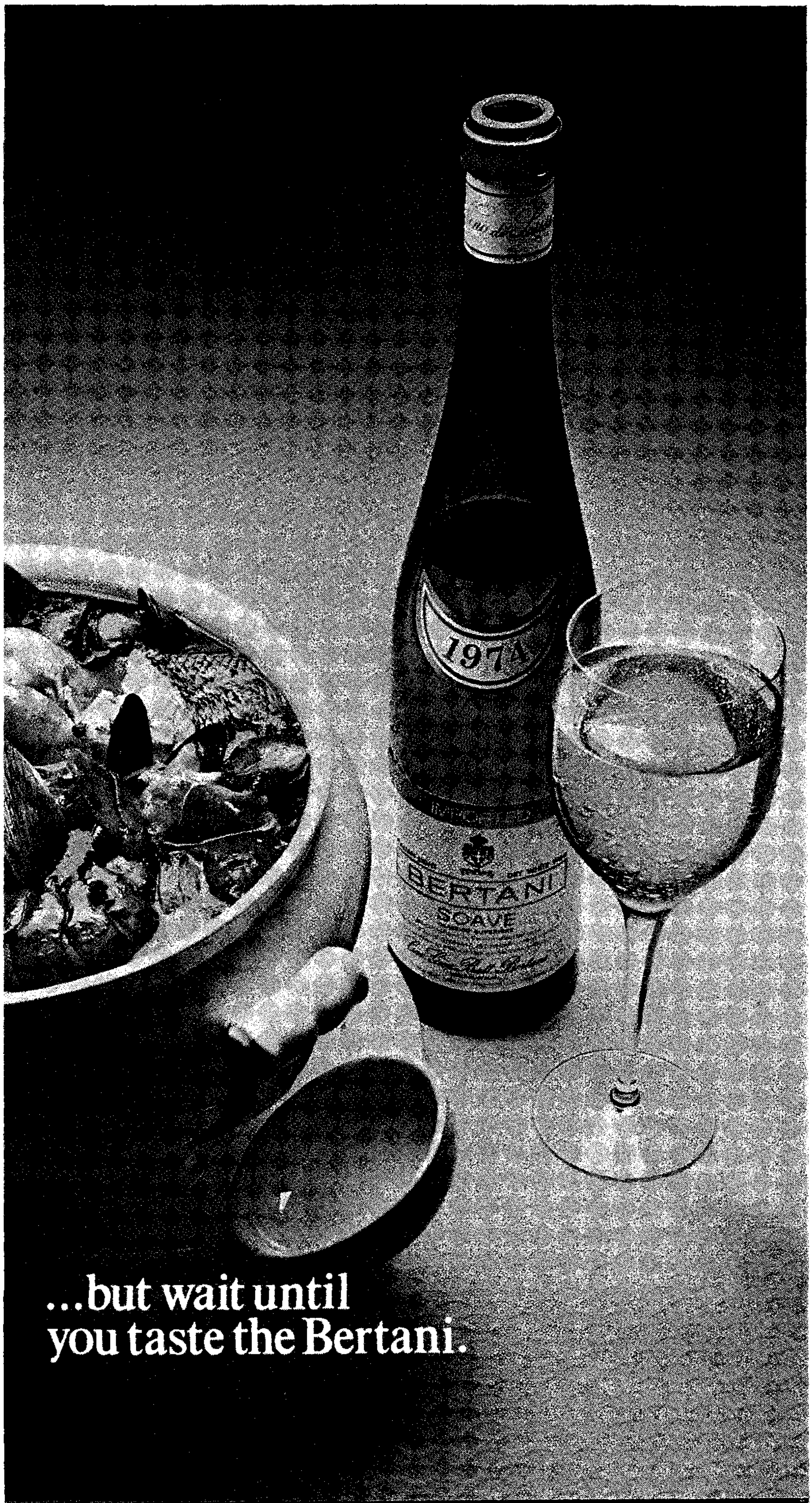

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from the rest of Eurasia by high mountains; the long recurved canine tusks are replaced in modern deer by antlers. This little deer is killed for its musk, which is used as a perfume base; because one musk pod (a large gland in the belly skin of the male) brings up to five hundred dollars in Kathmandu, the musk deer is disappearing from Nepal.

I keep on climbing, pausing to drink and wash in a mountain brook. Greenfinches come, and a hawk flies down the valley. Asters and everlasting, soft lavender and white: the soft humming of a bumblebee consoles me. Sitting awhile on a warm rock, I enjoy the view of Yamakhar as it comes into the sun. At this season, the flat roofs are bright with the fire colors of the harvest, which will sustain the inhabitants through the long winter—yellow squash, red peppers, bronze tobacco, a red millet, maize, and hemp, which is used for twine and cooking oil as well as for marijuana.

Three thousand feet above the Pema, the trail turns north, traversing upper valleys. Like foraging bears, we strip the bushes of tart barberries and rose hips as we move along. Now the trail penetrates a dank rock gorge without sun, higher and higher, passing big caves and a lonely cairn of stones. We bivouac where the head of this canyon opens out under the sky, in hopes that Jangbu will turn up at evening with the ponies.

OCTOBER 13

THE monsoon rains, supposed to end by the first week in October, still beset us; we are mired down. By the time Jangbu and the pack ponies appeared, toward eight last evening, a cold rain was falling, and at noon today it is still raining hard. This morning the ponies broke loose in the storm, and their owner is out hunting them over the mountains; perhaps they have run back to Yamakhar.

In early afternoon, when the downpour ends, the pony man appears, sniffing the weather; he has decided to return to Yamakhar with his five animals. Sheepishly, he says goodbye, and Schaller bursts out, from his tent, "Goodbye, you son of a bitch! I don't like fair-weather people who back out on an agreement, leaving others stranded!" Jangbu does not bother to translate this rhetorical address, since the speaker's sentiments are clear.

Tibetans say that obstacles in a hard journey, such as hailstones, wind, and unrelenting rains, are the work of demons, anxious to test the sincerity of the pilgrim and eliminate the fainthearted among them. Schaller has certainly been tested: still three days short of the Jang Pass, we are now stranded in heavy rain, with no help to be had from the only settlement between Dhorpatan and Tarakot, which lies on the far side of the Jang. To make things worse, Bimbahadur, who has passed this way before, says that tomorrow this trail climbs above tree line, and that, besides the loads, we must carry enough firewood for the next three days. But, perhaps because Schaller is not fainthearted, there falls almost immediately a stroke of luck, as astonishing in its timing as the cutting of the stave that saved me from that mastiff in Dhorpatan. Since leaving Dhorpatan, we have seen not a single traveller, going in either direction, yet it turns out that some travellers came in last night and took shelter in a nearby cave, that they, too, are bound for Tarakot, on the far side of Jang. Their leader, who is the headman of that village, has agreed to let his men serve us as porters.

This miracle comes slightly tarnished, since the headman is demanding and receiving three times the normal porterage—"They know we are stranded, and they have us against the wall; it's perfectly natural," Schaller says, instructing Jangbu to cut down the number of load baskets and spread the extra weight among the Tarakot porters—but it is great good fortune all the same.

OCTOBER 14

THE paths around these mountainsides are narrow, with no room for a misstep, and with altitude the climbing becomes hard. Gradually I have learned to walk more lightly, with center of gravity low in the belly, legs loose, almost gliding, which helps a lot in times of vertigo. Some of the cliffside trail is less than two feet wide—I measure it—and skirts sheer precipice; nor is the rest very much better, for these mountainsides of shining grass are so precipitous, so bereft of trees or even shrubs, that a stumbler might tumble and roll thousands of feet, then drop into the dark where the sun ends, for want of anything to catch hold of. And so I pay minute attention to details—a shard of rose quartz, a cinnamon fern with spores, a companionable mound of pony dung.

Sun comes and goes. The monsoon is not done with us, there is wind and gray weather in the east, but beyond low mountains to the south the sky of India is clear. Schaller says, "Do you realize we haven't heard even a distant motor since September?" And this is true. No airplane crosses such old mountains.

This wayfaring in shifting sun, in snow and cloud worlds, so close to the weather, makes me happy; morbid feelings have passed away. I would like to reach the Crystal Monastery, I would like to see a snow leopard, but if I do not, that is all right, too. In this moment, there are birds—red-billed choughs, those queer small crows of the high places, and a small buteo, black against the heavens, and southbound finches bounding down the wind, in their wake a sprinkling of song. A lark, a swift, a lammergeier, griffons: the vultures pass at eye level, on creaking wings.

At a low pass stands a small cairn topped with sticks and rags, and an opening on the eastern side for offerings: the rag strips, or wind prayers, bring good luck to travellers who are crossing a pass for the first time. Perhaps because we neglect the cairn, the mountain gods greet us with a burst of hail, then sun, then both together. A patter of ice dies away as the clouds turn. We wait. Thukten, an hour behind us, is a good half hour ahead of all the rest and, for his pains, is chastised by Schaller as representative of the lead-footed porter breed. Slowly, he puts down the load that he has humped two thousand feet uphill, observing Schaller in the equable way in which he observes everything: giving thanks for his arrival at the pass, he places a small stone upon the cairn. The Tamangs come, then the porters from Tarakot, and we descend steeply to a brushy gully, where the porters throw their baskets down and start a fire, in preparation for the first of their two meals. After their hard climb, this is understandable, but after our wait of an hour and a half it is damned frustrating; in the long delay, we assumed they must have eaten. We curse them as we have each day for not taking this main meal before starting out, when fires are already built, and water boiling; this two-hour stop, more days than not, has meant wasting warm sunny hours on the trail and setting up camp in rain, cold, and near darkness.

The new delay makes Schaller desperate: we are sure to miss the bluesheep rut if we don't move faster. Yet the porters can see the snow that fills the north end of this canyon; chivy

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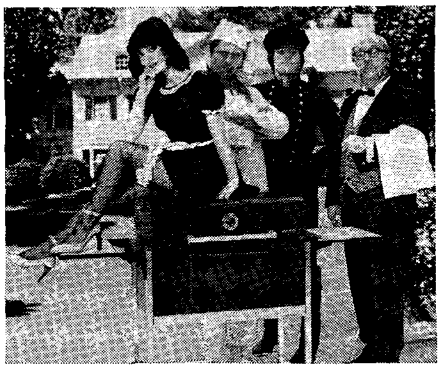

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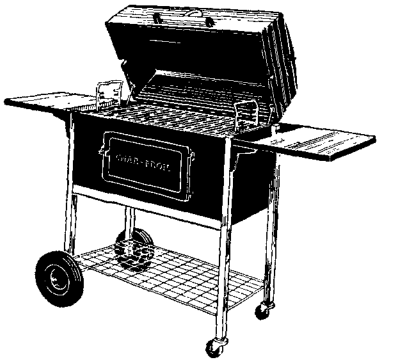

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them as we may, they will go no farther than that snow this afternoon.

AT a canyon bend stands the headman of Tarakot, who wears Hindu puttees and carries no pack of any kind. He is pointing at the bouldered slopes across the stream. "*Na!*" he cries. "*Na!*" Then he goes on. A pale form jumps across a gully, followed quickly by six more; the animals move up a steep slope to a haze of green between the rocks and snow. I watch them climb, until, at snow line, they are swept up and consumed by clouds that have rushed up the valley from the south: this wonderful silver-blue-gray creature is the bharal, the blue sheep of the Himalayas—in Tibetan, *na*—that we have come so far to see.

We camp just beneath the snows, on a flat ledge by the river. A dipper plunges into the cold torrent, and a pair of redstarts pursue some tardy insect over the black boulders. The altitude is nearly thirteen thousand, says Schaller: it is dark and cold, but later, after tents are pitched, he goes out and finds more blue sheep. He returns at dusk, delighted. "The first data in a month and a half!" he cries. And I tell him of a small find of my own. Back down the trail there was a solitary print, as if a dog had crossed the path and gone its way, leaving no trace on the stony ground to either side. There were no signs of human travellers on the wet earth, and the print was fresh. Therefore a dog seemed most unlikely, and having assumed it was a wolf, which still occurs in the wilder regions of Tibet, I had not checked for fore toes on the print. "This is perfect country for the snow leopard," says Schaller. The headman of Tarakot says that snow leopard occur here in the Jang region, but the all-knowing Thukten shakes his head. "Only on Dolpo side," says Thukten. "Not in Nepal." Dolpo lies on the Tibetan Plateau, and it is interesting that Thukten still thinks of it as another land.

In his abrupt way—in exuberance, not rudeness—Schaller hurls goggles through my tent flap, to protect my eyes from tomorrow's sun and snow.

OCTOBER 15

WE set out before daybreak, crossing a treacherous ice glaze on stream boulders, following the Seng River northward. In the solitudes of snow far up the canyon, we come on barefoot human prints. "Yeti," Schaller says, sardonic, but even for him the sight is startling, unsettling. Then, in

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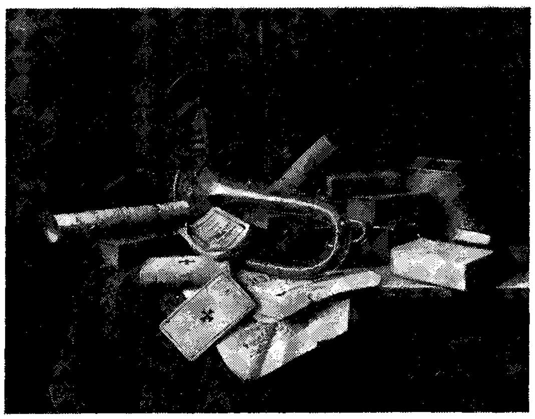

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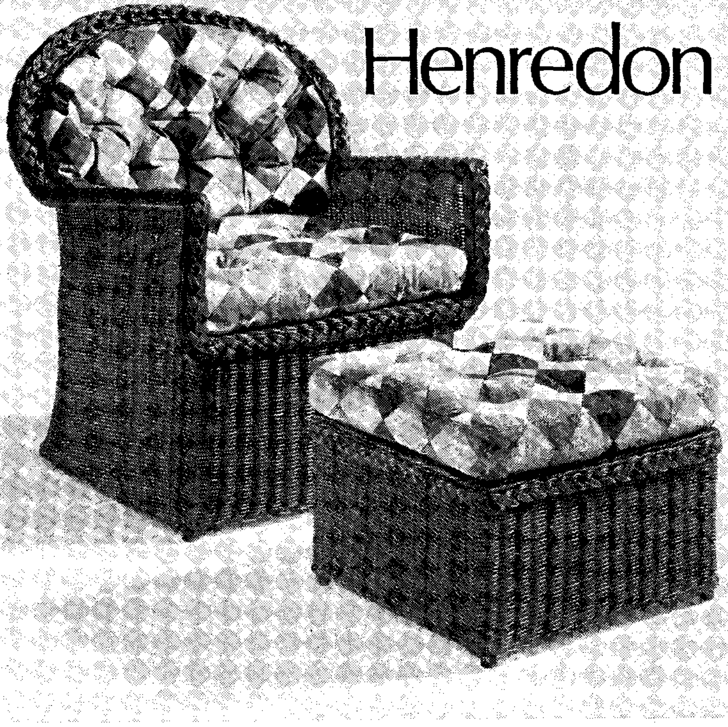

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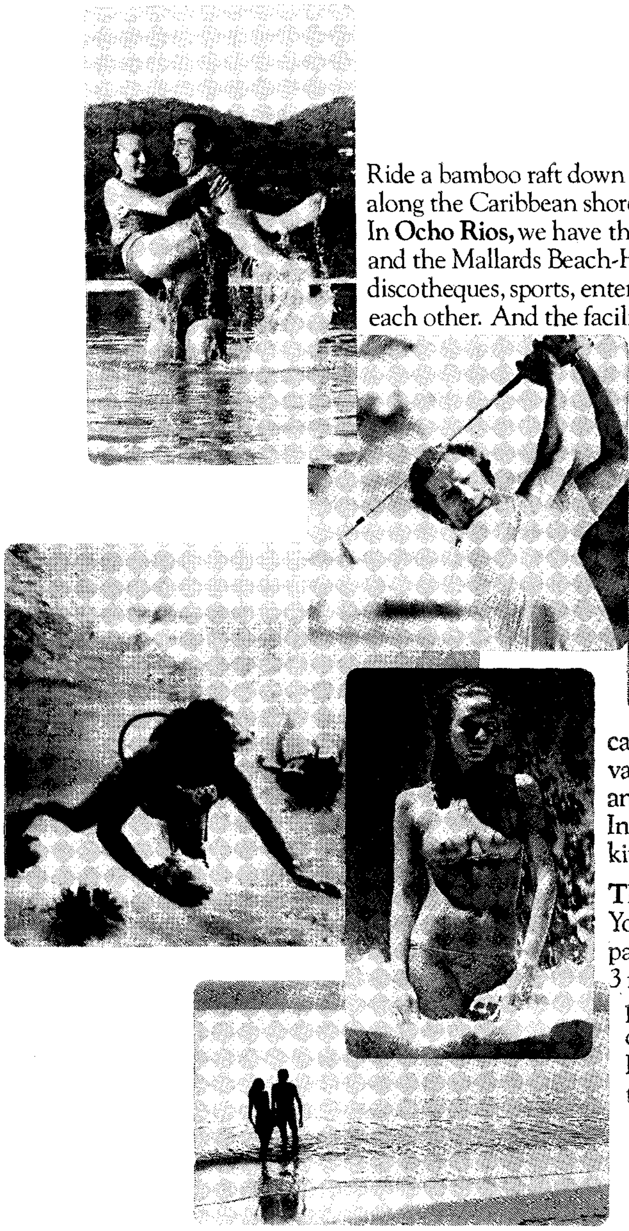

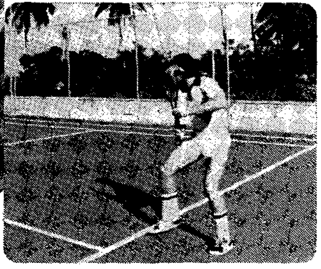

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the half-light, a bent figure moves under overhanging rocks across the torrent, cowled, ragged, brown, with a long stave—a wild yogin of the mountains. Though howling, he cannot be heard over the roaring water; he brandishes his stick.

Astonished, we see that this cowled figure is Bimbahadur, our old gurkha porter. He tries to indicate the direction of the trail. Later we learn that he had walked three miles upriver in the rain, the night before, to sleep alone in a cave of his own ken, and was now on his way down again to fetch his load. To attain solitude, the oldest and slowest of the porters has given himself an additional six miles of stony walking.

Leaving the river, we climb toward the northwest. Schaller tells me to hold my stave short, on the uphill side, the better to punch it through the crust should my boots slip, for the slope is very steep and the snow is glazed. But he interrupts himself, dropping to one knee and pointing upward even as he digs into his rucksack for binoculars. Four bharal rams jump on the white outcrops, climbing the ridge, the big horned heads outlined on the blue. This fellowship of rams is sign that the autumn rut has not begun, that perhaps, after all, we will reach Shey in time.

Snowfields climb in glinting curves into the blue. As the sun rises, I plunge over and over through the weakening crust, and stop every few steps to grab for breath. In late morning, after a four-hour climb, I reach the ridge, and crouch to escape the icy wind cutting across it. Schaller is scanning with binoculars. "There's no pass here," he says. "No way to go on." Over the rim lies an awesome drop to the floor of a broad canyon, and the line of porters is just visible, ascending this canyon into the northwest. The four-hour climb to fifteen thousand feet has been in vain; we misread Bimbahadur's signal, and will have to backtrack down this mountain, and then climb anew.

For most of the afternoon we trail the porters, one of whom has left a blood spoor in the snow; as it turns out, it was Phirim, the young Tamang, who failed to wear the sneakers issued him and cut his leather feet on the icy crusts. The blood spots make us wonder if any of the porters has taken precautions against snow blindness.

October 16

LAST night, I dined in Schaller's tent—two people cannot fit in mine—and, though elated by the day in the snow mountains, I was reeling with the altitude, with a bad headache, and a face baked stiff by the sun. This morning, I am fine again, but not so the poor porters. All are moaning with snow blindness, a very disagreeable burning of the corneas which comes on with little warning and has no cure other than time; the sensation is that of sand thrown in the eyes. The men from Tarakot are still huddled in a pile outside our tents, blowing pathetically through cloths into each others' eyes. Refusing to carry, they stagger off eventually toward home.

Our own porters are suffering, too, and so are the Sherpa camp assistants, who should have known better. Only Phu Tshering looks happy as ever; he is actually amused. "*Solu!*" he says of Dawa and Gyaltsen, meaning that they are valley Sherpa, as opposed to the mountaineers such as himself. He has his own snow goggles; Jangbu, though improvident, had borrowed a spare pair from Schaller; and Thukten and two of the Tamangs had sense enough to tie slitted rags around their heads, to squint through—but why didn't all have sense enough? Schaller, disgusted, says he is continually astonished by the poor adaptation of Himalayan peoples to their environment.

And so we are stuck in the snows for another day, and perhaps more. Unlike the Tarakot porters, our own brave invalids consent to carry lightened loads, although they stagger and moan each time we glance at them. They bind on eye rags without slits, and the ever-cool, resilient Jangbu leads them off into the snows like a chain of blind, hoping to return from Tarakot tomorrow with new porters. Phu Tshering will stay to cook for us and guard the camp, and Bimbahadur will also stay, being too far gone to walk. His eyes are swollen tight and his legs are rickety; as if some spell had been cast upon him, he has turned overnight into a dotard. Yesterday, as we caught up with him, he stumbled and fell on the ice and toppled his basket, and Phu Tshering and Jangbu had to retrieve his load from the bottom of a steep incline of ice and snow. Schaller fixes him a tea-leaf poultice, which seems to ease his pain a little, and later I daub some cream on his broken lips.

Phu Tshering gives me warm *chapatis*, and hot water for a wash in the cold sun. He is wearing his amulets outside his shirt, but tucks them away, embarrassed, when I ask about them; they were given him by his lama, he murmurs, feeling much better when I show him that I, too, wear an "amulet," a talisman given to me by the Zen master Soen Roshi. He admires this smooth plum pit on which a whole

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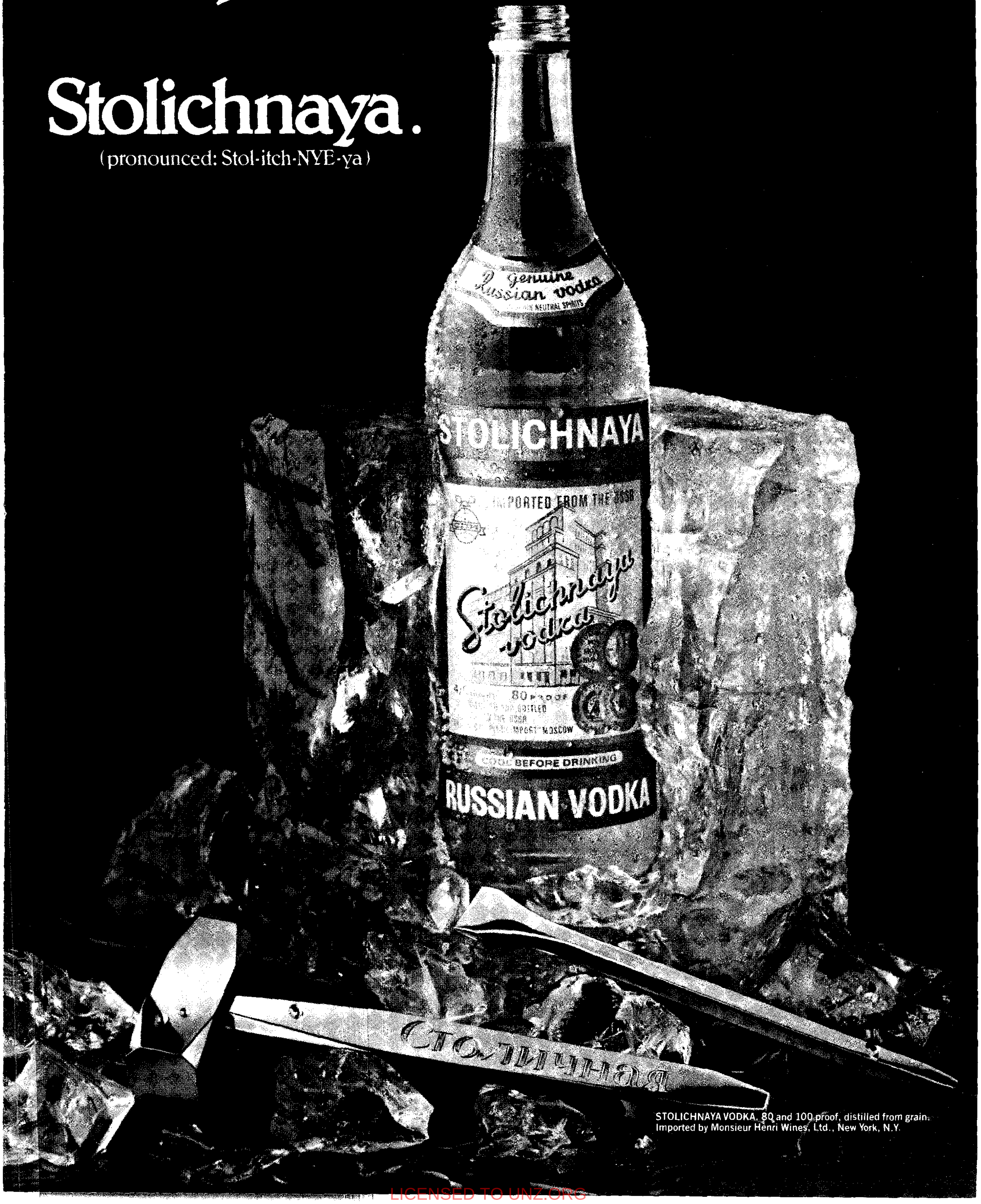
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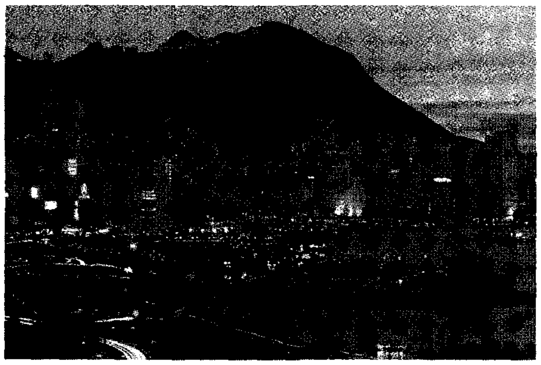

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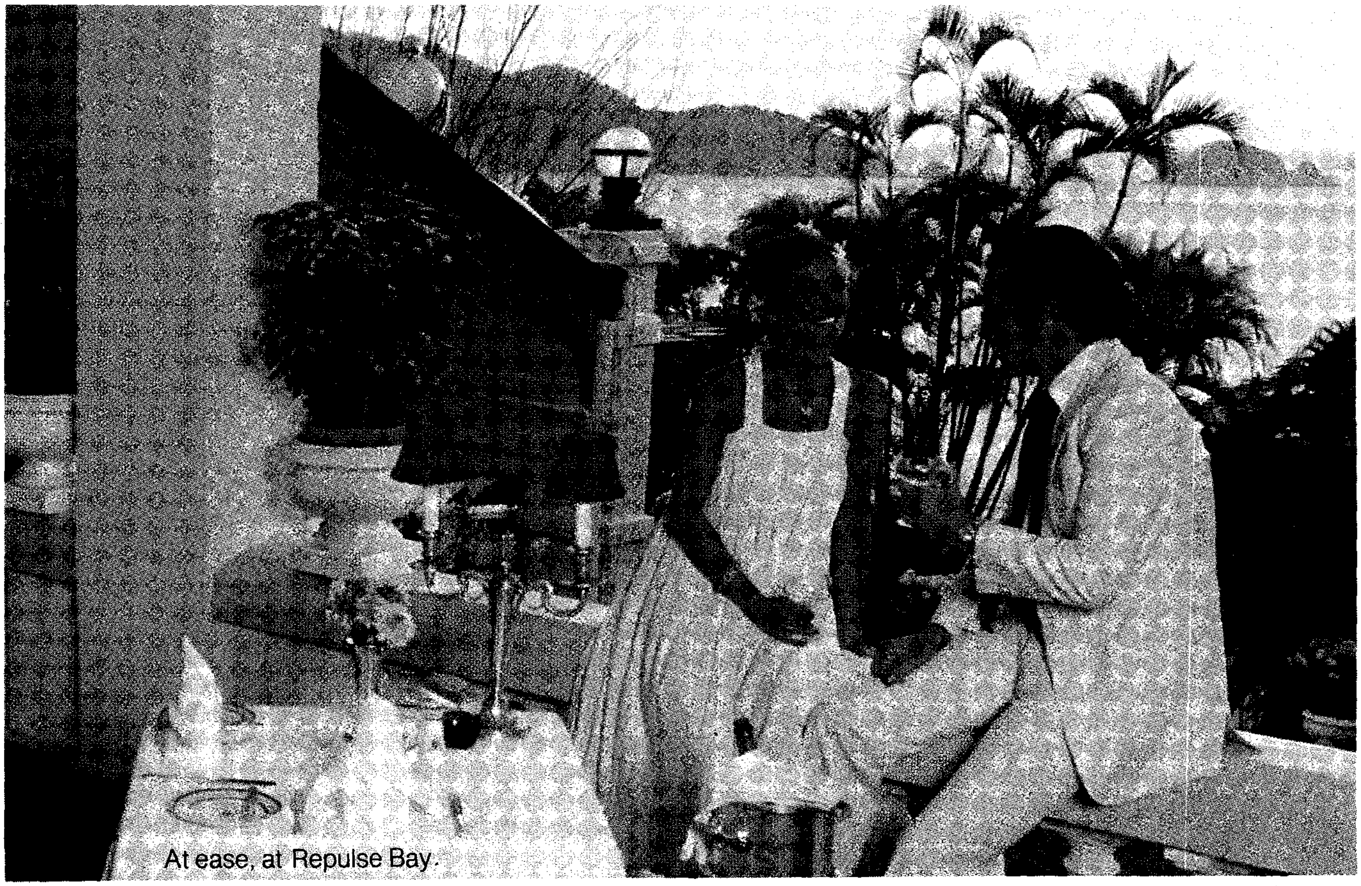

At ease, at Repulse Bay.

HONGKONG

ten-phrase Kannon sutra is inscribed in minute characters, and is awed when I tell him that the sutra honors the most revered of all those mythical embodiments of Buddhahood called Bodhisattvas, known to Phu Tshering as Chenresigs.

Like most good Buddhists, Phu Tshering chants "*om mani padme hum*" each day, and in time of stress; he also clings to fear of demons, and is frightened by the dark. Walking behind Schaller one night in eastern Nepal, he chanted this mantra so incessantly that Schaller longed to throw him off the cliff. But the faithful believe that the invocation of any deity by his mantra will draw benevolent attention, and since "*om mani padme hum*" is dedicated to the Great Compassionate Chenresigs, it is found inscribed on prayer stones, prayer wheels, prayer flags, and wild rocks throughout the Buddhist Himalayas.

I go down along the canyon rim and sit still against a rock. Northward, a snow cone rises on the sky, and snowfields roll over the north horizon into the deepening blue. The emptiness and silence of snow mountains quickly bring about those states of consciousness that occur in the mind-emptying of meditation, and perhaps high altitude has an effect, for my eye perceives the world as fixed or fluid, as it wishes.

Wind brings swift, soft clouds from the south that cast shadows on the snow. Close at hand, a redstart comes to forage in the lichens, followed soon by a flock of fat rose finches. I do not stir, yet suddenly all whir away in a gray gust, and minutely I turn to see what might have scared them. On a rock, not thirty feet away, an accipitrine hawk sits in silhouette against the mountains, and here it hunches while the sun descends, nape feathers lifting in the wind, before diving after unseen prey over the rim of the ravine. Then the great lammergeier comes, gold-headed and black-collared, a nine-foot blade sweeping down out of the north; it passes into the shadows between the cliffs. Where the river turns, in a corner of the walls, the late sun shines on a green meadow, as if a lost world lay in that impenetrable ravine, so far away below. The great bird arcs round the wall; the sun glints on its mantle. Then it is gone, and the sun goes, the meadow vanishes, and the cold falls with the night shadow.

OCTOBER 17

JANGBU hoped to be back today by noon, but perhaps he is having trouble finding porters. Rather than wait

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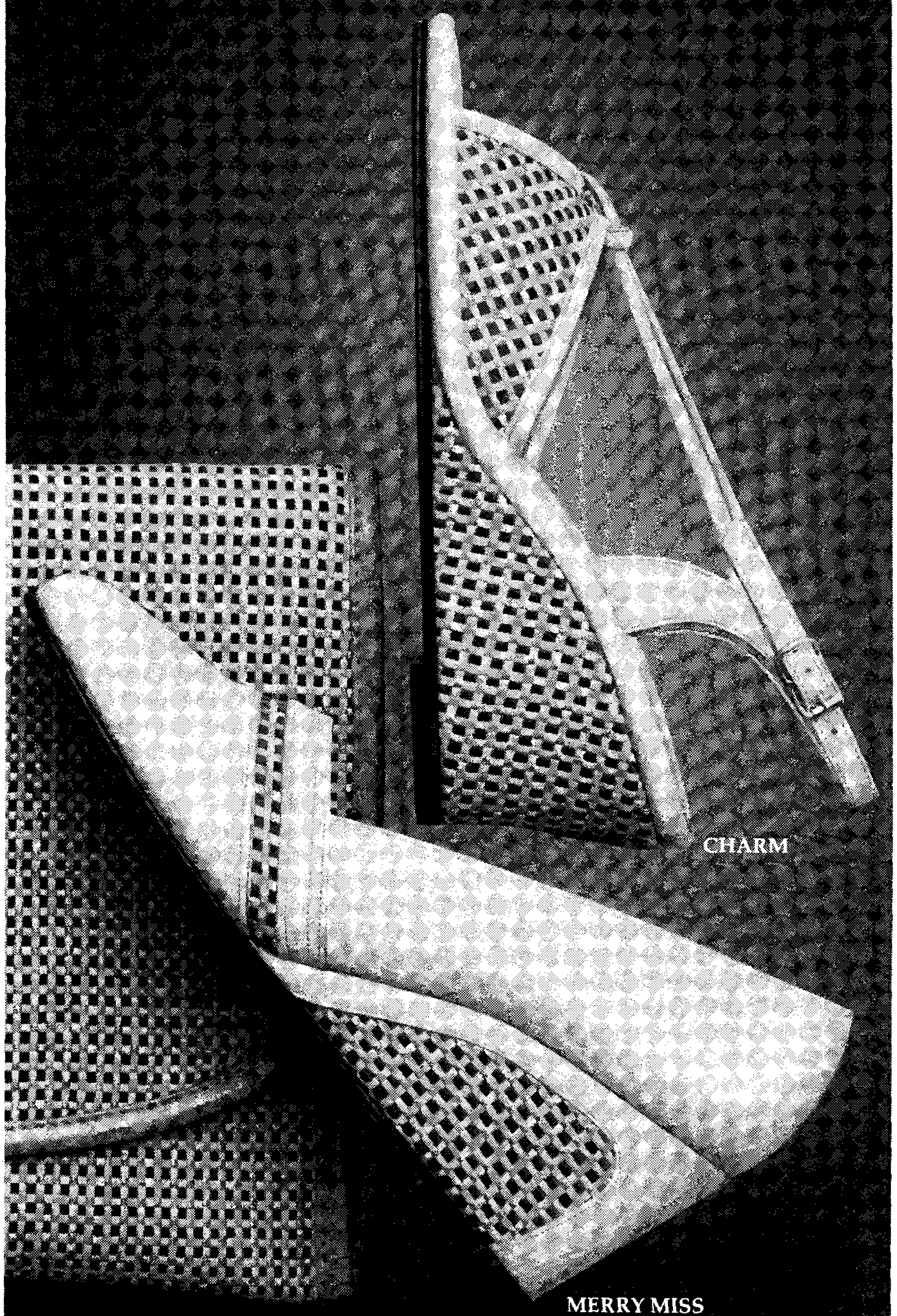

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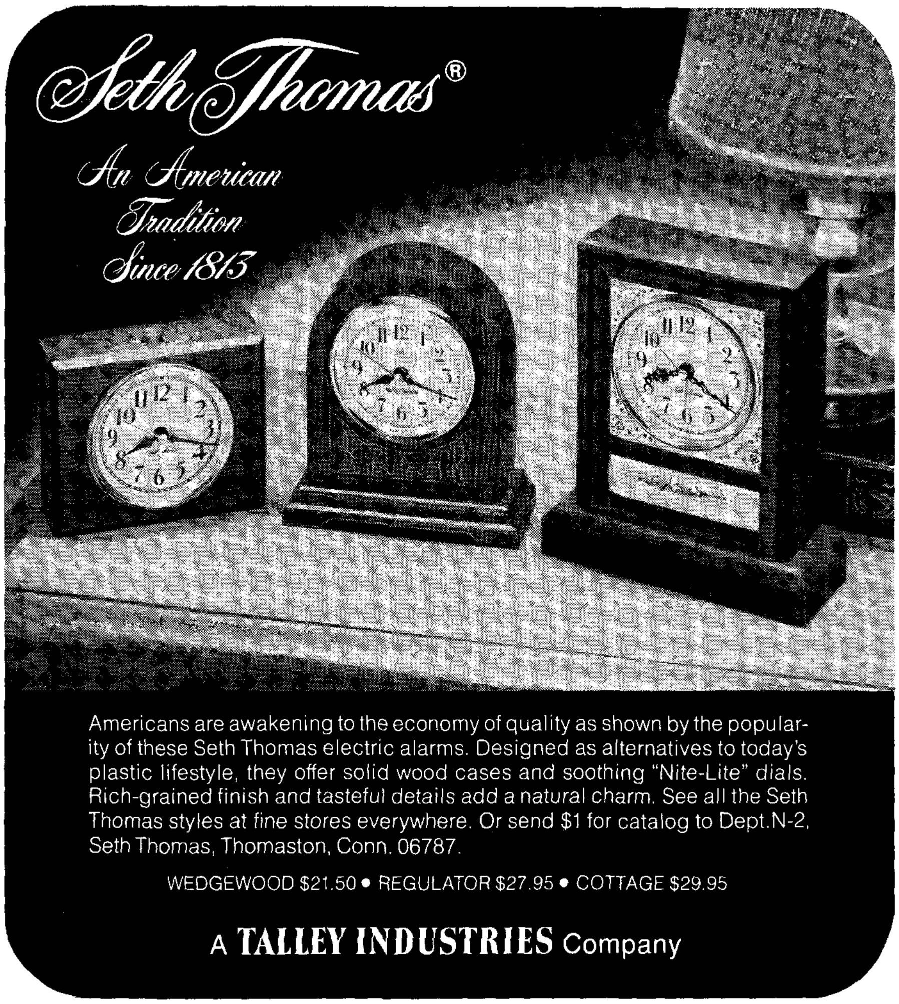
another day, Schaller and I will take two loads over the Jang Pass while Phu Tshering and Bimbahadur guard the rest. This high valley between snows would be a bad place to be caught by storm, with no firewood and sick, ill-equipped porters, but blizzard now seems most unlikely: last night was so clear that the Milky Way rose in a mist out of the snows, and for the third day in a row the dawn was cloudless. The end of the monsoon, a fortnight late, is here at last.

I move quickly to gain altitude before the sun softens the snow, crossing a stream of icy boulders, climbing on. The trail made by the Tarakot porters and Jangbu is easy to follow in the snow, and the high pack protects my brains from the rising sun, and my boots crunch reassuringly upon the crust. Soon the track enters the long white valley that rises to the Jang Pass. At this altitude the white is thick and silent, without birds: only a soft murmur of snow-shrouded streams. All is still. I walk in sun-filled dream as wind blows sparkling snow from the rock faces.

From a summit where black choughs are flying, a small cairn rises like a man. If this is the Jang, its fearsomeness has been exaggerated. The cairn marking this place is no more than a heap of stones with sticks and rags upon which, in propitiation of the mountain gods, some traveller has set two skulls of *na*. The north face of the cairn is under snow, and down the north side of the pass the snow descends unbroken to the tree line. Schaller, who overtakes me at the summit, reads 14,880 on his altimeter, which is accurate within one hundred feet; in Kathmandu, we were informed that this pass lies at seventeen thousand feet. Similarly, the headman of Tarakot assured us that the journey up over the Jang Pass and down to tree line would take seven hours; carrying full loads, we shall make it without difficulty in four. True, we left early enough to make good time on the hard snow, whereas the local people will slog extra hours through wet mush rather than break camp before sun strikes it.

The Jang Pass is behind us, my lungs are holding up in this thin air, my dour boots show some signs of relenting, and, starting a relaxed descent, I enjoy the view of distant shadows that mark the deep gorge of the Bheri River. Beyond the Bheri the steep mountains rise toward the snow peaks of the Kanjiroba Himal; on the far side of those distant peaks lies Crystal Mountain.

Down the glazed surface of the slope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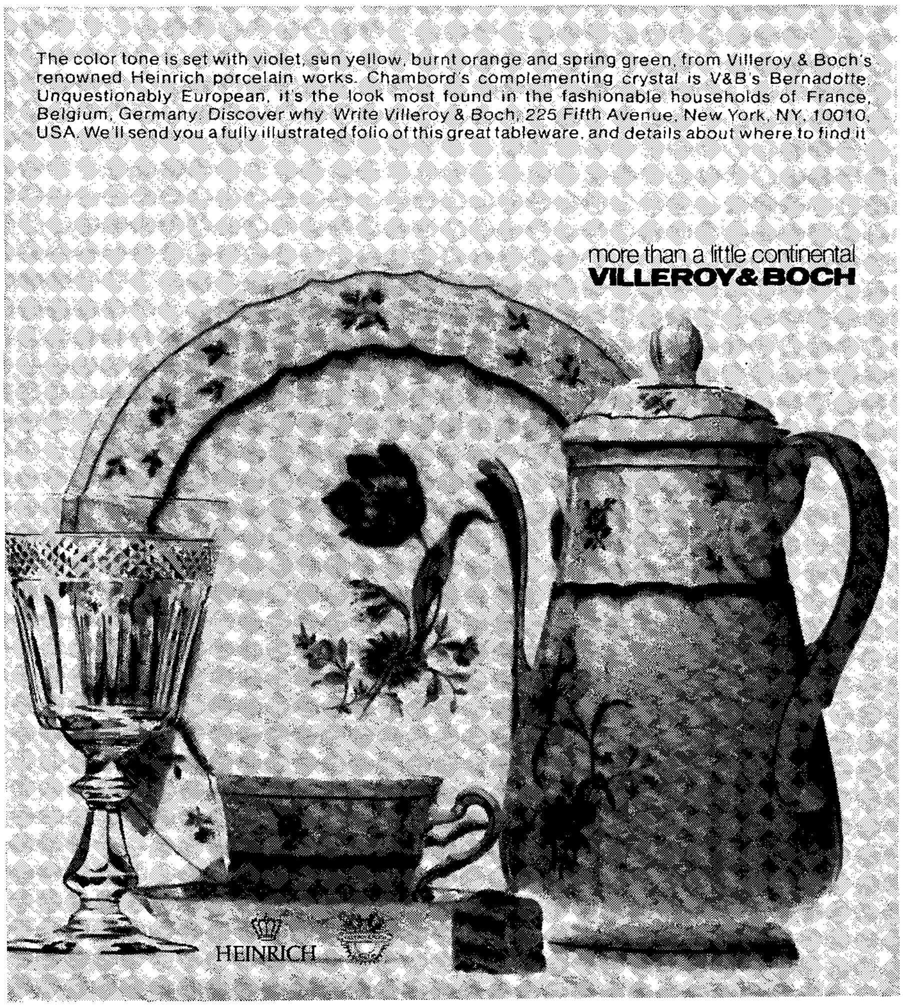
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blows a cold wind, the wind of Jang. A dry moth is transfixed upon the glaze, and a caterpillar that followed some dim impulse to crawl up from below; in this icy place there are no birds to eat them. Then the track rounds the mountain, comes down from winter into an autumn kingdom where brown swifts flicker in pursuit of warm insects, over golden woods. Like a spring goat, I jump down through patchy snow and red wild flowers.

Schaller is upset that we have not met Jangbu, and we stop to eat in silence. But we have scarcely set off again when Jangbu turns up on the trail below. It is fortunate that we have carried our full loads, for he has no new porters: only Gyaltsen, Thukten, and a young Tamang called Karsung—the only men well enough to return today. Tired from the trek the day before, they had left Tarakot late, carrying firewood, thick green discs of buckwheat bread, and a flask of arrack. We celebrate for a few minutes on the sunny mountainside before these cheerful fellows climb toward the pass. Already it is afternoon, and it will be dark, in snow and stars, before they reach the camp.

October 18

In the clearness of this Himalayan air, mountains draw near, and in such splendor tears come quietly to my eyes and cool on my sunburned cheeks. This is not mere soft-mindedness, nor am I all that silly with the altitude. My head has cleared in these weeks free of intrusions—mail, telephones, people and their needs—and I respond to things spontaneously, without defensive or self-conscious screens. Still, all this feeling is astonishing: not so long ago I could say truthfully that I had scarcely shed a tear in twenty years.

In the early afternoon, we go down through the hill pastures to Tarakot, a group of villages set on terraces high above the upper Bheri, near the confluence of the Tarap River with smaller streams that come down off Dhaulagiri. In the days before the king of Gorkha made a nation of Nepal, this medieval place was the capital of the old kingdom of Tichu Rong (from the Tibetan: Valley of Fragrant Waters), and it is still known to its inhabitants as Dzong (the Fortress). Seen from above, in the distilled air, Tarakot seems not quite real; the sunlight is too soft, too golden, and the shade too black, as in an illuminated painting from some ancient book.

On the hillside above Tarakot is a pageant of tall poles crowned by symbols of sun, moon, and fire; brown, white, and gray Tibetan ponies graze among white prayer flags, which snap "*om mani padme hum*" on the autumn wind. (Is it the flag that moves? Is it the wind? Neither, said Hui-neng, the sixth Ch'an Buddhist Patriarch of China. It is your mind.)

October 19

At sunrise in Tarakot, we are served oatmeal in our sleeping bags by the gold-toothed Phu Tshering, and from one of the friends that Thukten makes everywhere he goes I buy a blanket of striped homespun, multicolored, strong. Meanwhile, Jangbu has conscripted seven porters, and so, this morning, we depart the fabled Dzong.

Bimbahadur will not go with us. Standing at attention, tears in his eyes, the old gurkha salutes us, crying, "Sahib!" New white sneakers and white ski socks, presented to him by Schaller, and pulled up high on his short rootlike legs, give Bimbahadur a peculiar air of misplaced ceremony, but above the knees he wears brown rags and gritty blankets. Now he turns away and sets off up the mountainside, leaning heavily upon his stave, bound south over the blue heights of the Jang Pass and across the snows to his cave on the Seng River, thence to Yamakhar and Dhorpatan, and east to the Kali Gandaki.

At Dhorpatan, we were warned that the police check posts at Tarakot, and perhaps at Dunahi, might ignore our trekking permits and forbid us to continue into Dolpo; worry on this point, with debates on strategy, has preoccupied us for some days. A chronic problem all along the way has been the language barrier, which fills regional officials (already suspicious of our purported interest in wildlife) with insecurity, and often leads them to face-saving stubbornness. The Sherpas, being Buddhist, are not acceptable as witnesses on our behalf, and thus there is considerable risk that after walking for three weeks, we shall be stopped for no good reason, just one week—as we suppose—from our destination.

The police official at Tarakot, having given us bored, pompous audience, has referred us to his superior at Dunahi, not having the authority, it seems, to make things hot for us himself. We leave before he thinks of something, taking the path that drops straight down through garden terraces to the Bheri. In the terraces are four kinds of milletlike plants, not quite familiar, such as might have been grown millenniums

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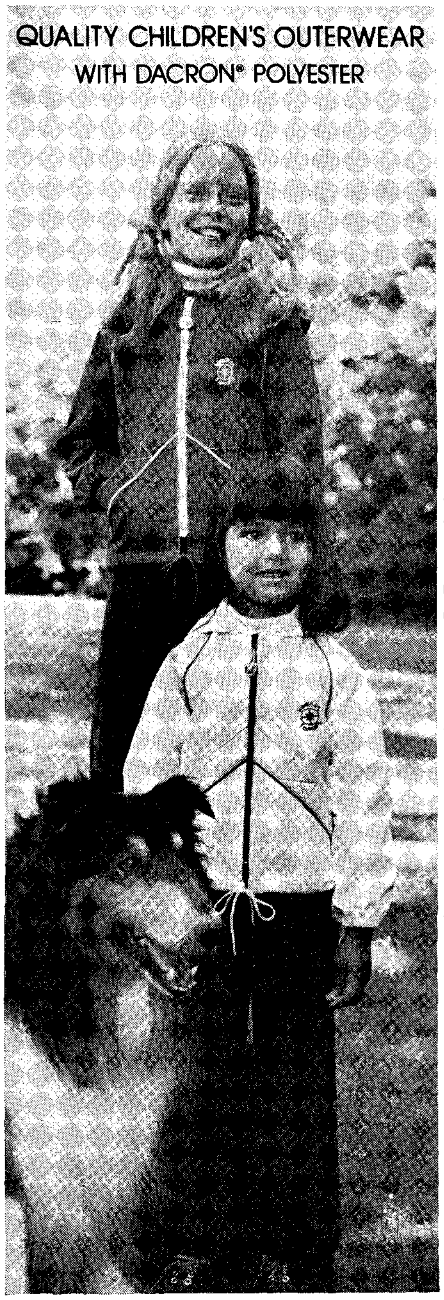

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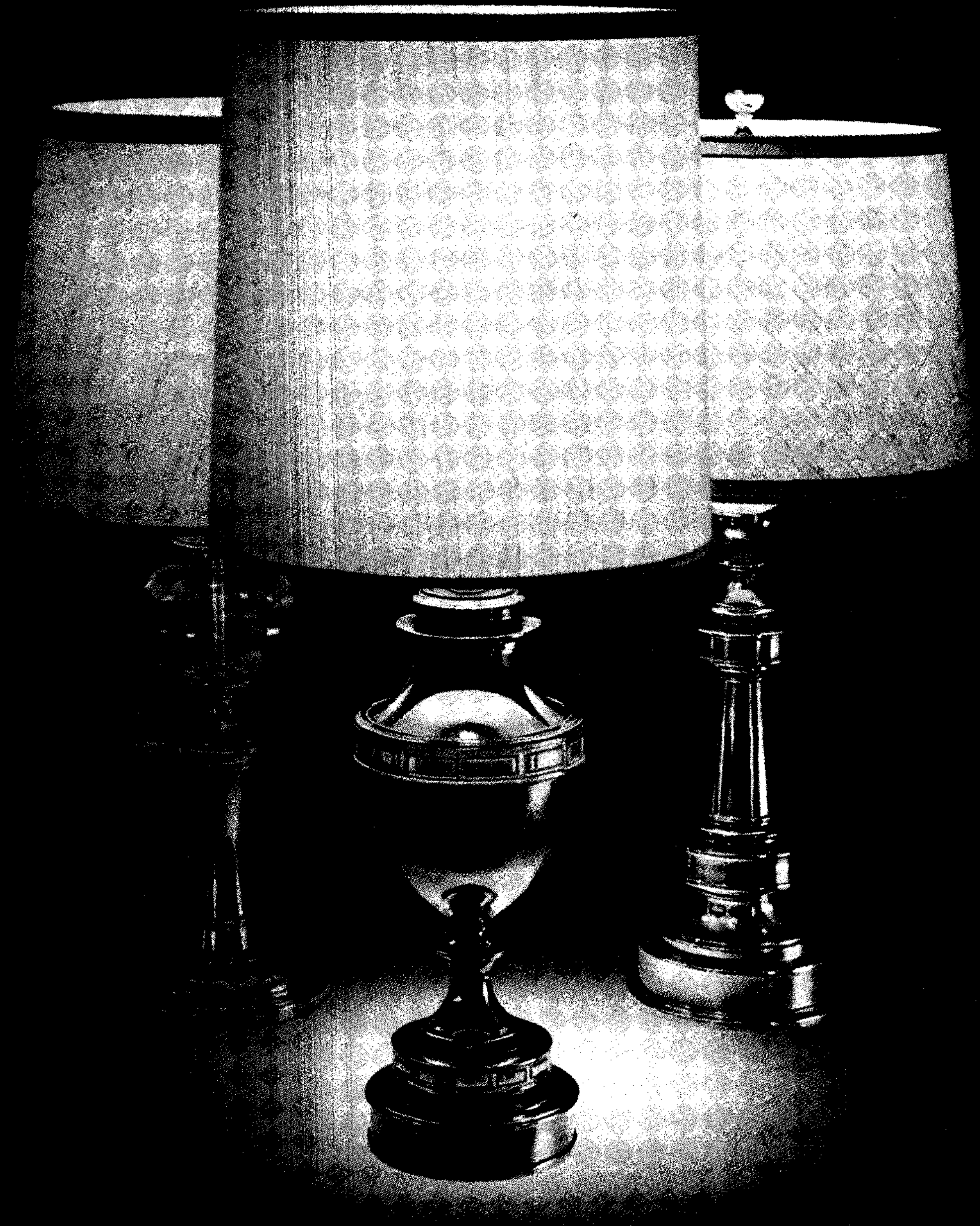
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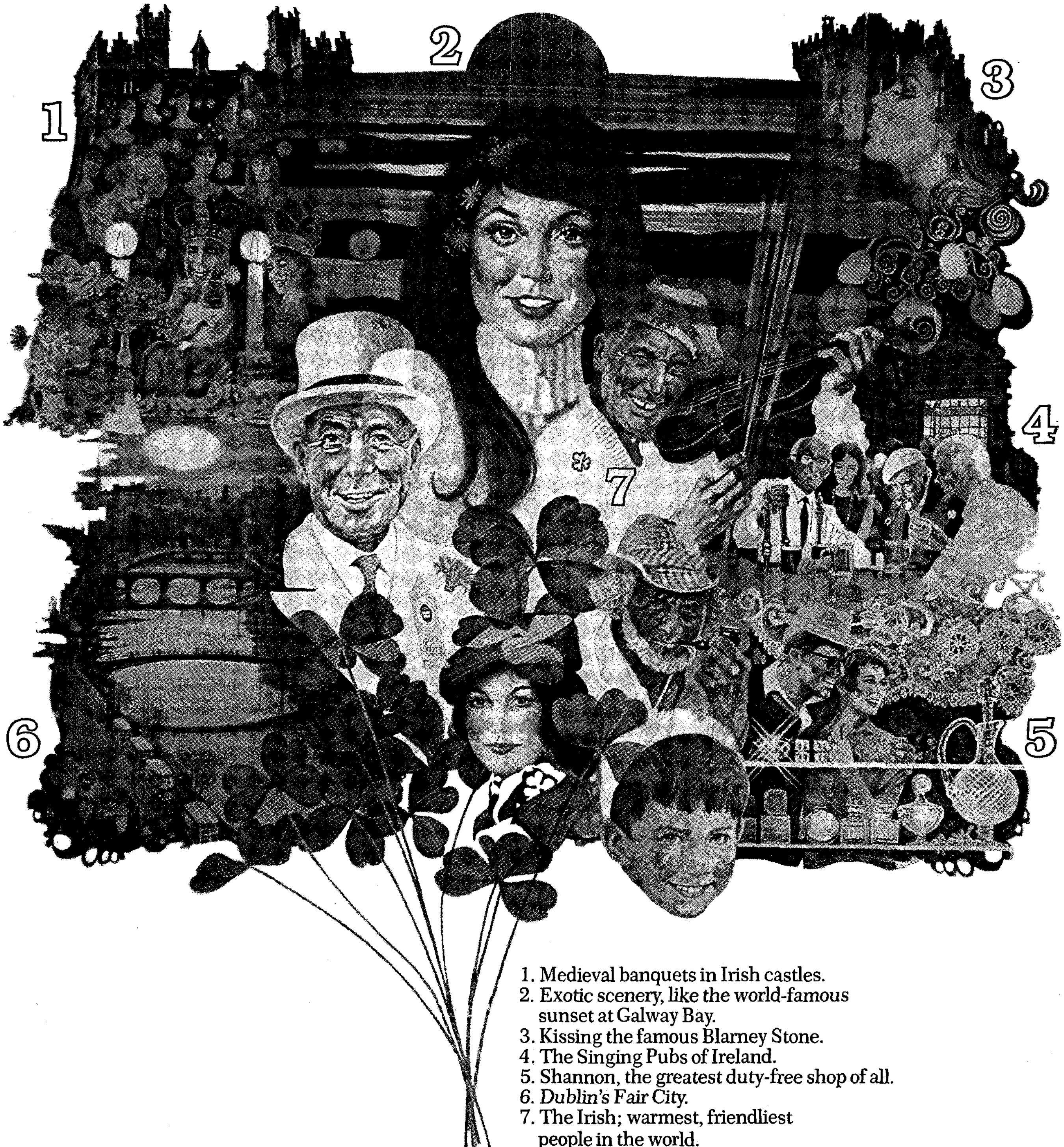

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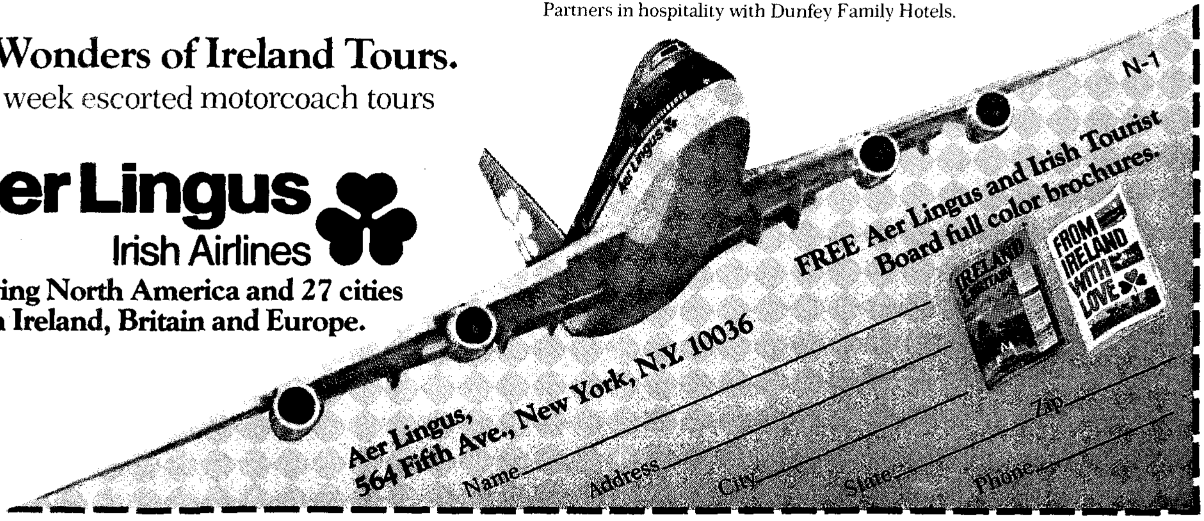
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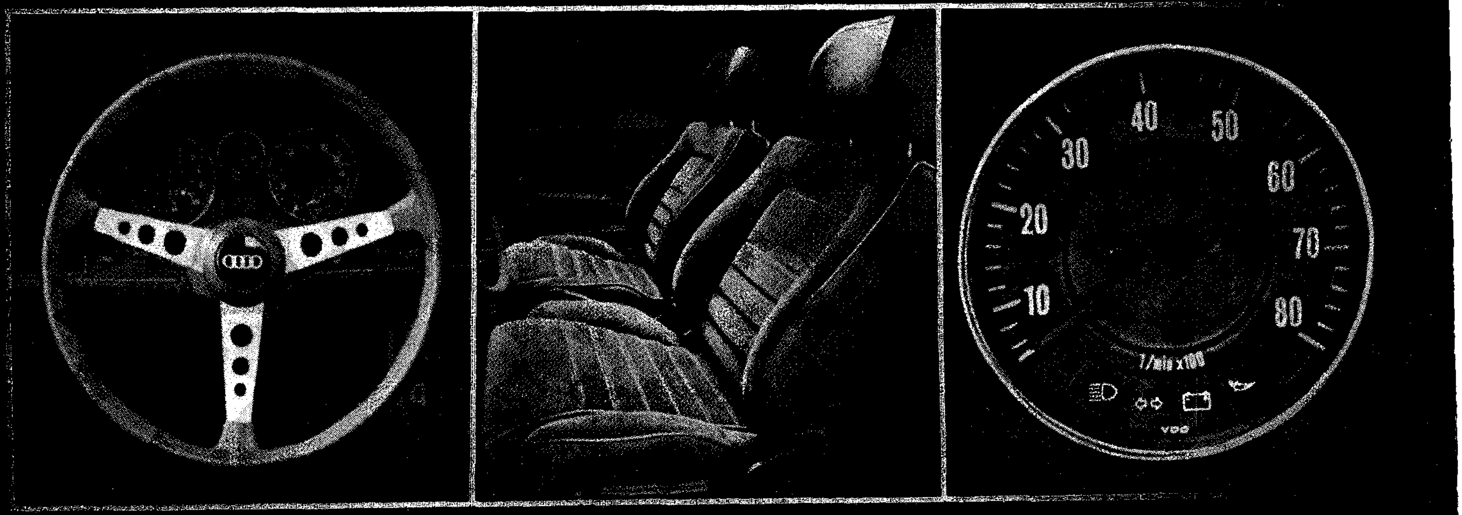
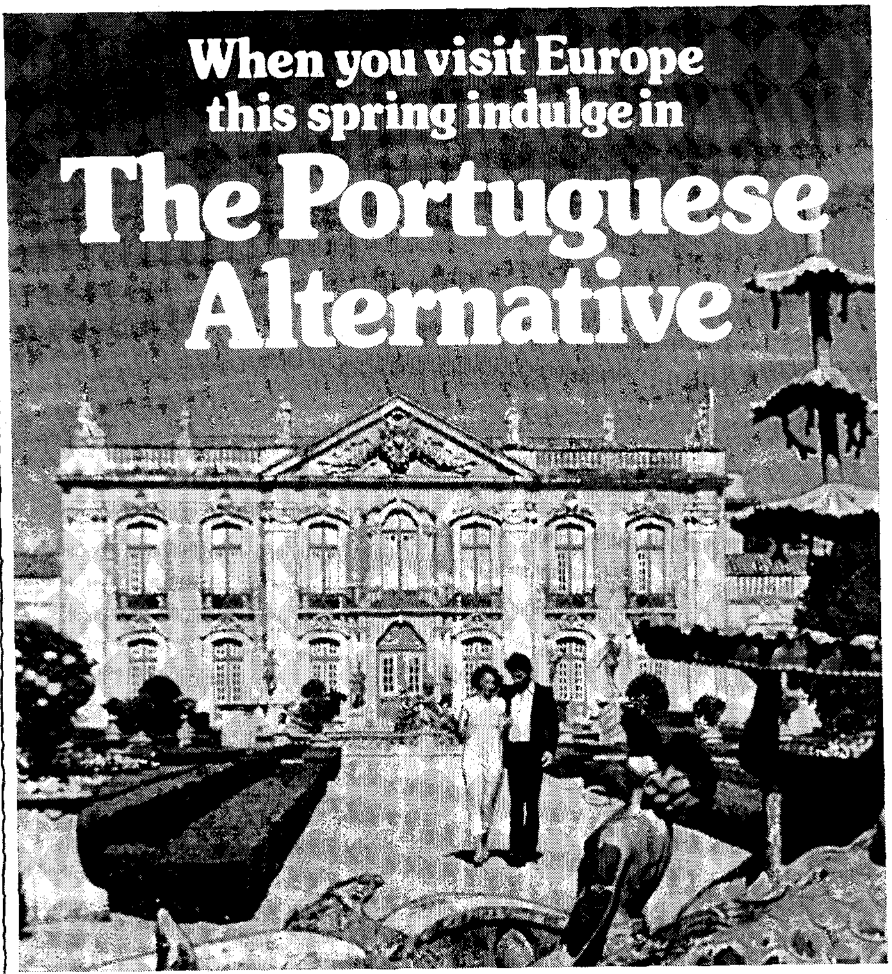


ago by the peoples in the Middle East who are thought to have first domesticated the wild cereals. Squash and beans are plentiful, and in my need to supplement our white diet I pick and eat raw purple kidney beans all the way downhill.

Near the river, a troop of Himalayan langurs has invaded a garden of red millet. The monkeys are forty-one in all, including six infants that are carried, and they are knocking down in play the plants they are not eating. Gleeful, Thukten yells "*Ho, Didi!*" ("Hey, Sister!") and a woman comes running from the gardens, slinging stones. Curl-tailed, the langurs move into the rocks, in no great hurry, and there turn to observe man at their leisure. They are big handsome silver-brown creatures, one of the most beautiful of the primates, with an expression so entirely detached as to seem disdainful.

The langur is sacred to all Hindus as a manifestation of the monkey-god Hanuman, and is also the beast most commonly brought forth to account for footprints of the "abominable snowman," although bears, snow leopards, great-footed birds, and melting snow have their supporters. In the half century since huge, upright creatures, leaving hundreds of tracks, were seen in a high snowfield on the north side of Mount Everest by a band of British mountaineers, the yeti has met with a storm of disapproval from upset scientists around the world. But as with the sasquatch of the vast rain forests of the Pacific Northwest, the case against the existence of the yeti—entirely speculative, and necessarily based on assumptions of foolishness or mendacity in many observers of good reputation—is even less scientific than the evidence that it exists. Photographs and casts of the yeti footprint are consistent—a very odd, broad primate foot—and so are the sight records, most of which come from the populous Sherpa country of eastern Nepal.

The yeti is described most often as a hairy reddish-brown creature with a ridged crown that gives it a pointed-head appearance; in size, despite the outsized foot (entirely unlike the long foot of a bear, in which all of the toes are nearly of a size), it has been likened to an adolescent boy, though much larger individuals have been reported. In any case, the tracks are much too large to be made by monkeys, even in snow, where langurs rarely go—or yetis either, if it comes to that: while the yeti may cross the snows on foraging excursions to higher elevations



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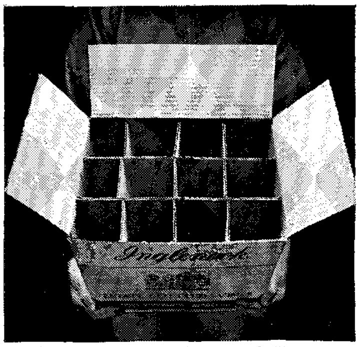

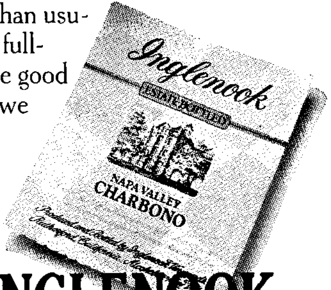

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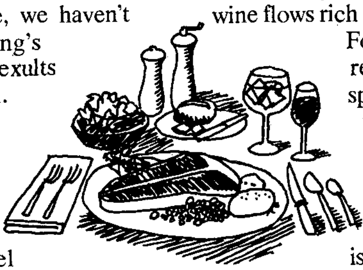

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or into the next valley, its primary habitat must be the cloud forest of the myriad deep Himalayan canyons, which are exceptionally inhospitable to man. From a biologist's point of view, in fact, most of the Himalayan region is still terra incognita. As Schaller says, almost nothing is known of the natural history of the snow leopard, and we are walking a long way indeed to get some basic information about the relatively accessible Himalayan bharal.

One evening last month in Kathmandu, a young biologist in charge of a field project in the Arun Valley of eastern Nepal set down on our dinner table a big primate footprint in white plaster; this cast had been made in the snow outside his tent six months before. The tracks had led down across steep snowfields into valley forest; he and his colleagues were not able to follow. Plainly the creature being spoken of was the "abominable snowman," and I waited for Schaller to express skepticism. But he merely nodded, picking up the cast with care, turning it over, and setting it down again, his face frowning and intent. Later, he told me that he was not being polite, that there was no doubt in his mind that a creature not yet known to science had made this print. Despite the scoffing of his peers, Schaller has believed in the existence of this creature ever since the mountaineer Eric Shipton took the first clear photograph of yeti prints on Everest, in 1951.

A common argument against the existence of both sasquatch and yeti (and the whole worldwide phenomena called "Bigfoot") is that man's expeditions in pursuit of these elusive creatures have all failed. However, this may only prove that Bigfoot habitat is virtually impenetrable, and that after long centuries of hiding these rare creatures are exceptionally wary.

OCTOBER 20

THE police official at Dunahi is absent on a journey, and instead we are dealt with by the local member of the National Panchayat, or Parliament; police underlings make no effort to contest this sophisticated man, who speaks good English, understands our aims, and offers tea. Greatly relieved, we get under way as quickly as we can, before something can go wrong. The Kang Pass is now the last serious obstacle on our journey to the Crystal Mountain.

At Dunahi, a bridge crosses the Bheri, and the path climbs steeply up dry mountainside of sage and spear grass and the silver-leaved wild olive. The

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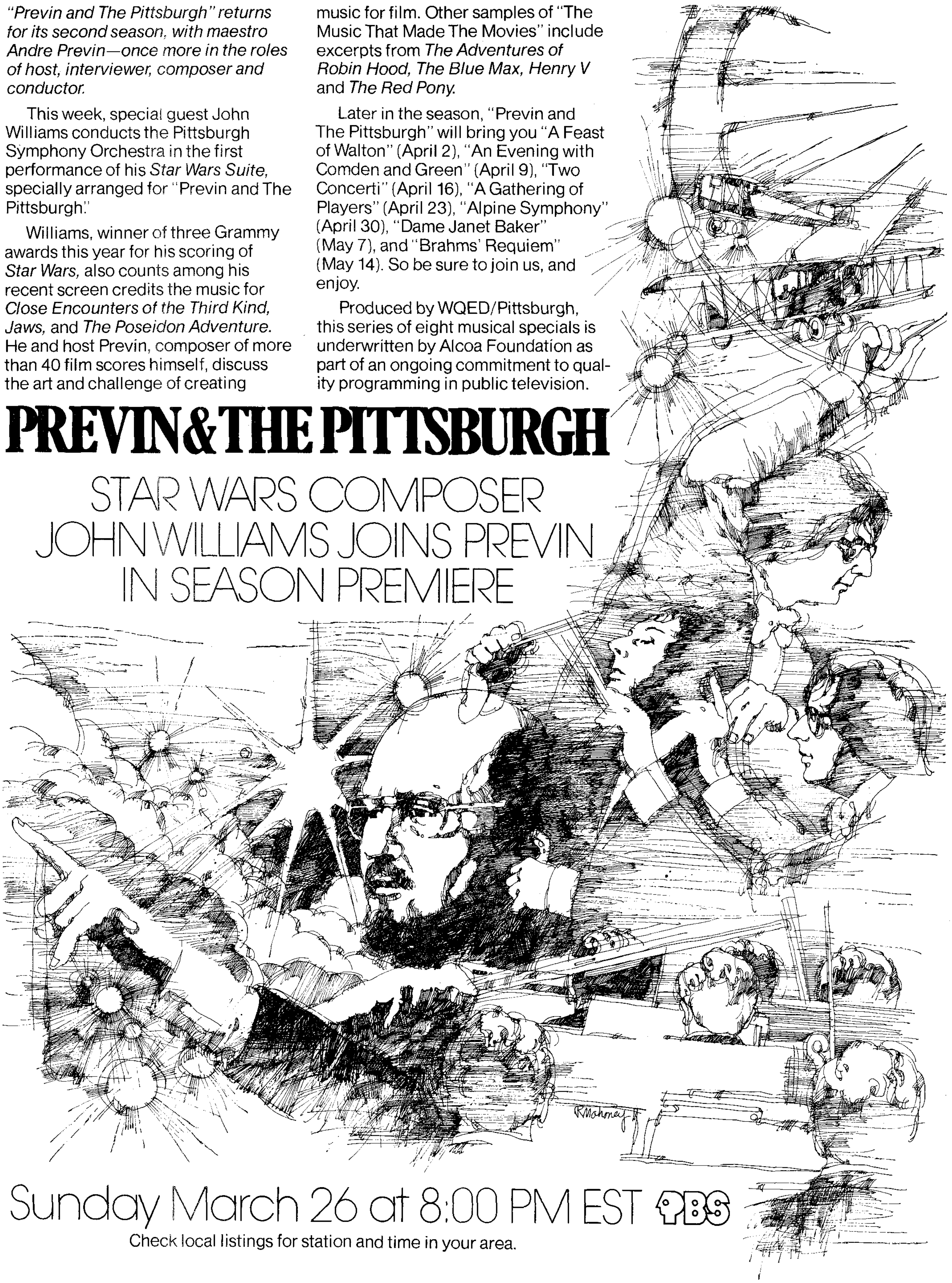

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incline is such that the path is scarcely two feet wide in places, sometimes less; where the path has slid away or been blotted out by slides, we scramble across loose rocks as best we can.

Schaller seems casual on ledges, although the telescope strapped across his rucksack, caught upon a rock, could nudge him off the edge; I can scarcely look. However, I am getting hardened: I walk lighter, stumble less, with more spring in leg and lung. At these times, I am free of vertigo, even in dangerous places; my feet move naturally to firm footholds, and I flow. But sometimes for a day or more I lose this feel of things, my breath is high up in my chest, and then I cling to the cliff ledge as to life itself.

A Bhote family without animals descends the trail, nods shyly, and is gone. At 9,400 feet, the path reaches the cliff top, levelling off as it winds around the mountain. The Bheri is far behind us and below, and a snow peak of the Kanjiroba Himal is rising, quiet as a cloud, on the northern blue. A claterynge of choughs, lilting along upon the air currents, delights me, and for want of a fresh way to let well-being overflow, I talk to Schaller rapturously about my boots, which are broken in at last and give me no end of honest pleasure. Mildly alarmed by my euphoria, he goes on rapidly, and, left to myself, I listen contentedly to the leather creak of my own boots and back harness, the steady thump of my faithful stave upon the mountain, feeling as indomitable as Padma Sambhava, who carried the dharma from India to Tibet.

To the north, high on the mountain's face, has come in view the village called Rohagaon. The track passes along beneath wild walnut trees. The last leaves are yellowed and stiff on the gaunt branches, and the nuts are fallen; the dry scratch and whisper of sere leaves bring on the vague melancholy of some other autumn, half-remembered. Cracked nutshells litter big flat stones along the path, and among the shells lie fresh feathers of a hoopoe, perhaps killed in the act of gleaning by the accipiter that darts out of the bush ahead and down over the void of the Suli River gorge. In a copse below Rohagaon, maple, sumac, locust, and wild grape evoke the woods of home, but the trees differ just enough from the familiar ones to make the wood seem dreamlike, a wildwood of children's tales, found again in golden autumn haze. The wildwood brings on mild homesickness, not for home or place but for lost innocence—the paradise lost that, as Proust said, is the only paradise. Childhood is full of mystery and promise, and perhaps the life fear comes when all the mysteries are laid open, when what we thought we wanted is attained. It is just at the moment of seeming fulfillment that we sense irrevocable betrayal. Confronted by the uncouth spectre of old age, disease, and death, we are thrown back upon the present, on this moment, here, right now, for that is all there is. And surely this is the paradise of children: that they are at rest in the present, like a frog or bird.

If Tarakot had a medieval air, one enters the Dark Ages in Rohagaon. The approaches to the place are guarded by *dhauliya* "protectors," crudely inscribed on big flat stones, and on the primitive entrance stupa (more like a huge cairn) has been laid an offering of marijuana. Neither Buddhist nor Hindu has completely displaced the old religions of this Thakuri folk, who heap up offerings of goat heads in their primitive temple to a mountain god called Masta. Brutal human effigies in wood protect the low stone huts, and half-wild curs rage at strangers from the rooftops; dead crows, hung from high poles in turnip gardens, feathers lifting in the October evening wind, are the archetypal scarecrows of mankind.

As we enter the village, the men stare stupidly as if transfixed, but the dour women soon resume their labors; one pounds millet with an outlandish wooden pestle, another bends beneath a crude wooden cask, which even in Tarakot had been replaced by the brass water urn. The women wear black cloth, the men dirt-colored remnant clothes of other cultures, the children rags; every face is masked in black—black even by the standards of this region, where ceaseless exposure to pine smoke, soot, and manure dust makes filth endemic. But for all their grime the children lack the cloddish grimness of their parents: rushing about as we set up tents, playing loud games for our benefit, they celebrate this moment of their life.

Rohagaon, on the mountainside, has a majestic prospect down the valley of the Suli River to the low snow peaks in the western reach of Dhaulagiri. Soon stars fill this southern sky, and at the sight of the moon rising the mongrels of Rohagaon go berserk. The moon reminds me that at home it will be Halloween, and I wonder if my son has carved a pumpkin. I lie sleepless, shouting hopelessly, as the exalted dog in the nearest dwelling, crazed by the pale tents in the moonlight, barks without cease from midnight until dawn, without the smallest loss of tone or volume.

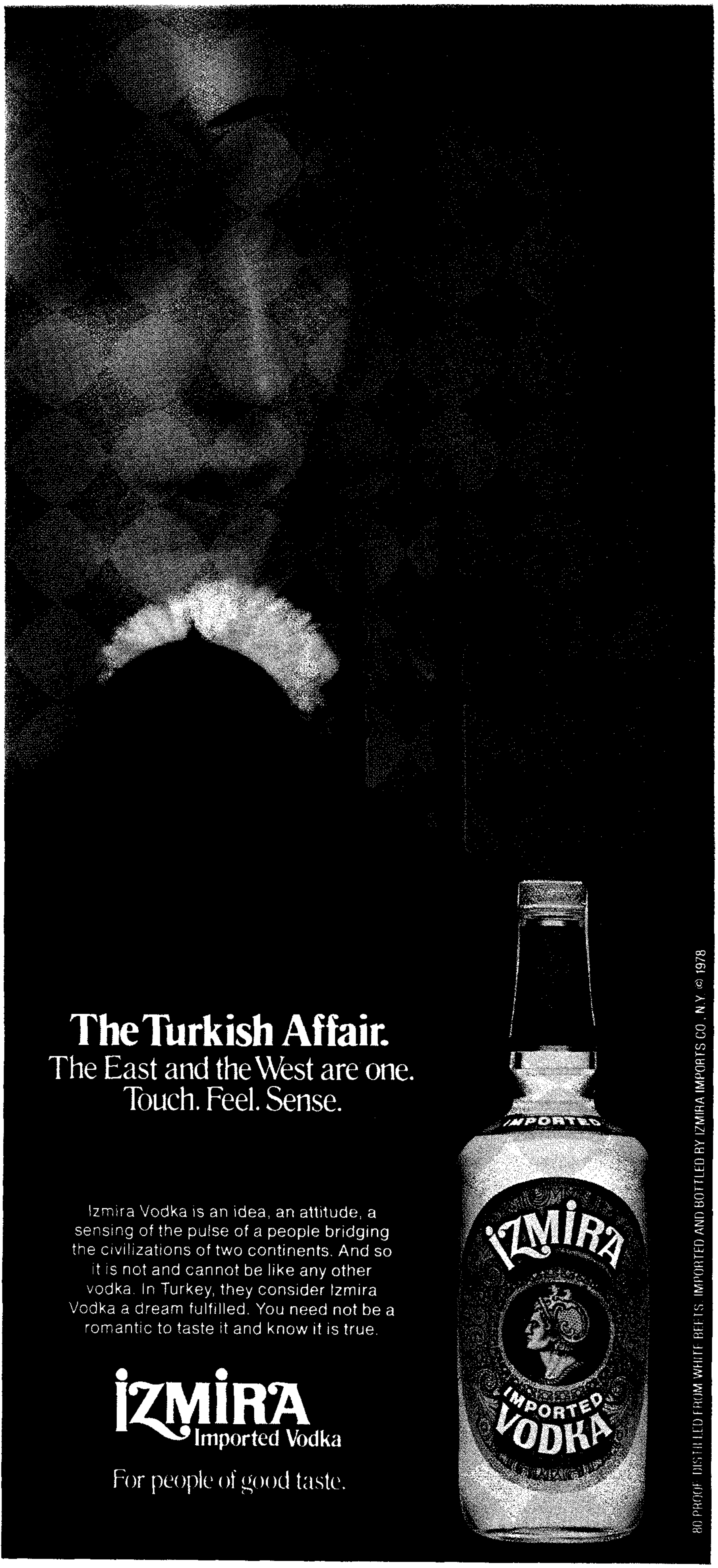
OCTOBER 22

AT dawn on the east side of a canyon, the ground is frozen, making a ringing sound under the stave, and ice slivers glimmer in brooks. In near darkness, we find a bear's nest in a hackberry—the first sign of the Asiatic black bear, called the moon bear. The bear will sit in the branches and bend them toward him as he feeds on the cherrylike fruits; the broken branches make a platform that the bear may then use as a bed. In a corner of this nest, a blue rock dove—the wild ancestor of the street pigeon—has late October young, as yet unfledged. We make a bear's breakfast of wild berries touched by frost.

Near a fork in the Suli River where a tributary stream flows down from the village at Pungmo, the deep forest across the torrent has been parted by avalanche, and on this brushy slope a dark shape jumps behind a boulder. The slope is in bright morning sun, but I glimpse the creature only for an instant. It is too big for a red panda, too covert for a hoofed animal, too dark for wolf or leopard, and much quicker than a bear. With binoculars, I stare for a long time at the mute boulder, feeling the presence of the unknown life behind it, but all is still; there is only the sun and morning mountainside, the pouring water.

All day I wonder about that quick dark shape that hid behind the rock, so wary of a half-seen figure on the far side of a rushing torrent; for I was alone, and could not have been heard, and was all but invisible in the forest shades. In the list of Himalayan mammals, moon bear and leopard seem the only choices, but no bear that I ever saw moved like this animal, and no leopard is a uniform dark red or brown. Could it have been a melanistic leopard—a "black panther"? But I have seen leopards many times in Africa, where the species is the same; in rough terrain of brush and boulders, the leopard is much less apt to spring for cover than to crouch, flatten, and withdraw.

And so—though I do not dare suggest this to Schaller—it is hard to put away the thought of yeti. This forested



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ravine of the upper Suli River is comparable in altitude to the cloud forests of eastern Nepal that are thought to shelter the snowman. So far as I know, no yeti have been reported from west of the Kali Gandaki, but in reference to a creature as rare and wary as the yeti is presumed to be, this may only mean that these northwestern mountains are far less populous, far less explored.

At 10,800 feet, the canyon opens out into high valleys. A herd of the black shaggy oxen known as yak move down across a golden hillside of cut barley, preceded by a cold, thin tink of bells; in these mountains a faint bell is often a first sign of human presence. The lead animals, carrying packs, are decked out in red collars and bright tassels, and soon a man and wife come down the path in full Tibetan dress, the man in blanket, belted cloak, and baggy pants tucked into red wool boots tied around the calf, the woman in striped apron and black cloths.

From a settlement called Murwa, there is a steep climb through scrub juniper and deodar cedar to a ridge at 12,500 feet—the natural dam that holds Phoksumdo Lake among the snow peaks. I am some distance ahead of Schaller when a man on horseback, crossing the ridge, demands to know my destination. "Shey Gompa," I declare—the Crystal Monastery. "Shey!" he repeats doubtfully, looking behind him at the peaks to the northwest. He points toward the south and then at me. "Tarakot," I say, "Dhorpatan." Nodding, he repeats "Dhorpatan." Probably he is going there, and is glad to learn that we have got across the Jang Pass; I neglect to warn him that his pony will not make it.

A boy and girl appear among the cedars. In her basket is a cask of goat cheese, and also cheese wrapped in birch bark; she presents me with a bit, and I buy more, and out of the wind, on hot needles in the shelter of the evergreens, I eat it up, with half of a big raw radish from Rohagaon.

From the forest comes the sound of bells, and hooves dancing on the granite: a man in clean cloak and new wool boots canters up on a pony with silver trappings. This horseman, too, demands to know my destination, and he, too, frowns to learn that it is Shey. With a slashing movement of his hand across his throat, he indicates the depth of snow, then rides off in a jangle of bright bells.

Clouds loom on the mountains to the south; the cold wind nags me. Soon Schaller comes, having had the same

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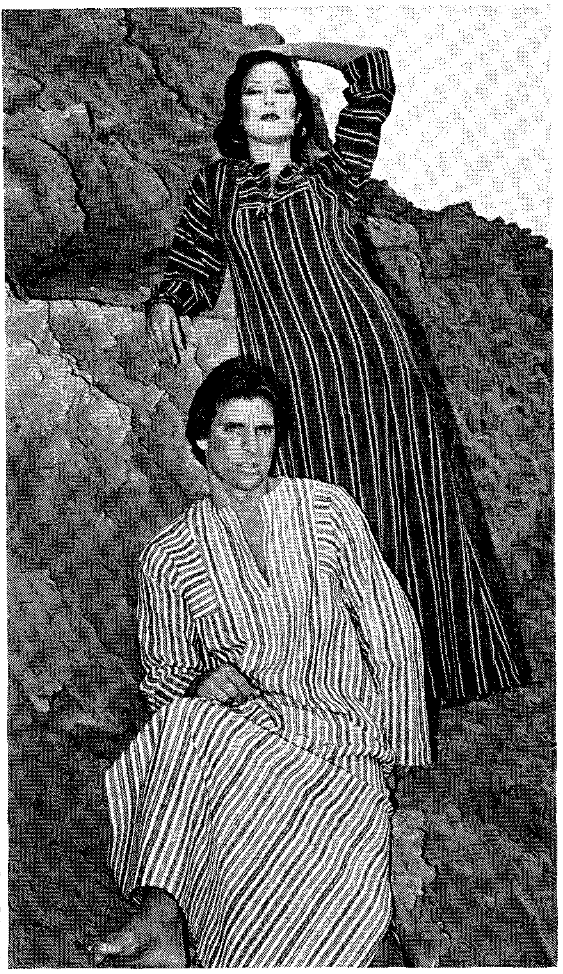
report: he fears we may have trouble getting in. I nod, though what concerns me more is getting out. The snow already fallen at the Kang Pass will not melt this late in the year; it can only deepen. To be trapped by blizzard on the far side of the Kang would be quite serious, since the food that remains cannot last more than two months.

Northward, the ridge opens out in a pine pasture at twelve thousand feet where a herd of yaks, like so many black rocks, lies grouped in the cold sun. The yak has been domesticated from wild herds that still occur in remote parts of Tibet. The female yak is called the nak. Among these yaks are some yak-cattle hybrids, known as dzo. On the shaggy coats, the long hairs shine, stirred by the wind; one beast chews slow cud. Manure smell and finch twitterings, blue sky and snow: facing the cold wind from the south, the great animals gaze down across the cliff to where the Bauli River, descending from Phoksumdo Lake, explodes from its narrow chute into two, then three broad waterfalls that gather again at the Murwa stream below. In the granite and evergreen beyond the yaks, a lake of turquoise blue glitters beneath the snow peaks of the Kanjiroba Himal. I walk down slowly through the silent pines.

On a street in Ringmo, a village at the east end of the lake, stands a tall figure in red cloak flung over a sheepskin vest that is black with grime; a lavender turban with tassels and once-colorful wool boots deck the extremities of this bandit, who hails me in a wolfish, leering way. Now pretty children run out, smiling, and a silent mastiff runs out, too, only to suffer a rude yank from its chain; it offers a lean canine smile of pain. Everyone in Ringmo smiles, and, keeping a sharp eye out, I smile, too. Among the raffish folk of Ringmo, dirt is worn like skin, and the children's faces are round crusts of sores and grime. Both sexes braid their long hair into pigtails and wear necklaces of beads and crude dark bits of turquoise, silver, and bone, as well as small amulet packets on old string around their necks. The dress here is essentially Tibetan—cloaks, aprons, belts, and red striped woollen boots with yak twine soles.

OCTOBER 23

THE Tamangs will turn back at Ringmo, for they are not equipped for the Kang Pass. A goat has been found, and some wooden flagons of *chang*, to celebrate our weeks togeth-



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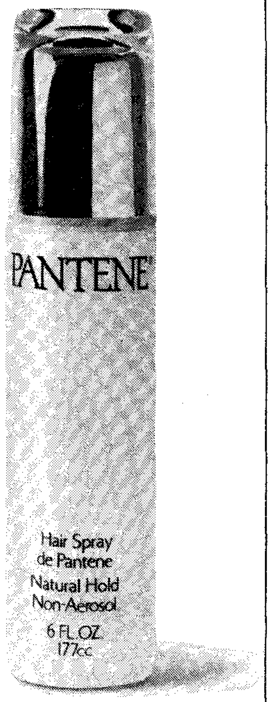

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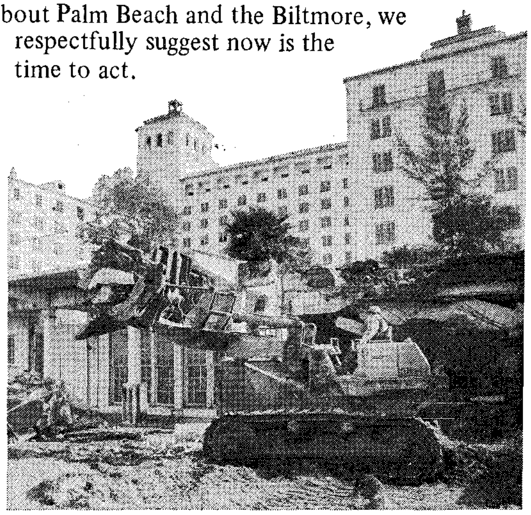

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er, and they butcher this billy goat with glee. The Sherpas don't participate in the taking of its life, but they will be happy to help eat it.

In the early afternoon, bearing away the goat's head and forequarters and five bellyfuls of *chang*, the Tamang porters cross the torrent and go chattering uphill, to vanish into the sunny pines; freed of their loads, they fairly dance. And though I smile to see the way they go, I feel a sinking of the spirit. Thukten is our sole remaining porter, and he will be paid henceforth as a Sherpa, as he is much too valuable to lose.

A wind out of the north is cold, but behind the high stone walls of the stock compound, where the tents are pitched, the sun is warm. Despite all the reports of heavy snow, we have decided against using yaks, which can plow through new snow up to their bellies but are soon immobilized by ice and crusts. And so Jangbu is organizing a new lot of porters, who are demanding twenty-five rupees a day. Already these noisy fellows lay the groundwork for malingering at the Kang Pass—"What will you pay us if we must turn back?" They say two days are needed to prepare food and patch their clothes, and one man has been all day in our compound, sewing hard gray wool from a spindle (much like the one used by the Hopi) into his calf-high woollen boots, and keeping a sharp eye on our gear the while.

OCTOBER 24

A COLD wind out of the north. I wash my head. Thukten and Gyaltsen leave today for Jumla, where they hope to obtain some rice and sugar and perhaps mail; if all goes well, they will join us at Shey about November 10th.

Yesterday, I wrote letters to send off with Thukten, and the writing depressed me, stirring up longings, and worries about the children, and bringing me down from the mountain high: the effort to find ordinary words for what I have seen in this extraordinary time seems to have dissipated a kind of power, and the loss of intensity is accompanied by loss of confidence and inner balance; my legs feel stiff and heavy, and I dread the narrow ledge around the west walls above Phoksumdo Lake that we must follow for two miles or more tomorrow. This ledge is visible from Ringmo, and even Schaller was taken aback by the first sight of it. "*That's* not something you'd want to do every day," he said. I also dread the snow in the high passes that

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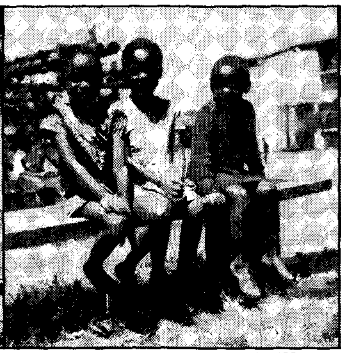
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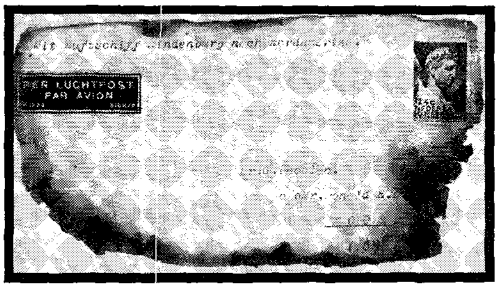

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might trap us in the treeless waste beyond. These fears just worsen matters, but there's no sense pretending that they are not there. It is one thing to climb remote mountains if one has done it all one's life; it is quite another to begin in middle age.

Why is death so much on my mind when I do not feel I am afraid of it—the dying, yes, especially in cold (hence the oppression brought by this north wind, down off the glaciers, and the cold chop on the cold lake), but not the state itself. And yet I cling—to what? What am I to make of these waves of timidity, this hope of continuity, when at other moments I feel free as the bharal on those heights, ready for wolf and snow leopard alike? I must be careful, it is true, for I have young children with no mother, and much work to finish; but are these honest reasons, past a point? Between clinging and letting go, I feel a terrific struggle. This is a fine chance to let go, to "win my life by losing it," which means not recklessness but acceptance—not passivity but non-attachment.

If given the chance to turn back, I would not take it. Therefore the decision to go ahead is my own responsibility, to be accepted with a whole heart. Or so I write here, in faint hope that the words may give me courage.

—PETER MATTHIESSEN

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

•

DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*From the Bangor* (*Maine*) *Daily News*]

LIMESTONE—"Traces" of ethylene glycol and propylene glycol discovered in Loring AFB drinking water samples Wednesday amounted to two-tenths of one percent, the 42nd Bomb Wing Information Office reported.

The discovery came after drinking water in the base housing area was reported to be murky Sunday and a consumption ban went into effect Monday.

The wing information officer, Capt. David McClure, said the chemicals were not classified medically as poisons, but added, "as with most chemicals, if taken in quantity they may have an adverse effect on your health."

•

For the price of about a movie seat you and your family can experience Broadway in Rye. Not amateur dinner theatre but *Jerry Jarrett who was Tevye on Broadway in Fiddler*. His reviews are fantastic! His evening of songs, stories and dramatic readings have been described as . . . absolutely suburb.—*Adv. in the Rye* (*N.Y.*) *Chronicle.*

And that's in Rye, you say?

THE THEATRE

AND SO TO BED

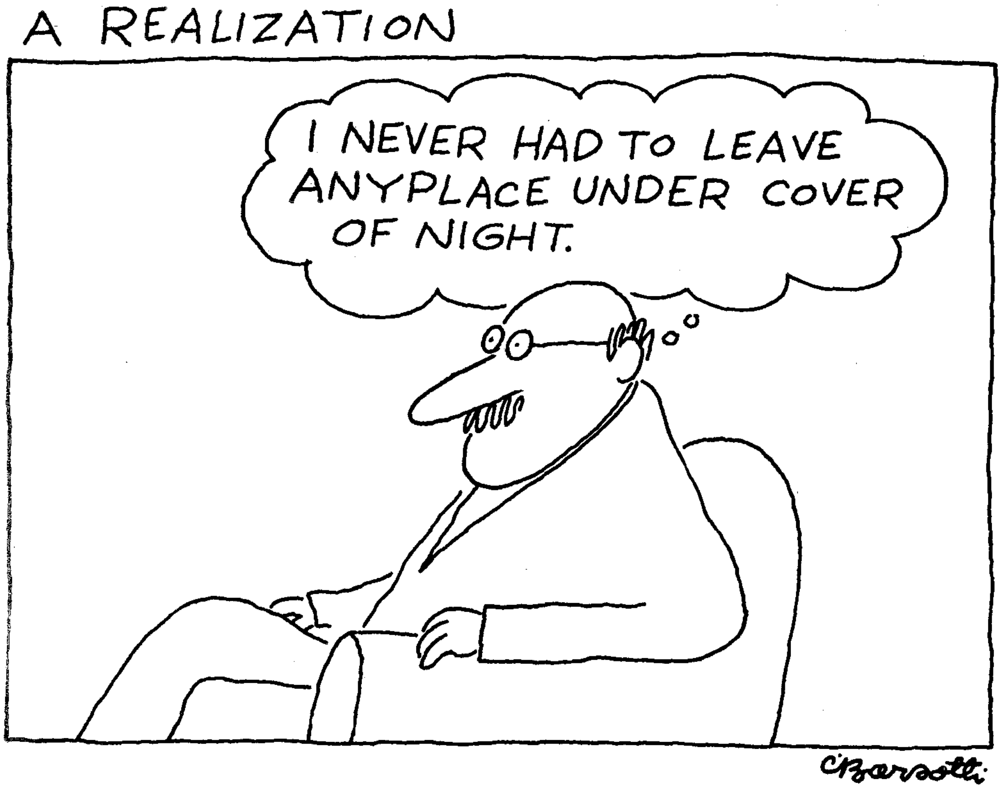
"13 RUE DE L'AMOUR," at the Circle in the Square, is an adaptation, by Mawby Green and Ed Feilbert, of a farce by Georges Feydeau, "Monsieur Chasse," which was a smash hit in Paris in the early nineties. Whether the play is capable of being a hit today cannot be deduced from the present production, which is remarkable chiefly for its incoherence. Farce need not be witty in content (that lofty task is the office of comedy), but it must have wit in its execution, and though one catches glimmers of this indispensable quality in the performance of Louis Jourdan, his colleagues have been so little able to follow his lead that they might just as well be busying themselves in a different play altogether, or, rather, in a number of different plays. For their acting styles (more accurately, their notions about acting—"styles" is too kind a word) are Heinz-like in variety, and the director, Basil Langton, has evidently been unable to coax half a dozen solo aberrations into a semblance of unity.

The play fails because it has been miscast; even the director appears to have been miscast. Mr. Langton is of British origin, and, among the more important members of the cast, so are Bernard Fox, Laurie Main, and Ian Trigger. They all play in a broad, huffing-and-puffing English-music-hall manner, using English accents, with the result that Mr. Jourdan, being authentically Parisian, strikes us as an outsider. As for the Americans in the cast—Patricia Elliott, Richard Pilcher, and Kathleen Freeman—they are doubly outsiders, being neither bluffly British nor suavely French. Somebody must have told Miss Elliott that in a French bedroom farce animation is everything; her face beams and goes dark at regular intervals throughout the evening, like a lighthouse on some dangerous coast, and from time to time, alarmingly, she romps. Mr. Pilcher is supposed to be a young student in Paris, making his first, tentative excursions into passionate love; with his blond, curly hair, contemporary spectacles, and high, somewhat nasal voice, he seems much more likely to be making his first, tentative excursions into certified public accountancy at C.U.N.Y. Miss Freeman takes the role of Madame Spritzer, a German matron of a certain age, fallen to the lowly post of concierge; *she* speaks with a mock-German accent that swats words as if they were flies.

Having been obliged to say so much in dispraise of "13 Rue de l'Amour," I am eager to add that Feydeau's intricate plot manages to survive most of the depredations that are made upon it. Nobody is cleverer than he at reducing urban middle-class adultery to a matter of doors flying open and shut; between the intention and the bed wait a succession of vestibules, closets, and dressing rooms, and even when one's horizontal Nirvana has been attained, threats and delays remain implicit in the very bedclothes. A warm and charming mise-en-scène is crucial to Feydeau and his ice-cold sexual chase, and this is precisely what the set designer, Zack Brown, has provided. The rosy, *fin-de-siècle* lighting is by John McLain.

"THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS," by Paul Zindel, is being given an uneasy revival at the Biltmore. It is a play that was much praised on its first appearance here, in 1970; today, it seems far too literary in its construction and too meagre in its emotions. I kept hearing in Mr. Zindel's lines echoes of several of his immediate predecessors in the theatre, and I felt, hearing them, that I was having exacted from me a secondhand response. His characters have been gathered up and made to react together within a certain context, but they appear to have little natural connection with one another; I could have believed in them more easily as isolated individuals than as members of a single troubled family.

Shelley Winters plays with ponderous dolor the role of the bitter mother, born to share the poison of her failed life with her two daughters; Carol Kane plays the wistful child who cherishes an ideal as remote and yet as seemingly plausible as the scientific experiment that she has so touchingly embarked upon and that provides the author with the singular title of his play; and Lori Shelle plays her aspiring little bitch of a sister. The setting, by Peter Harvey, is drearier and more


A REALIZATION
I NEVER HAD TO LEAVE ANYPLACE UNDER COVER OF NIGHT.
CBarsotti

crowded than it needed to be, and the grimly matter-of-fact direction is by A. J. Antoon. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

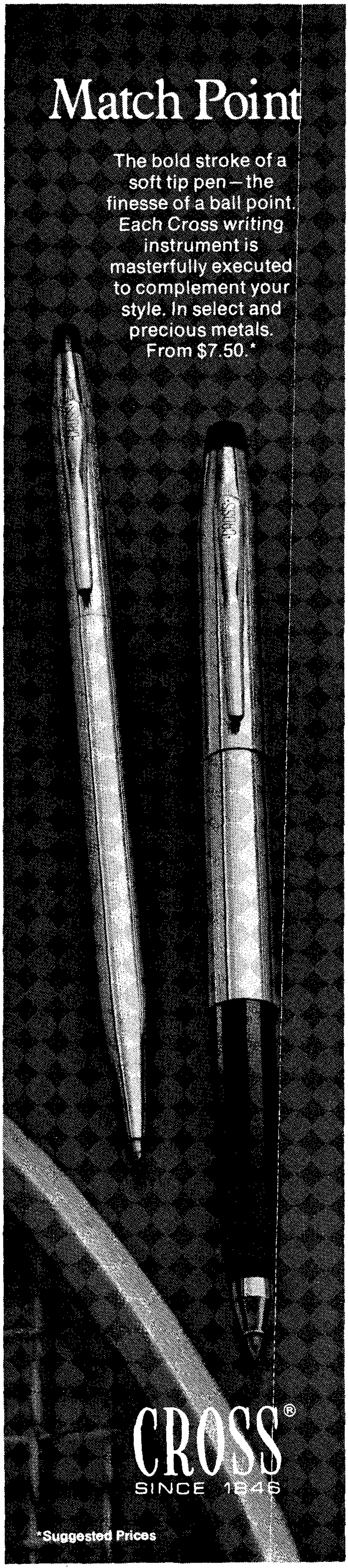
Foster-Father's Day

THE Da of "Da," Hugh Leonard's captivating comedy at the Hudson Guild (Off Off Broadway) through April 2nd, is the recently dead foster father of a middle-aged Irish playwright, known here simply as Charlie, who is now living in London. The action takes place in Charlie's memory, and since memory bypasses chronology, it shuttles back and forth in time. The actual setting is the house in Ireland where Charlie grew up, and various places around it as they crop up in Charlie's recollection. At the opening, Charlie, wearing a trenchcoat with a wide black armband around one sleeve, is seated at a kitchen table tearing up and burning a rat's nest of his father's papers. There is a knock at the door, and he opens it to admit a boyhood friend, now grown stiff and prissy. There is some reminiscence of the old days and an apology from the friend for not attending Da's funeral. At this point, enter the deceased—outraged, and lamenting that his grave is too narrow to turn in—who has clearly come to stay. Charlie reminds him that he is dead, tells him to "get out of my head," but Da has no sense of intruding; his assumption that he is welcome at all times, in life and in death, is his most endearing (or, alternatively, most enraging) quality. When Charlie, back in his teens, is about to lose his virginity and is making some headway with a young woman called the Yellow Peril, Da joins them on a park bench, and, chatting with the girl about herself and her family, transforms her from a tart into a human being—and therefore impossible for the nervous young man's purposes. But when, years earlier, Charlie, as a little boy, admits he is terrified that his real mother, who abandoned him as a baby, will return and snatch him away from his foster home, it is Da of the quick mind and agile tongue who reassures him permanently. Da—charming, exasperating, staunch, stubborn, once in a while pathetic, but almost always humorous—is quite a fellow to write a play about, and Mr. Leonard has written a fine play about him.

The play could have become just one more sentimental, whimsical Irish comedy were it not for Mr. Leonard's ability and the depth and pressure of his feeling—his love for Da (with the usual measure of guilt) and, above all, his appreciation of him; his not unsympathetic dislike of Charlie's foster mother, a self-righteous, conventional, bossy, stupid woman; his amusement at the timid, priggish boyhood friend; his anger at the rigid solicitor whom Charlie served as a clerk for thirteen years; and his true hatred for the Protestant woman whose family employed Da as a gardener for over fifty years and then retired him with a bonus of twenty-five pounds, a miserable annual pension, and, as a memento, an atrocity made of spectacles welded together in the San Francisco fire of 1906. (Even here, Mr. Leonard's humor saves the day.) That "Da" is autobiographical—or, more exactly, fiction based on fact—we learn from Sheridan Morley's admirable article on Hugh Leonard, which is clipped to the program.

The production, under Melvin Bernhardt's direction, is as good as any I've seen privately or professionally this year. Brian Murray is an ideal choice for Charlie. A flexible, resilient actor, of impressive intelligence—the leading man of last season's "Ashes"—he is here the eloquent spokesman for the dramatist's considerable emotion and dry, distinguished wit. Barnard Hughes portrays Da, in all his complexity, with the zest and relish he brought to Dogberry in "Much Ado" a while back, and with much more besides. Paul Rudd, oddly cast as the prudish friend, is totally believable in the role, and there are admirable performances as well by Sylvia O'Brien (foster mother), Richard Seer (young Charlie), Mia Dillon (Yellow Peril), Lester Rawlins (solicitor), and Lois de Banzie (Da's hateful employer). Extremely good sets, costumes, and lighting by Marjorie Kellogg, Jennifer von Mayrhauser, and Arden Fingerhut, respectively.

RICHARD NELSON'S "Conjuring an Event," at the American Place through April 2nd, is the kind of play that is often damned by being called interesting, which it happens not to be. The dramatist, at this early moment in his career, seems as addled by words—and there is no denying his aptitude for them, or for humor of a sort, or for stage effects—as his hero is. The hero is an overwrought reporter whose ambition is to break the boundaries of traditional journalism and the New Journalism by becoming a participant and—by magic, if need be—actually creating an event; he is no longer satisfied with just recording what he sees and hears, and is willing to sacrifice himself in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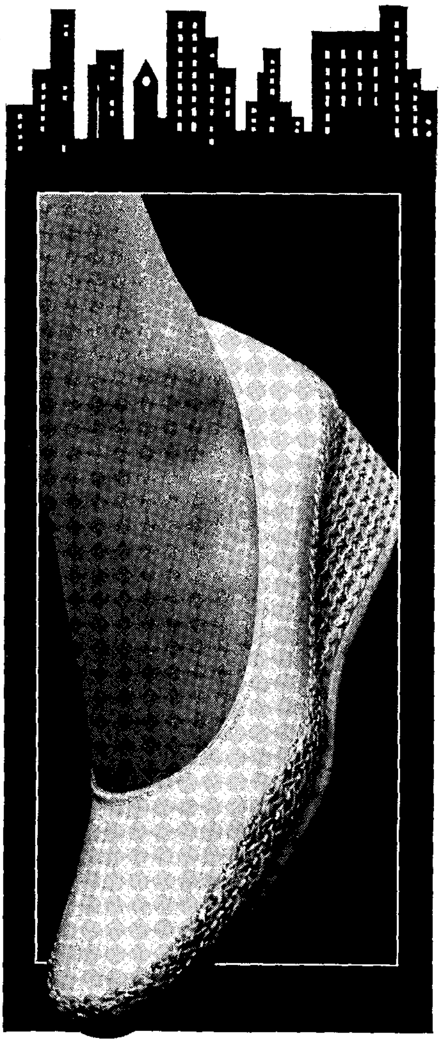
order to encompass within himself every current American phenomenon. He ends up bleeding down his front (from what cause I could not determine), with his arms in the air in the classic prizefight-victor pose. He starts out, though, blindfolded and seated at a table in a literary club and—in order to sharpen his perceptions—sniffing and trying (in vain) to guess what it is he is smelling. Much as I hate to give these secrets away, it is salt. His girl and his brother try to cajole him, to persuade him to slow down, but he brushes them off. They wind up dead, right before our eyes (but how or why I could not determine). The second act is mostly fantasy (bangs and flash fires onstage, crowd noises off), in which an old editor in the guise of a coach eggs him on to some mysterious victory.

For all "Conjuring" 's abrupt activity, it seems secondhand. For one thing, this final-curtain bleeding is becoming as common as the maid with a feather duster used to be. And once again we are swamped by those damnable monologues—plus, in this instance, lists, lists, lists. (Mr. Nelson, on the evidence, could be considered an Inventory Dramatist.) There are lists of the Algonquin Round Table personnel, of journalists and New Journalists, of the contents of a kitchen cabinet, of literary clichés, among other clichés: Ring Lardner and Hecht and MacArthur and James Reston and Woodward and Bernstein and Norman Mailer and Evan Hunter and the Beatles and Mick Jagger and Beverly Sills and a can opener and a potato and canned soup and energy and angle and muscle and zing. And "You're romance, you're the steppes of Russia, you're the pants on a Roxy usher . . . you're the melody from a symphony by Strauss, you're a Bendel bonnet, a Shakespeare sonnet, you're Mickey Mouse!" I couldn't, and still can't, make out where the author stands on all this; if the show is meant to be a parody of theatrical conventions it is nonetheless tiresome, since he does nothing but tick them off. According to a program note, Mr. Nelson has already written a number of plays and has other productions still to come. Time will tell.

Under Douglas C. Wager's direction, the action goes well. I admired Dan Hedaya as the hero's loyal, worried brother; Sigourney Weaver as his sob-sister girlfriend ("ain't"s and dropped final "g"s); and MacIntyre Dixon and Frank Hamilton in other parts. Michael Cristofer, as the hero, is required to behave so peculiarly that it is hard to appraise his performance. Set by David Lloyd Gropman, cos-



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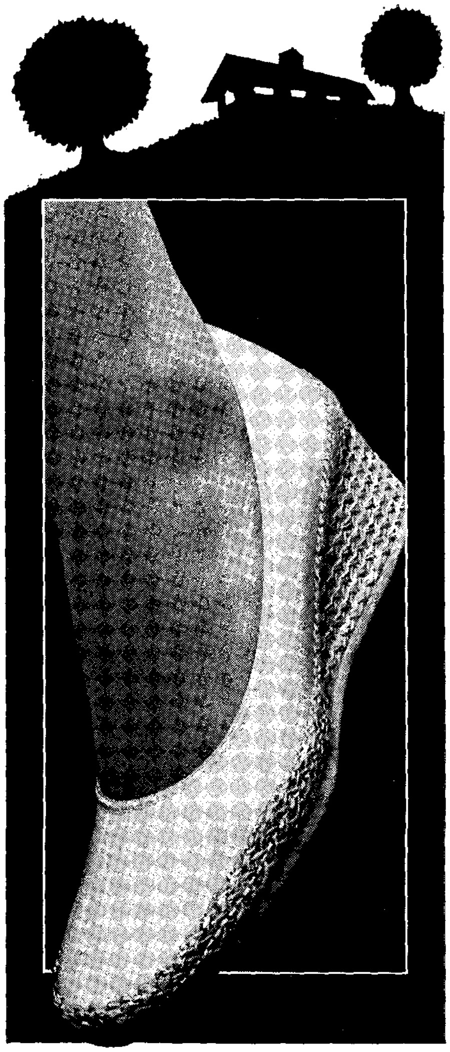

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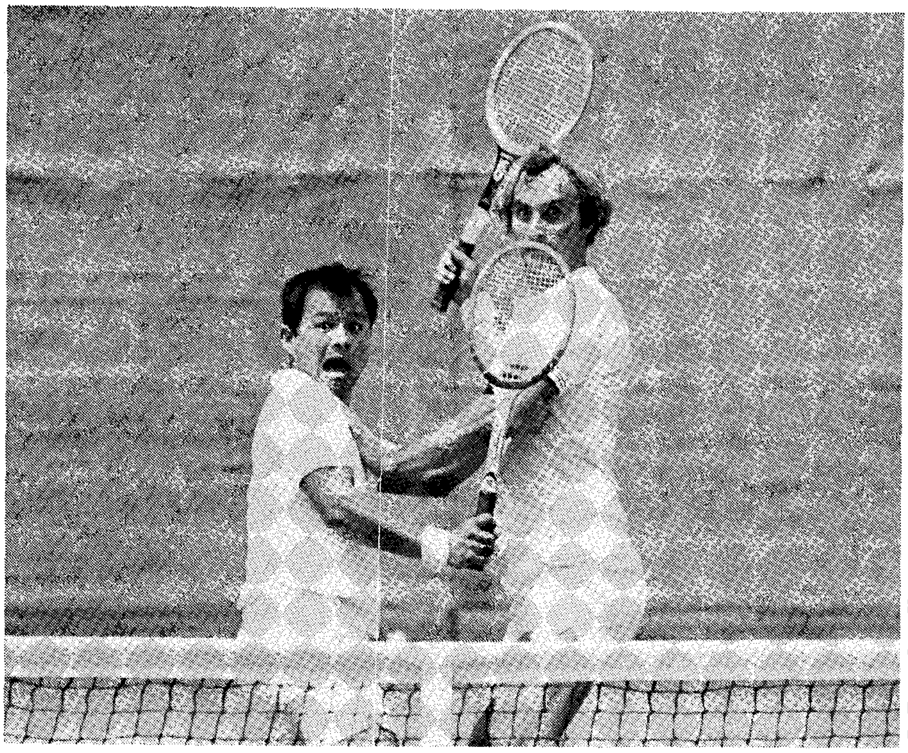

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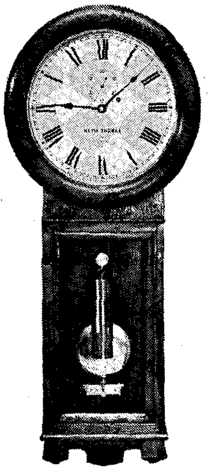

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tumes by William Ivey Long, lighting by Paul Gallo.

THE joys of the revivals at the little Equity Library Theatre—especially of the musical revivals—have been described year in, year out in this department. "Gay Divorce," with no one in it you've ever heard of (so far, that is), which will run there through March 26th, surpasses most of its predecessors. A sprinkling of Cole Porter's songs from his other shows has been interpolated into this one—notably "My Cozy Little Corner in the Ritz" ("Hitchy-Koo of 1919") and "Pets" (cut from "Let's Face It," of 1941) —and they enhance the original score, which, of course, includes "Night and Day" and "After You, Who?" The production, under Robert Brink's direction, is invariably bright and right, and the choral singing reflects much credit upon Donald Jones, the musical arranger and director, as the seemingly effortless dancing does upon Helen Butleroff, the choreographer. As for the individual performances, Richard Sabellico and Sarilee Kahn bravely take on and do the best they can with roles written for Fred Astaire and Claire Luce; Joseph Billone does an entertaining impersonation of Erik Rhodes, as Tonetti, the professional corespondent; and Cynthia Meryl is appropriately catty as the ingenuous ingénue's worldly companion. Best of all, though, is Leonard Drum, in the Eric Blore role of a headwaiter; deadpan, and as unlike Eric Blore as one can imagine, he seems to hold the show together by the authority of his characterization, his adept comedy, and his sheer professionalism. The accompaniment, on two pianos, by Mr. Jones and Eric Stern, more than makes do for a full orchestra. As is usual at the Equity Library, the intermission pitch for funds is a high point of the evening. This one—a medley of Porter tunes, with new, apt lyrics—is better than ever. In short, no complaints, and even a word of gratitude for the restoration of "gay" to its rightful, irreplaceable meaning (through March 26th). I'd recommend the show even more strongly if there were a chance of your getting a ticket. There isn't.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

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—*Headline in the Schenectady Gazette.*

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U.S. JOURNAL: BAYOU LA BATRE, ALABAMA

CONCERNED CITIZENS

THE notion of the Moonies invading Bayou La Batre strikes some people in Mobile as nearly comical. Folks in Bayou La Batre, it is said, don't even like strangers, let alone Moonies. Bayou La Batre is a fishing and boatbuilding town of about twenty-five hundred people, on the southern tip of Alabama—down in the bayous, just a few miles over the state line from the Gulf Coast of Mississippi. Mobile is just twenty miles to the north, at the top of Mobile Bay, but in Mobile people customarily speak of Bayou La Batre as remote—a clannish, independent sort of place that provides the area not just with shrimp but with folklore. In Mobile, the mention of Bayou La Batre—a mention that often sounds something like "buy-low battree"—conjures up stories of stubborn Cajun shrimpers and some friends of shrimpers with names like French Evelyn and Clam Pile Annie. Bayou La Batre is thought of as a place where a lot of people are related to a lot of other people, none of whom bother to move inland as a hurricane approaches. Bosarge, the name of the Frenchman who founded the town at the end of the eighteenth century, still accounts for a couple of columns in the Bayou La Batre telephone directory. The town is no longer French or even predominantly Catholic, but its Baptists and Methodists are as likely as its Cajuns to be people who have a strong attachment to salt water—people who were born right there and who tend to drift along the Gulf to Mississippi or Louisiana if they have to leave and who eventually come home to stay. Bayou La Batrians don't deny that their town is full of cousins and cousins of cousins, but they claim that everyone used to be friendly as could be to strangers—to the people who came every July for the blessing of the fishing fleet, for instance, or to the tourists who sometimes drove over from the beach at Dauphin Island to take pictures of the shrimp boats docked along Big Bayou, which cuts right through town. What changed the custom of giving any stranger a cheerful hello, the townspeople say, was the discovery last December that International Oceanic Enterprises and U.S. Marine, the corporations involved in purchasing a seven-hundred-acre tract of land at the mouth of Big Bayou, were connected to the Unification Church, led by Sun Myung Moon. Some newcomers who happened to rent a house on the main street after that found it necessary to post a sign in the front yard saying "TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: WE ARE NOT MOONIES."

When the land sale was announced, a lot of people in Bayou La Batre did not know what a Moonie was. The closest that members of the Unification Church had come to Bayou La Batre was Mobile, where, in a rather characteristic Moonie brush with the law, a Unification Church candy peddler was accused of having falsely claimed to be raising money for the Mobile County Youth Center—the citizen complaining that he had been approached with that story being a circuit judge who happens to be in charge of the Mobile County Youth Center. These days, though, very little time is required for anyone to learn enough about the Unification Church to be dismayed at its approach. Half a dozen organizations—made up mainly of parents whose children have become Moonie converts—stand prepared to furnish anti-Moonie literature or even anti-Moonie speakers. Before long, just about everyone in Bayou La Batre knew about glassy-eyed converts and relentless brainwashers and federal investigations and the lavish mansions of Sun Myung Moon. Richard (Pud) Gazzier, a shrimper who has been concerned about the Moonie influx, recently summed up all of the articles and books he has read on the Moonies in a sentence: "I can't find one that says anything even halfway decent about them."

The officers of International Oceanic Enterprises and U.S. Marine who came to Alabama in December for the official announcement of the land purchase, Bo Hi Pak and Michael Runyon, had said that what was to be established in Bayou La Batre was simply a business enterprise—a boatyard and then perhaps a seafood-processing operation and eventually, if everything went as planned, a sort of research and vocational-training academy. Runyon and

"Look! I happen to be *very* busy. Do you mind?"

WHEN & WHERE

Chateaux & Gardens of Europe Cruise—30 Days, 8 Ports; Departs Norfolk May 1st, Returns Norfolk May 31st. Departs New York May 2nd, Returns New York June 1st. Ports of call: Funchal, Lisbon (for Sintra, Estoril), La Coruna (for Santiago de Compostela), Bordeaux (for Wine and Chateaux Country), La Pallice (for Cognac), Le Havre (for Paris, Mont St. Michel, Normandy Countryside), Tilbury (for London), Plymouth (for Devon, Cornwall).*

Spring Cruise To The British Isles—27 Days, 8 Ports; Departs Norfolk May 31st, Returns New York June 27th. 25 Days, 8 Ports; Departs New York June 2nd. Ports of call: Cobh (for Dublin, Killarney, Cork), Avonmouth (for Stratford, Bath, Wells, Chester), Holyhead (for Caernarvon), Douglas, Inverary (for Lochs and Highlands), Stornoway, Invergordon (for Inverness, Edinburgh, Loch Ness), Tilbury (for London).*

North Cape Cruise—42 Days, 17 Ports; Departs New York June 28th, Returns New York Aug. 9th. Ports of call: Reykjavik, Surtsey Island (passing), Bird Rock (passing), Honningsvaag (North Cape), Mageroysundet (passing), Hammerfest, Soroysundet (passing), Lofoten Islands (passing), Svartisen Glacier (passing), Holandsfjord (passing), Trondheim, Andalsnes, Hellesylt, Geiranger, Bergen, Oslo, Copenhagen, Kerteminde (for Odense), Gudhjem, Helsinki, Leningrad (for Moscow), Kiel Canal (transit), Hamburg (for Berlin), Amsterdam (for Rotterdam; also Ghent, Bruges-Belgium), Le Havre (for Paris, Mont. St. Michel, Normandy Countryside).*

Mediterranean Cruise—42 Days, 11 Ports; Departs New York Sept. 8th, Returns Port Everglades Oct. 20th. 40 Days, 11 Ports; Departs Port Everglades Sept. 10th, Returns Port Everglades Oct. 20th.*

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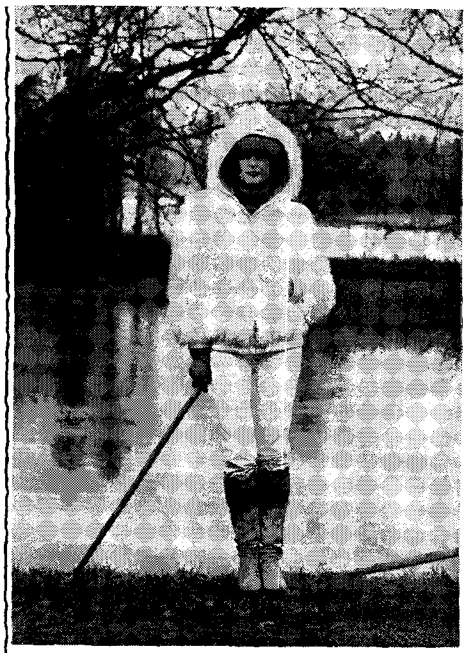
Pak even said, in answer to questions by the local press, that the only connection their businesses had with the Unification Church was that they happened to be members, the way some businessmen are Catholics or Baptists. That explanation of the extent of Unification Church involvement was treated in Bayou La Batre with a suspicion that turned out to have been appropriate: In February, after a couple of months of denials and evasions, it was finally admitted that both of the corporations were owned by one division or another of the Unification Church.

Even if residents of Bayou La Batre had any reason to believe Runyon, his assurance that the project was strictly commercial rather than evangelical would not have eliminated objections to it. There was talk that a huge new fishing and boatbuilding enterprise would unbalance the Bayou La Batre economy. There was talk of unfair competition by a corporation that might use what amounted to unpaid labor—the same eerily polite young people who sell candy and flowers and then turn all proceeds over to the church. (Some time ago, an article in *The Real Paper*, of Boston, raised the intriguing possibility that the Moonie carpet-cleaning company may have saved enough on free labor to win contracts for cleaning the offices of the same federal agencies that have it under investigation.) There was talk that the land in question was irreplaceable wetland, not to speak of its being the site of some battlement remains that might be central to the history of the state. There was talk about how any large influx of outsiders could result in a political takeover of the town—J. A. (Gussie) Wintzell, who has been mayor ever since Bayou La Batre was incorporated, in 1955, having won his most recent election by drawing only four hundred and fifteen votes. Most of all, there was talk of the fearsome damage that Moonies—even Moonies who came initially to build boats or catch flounder—could do to the young people of Bayou La Batre. At the first city-council meeting after the land was purchased, the council chamber was jammed with residents who had come to see what they could do about what the minutes of the meeting later described as "the cult aspects of the particular land-sale transaction."

"What they haven't done yet," a Bayou La Batre resident said a couple of months later, "they just haven't thought of." He was referring specifically to a group called Concerned Citizens of the South, Inc., which was



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formed at that first city-council meeting just after the council unanimously adopted a resolution stating that it did not welcome "the possible influx of the cult known as the Unification Church." As demanded by a C.C.S. petition, the city council at a later meeting voted unanimously that the part of the land that lay within the city limits would be zoned residential. When it was later pointed out that the required public meeting had not been held before the zoning vote, the council held a public meeting and then zoned the land residential again. At a C.C.S. rally that drew a thousand people, one local minister warned against Moon's "satanic power," and the local state representative said, "I see in Reverend Moon the Devil." In the sort of ecumenism that is ordinarily displayed in Bayou La Batre only at the annual blessing of the fishing boats, local clergymen from just about all denominations began denouncing Moon. The First Baptist Church of Bayou La Batre officially declared him to be an Antichrist. There was a lot of talk about boycott—not just boycott of the Moon operation but boycott of the real-estate firm that handled the deal and boycott of the local newspaper if it did not editorialize in support of C.C.S. At the site itself—where roads were already being built—pickets appeared from a C.C.S. auxiliary called Concerned Mothers of the South. Eight weeks after the purchase was announced, International Oceanic and U.S. Marine filed an action in federal district court to have the zoning decision reversed and any harrassment of their operations ended—claiming not merely religious persecution but restraint of trade.

MOST of the magazine articles that the Concerned Citizens of the South make available to educate the public about methods Moonies use to brainwash the young are dated 1976. These days, apparently, the Unification Church hardly attracts enough converts to keep pace with the backsliders; by some estimates, it now has only a few thousand American members, along with many million American dollars. Even in 1976, the young people of Bayou La Batre would not have constituted an ideal target for Moonie proselytism. Cults like the Unification Church have had most of their success among well-educated young people from middle-class urban or suburban backgrounds—young people customarily described as idealists who are searching for a cause or trying to escape the

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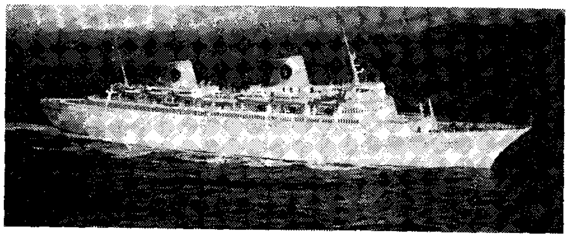

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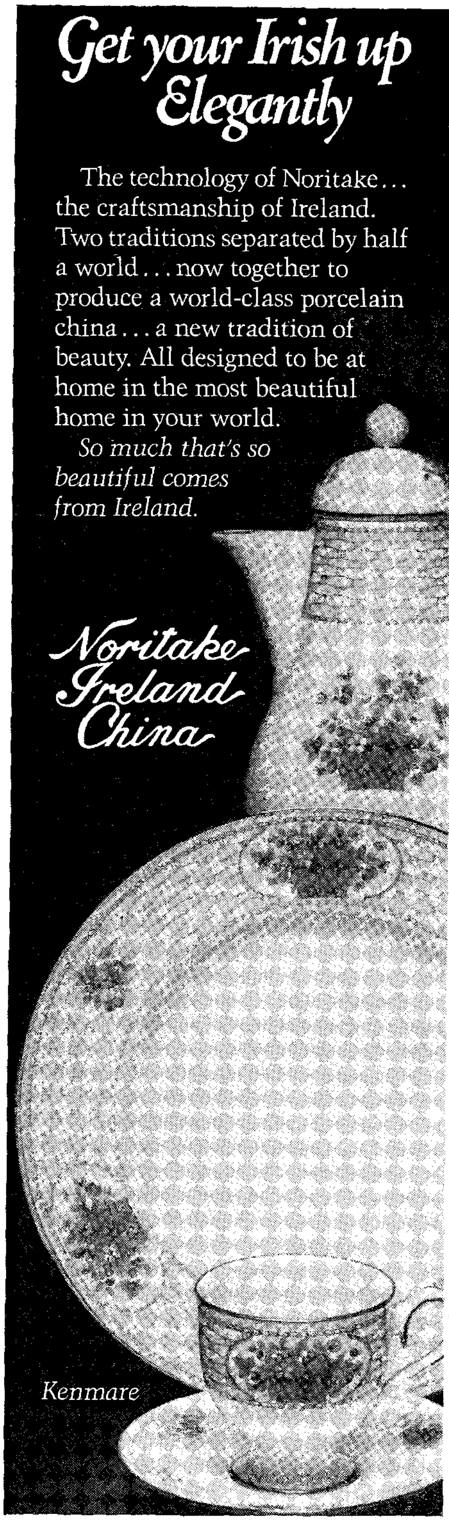

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relativism of their parents. What a lot of Bayou La Batre young people try to escape is the last year or two of high school—the temptation to make adult wages by going to sea for two or three weeks at a time on a shrimp boat being too much for a lot of sixteen-year-old boys with strong backs. There are people in Bayou La Batre who themselves see some comical aspects in what a Moon salesman might be up against if he tried to brainwash the local youth. "I hear they control the young people," one resident is reported to have said to a friend not long ago. "I wish they'd hurry on in here, 'cause I got four boys I can't do anything with."

Commercially, Bayou La Batre is considerably more tempting. Working on a shrimp boat for a share of the take is still such a common way to make a living in Bayou La Batre that "share" is used as a verb interchangeably with "earn"—so that someone can be said to have "shared twenty thousand dollars last year." In the past few seasons, the catch of shrimp and oysters and crab and flounder has been so good that a number of people have shared twenty thousand dollars. The fish-processing plants and net lofts and trawl-board shops and marine-supply companies—all locally owned—have been doing well, and boatbuilding has emerged as a major part of the economy. Five years ago, there were four boatyards in Bayou La Batre; today there are at least a dozen. The increase came partly because successful shrimpers wanted new and more luxurious boats—some of which now cost as much as three hundred thousand dollars. There were a number of other factors that raised the demand for shrimp boats, including a tax law that encouraged a lot of doctors and dentists and lawyers from inland cities to take a fling at the shrimp-catching business. (According to the talk in Bayou La Batre, most of the outside professional men have had to go back to sheltering their money in cattle ranches or tomato cans, because they finally realized that shrimpers working for an owner who knows more about orthodontics than shrimping are tempted to drop off a good part of the catch for cash in Louisiana on the way back to home port—a custom known as "cabin-sharing" or "shacking.") The steel-hulled shrimp boats made in Bayou La Batre began to acquire a reputation around the country and even abroad—a phenomenon that caused a lot of locals to decide rather suddenly that boatbuilding was their calling. ("People around here are building boats now in their back yards.") Like the processing plants, the boatyards tend to be businesses run by a family—a wife keeping the books, a couple of cousins out in the yard—but some of them, like some of the processing plants, have become rather large businesses run by a family. It is said that Bayou La Batre, which is often referred to as "a sleepy fishing village," now has a number of millionaires.

The men who have dominated Concerned Citizens of the South are among those in Bayou La Batre who have prospered during the past few years in the boatbuilding business. There are people in Bayou La Batre who say—not in public meetings but in as many private conversations as they can manage—that the anti-Moonie forces' being led by prominent boatbuilders is no accident. Bayou La Batre is not the sort of place where a man's motives are above suspicion just because he happens to be your wife's second cousin. It is said by some in Bayou La Batre that what is likely to frighten a successful boatbuilder about the Moonies is not that they might steal away his children with promises of a heavenly community right here on earth but that they might steal away his welders with promises of an extra fifty cents an hour. Publicly, there have been speeches about the possibility that the Moonies could bring in a commune or even some sort of utopian village; privately, there has been some whispering about the possibility that the large operation the Moonies have in mind could bring in a union. A shrimper in Bayou La Batre may react to mention of mind control by threatening to pulverize any Moonies he runs across, but he may also describe some of the arguments processors make to fishermen about price and the sharing system by saying, "Talk about brainwashing!" In Bayou La Batre, a workingman is likely to say that Bayou La Batrians are uneducated and easily bamboozled, but he is also likely to display as much suspicion of his neighbor as of any stranger and to illustrate his suspicion with some highly educated guesses about motives. "I don't think it's anything but these big boys there," a fisherman in Bayou La Batre said recently in explaining the Moonie controversy. "They got people stirred up. They couldn't figure out how to do it but religion. They're just afraid of competition. Yes, it's the boys, I'll guarantee you. It's the only thing it could be."

THE businessmen involved in Concerned Citizens of the South have acknowledged from the start that part of their concern about the Moonies was economic. They have said that a business using what amounts to free labor constitutes unfair competition. They have openly resented the fact that the Unification Church can through street solicitations amass, tax-free, capital that a private businessman would have to pay for, if he could find a lender to provide it. Independent businessmen anywhere in America tend to fear "deep-pocket capital"—the kind of capital that makes it possible to offer two million dollars cash for a tract of land in Bayou La Batre, the kind of capital that allows a business to take losses for a few years if necessary—no matter what its source. At a city-council meeting, one of the C.C.S. boatbuilders, Clarence (Sonny) Sprinkle, defined the problem by saying of the Moonies, "They've got more money than everyone in Bayou La Batre's got."

Presumably as a way of calling attention to the economic interests of C.C.S. leaders, the complaint in federal court named as defendants not just city officials but also four C.C.S. boatyard operators and their businesses. For the boatbuilders, the result has been what a civil-liberties lawyer might describe as "a chilling effect" on their freedom of speech. About their only defense against the implication that they have been leading the anti-Moon crusade for self-serving economic reasons is an attack that the Unification Church's lawyers would presumably use as evidence of religious bigotry.

If the Concerned Citizens of the South are bigots, though, what does that make the spokesmen of the National Council of Churches and the American Jewish Committee and the Catholic Archdiocese of New York, all of whom have denounced the Unification Church as "anti-Jewish, anti-Christian, and anti-democratic"? Pud Gazzier is not the only person who has ever read through everything available about Moonies without finding anything halfway good about them. Bo Hi Pak, of International Oceanic Enterprises, is indeed the former Korean military attaché who was implicated in the Diplomat Bank scandal in Washington and is regularly accused of having connections with the

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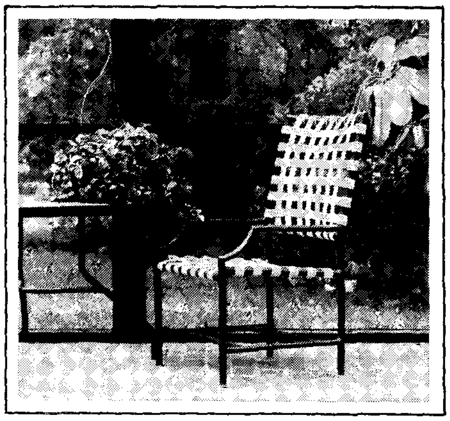

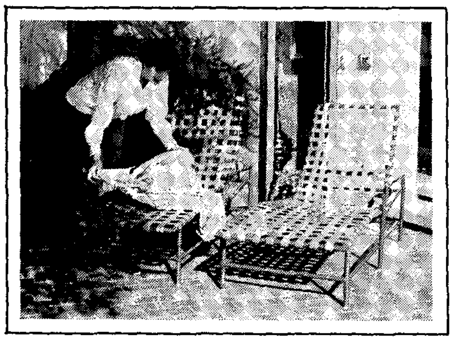

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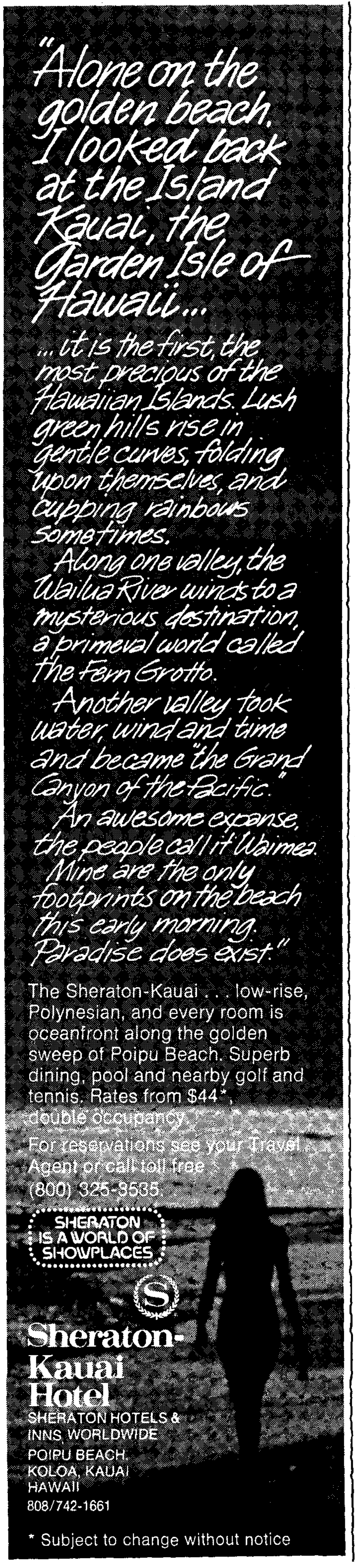

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Korean C.I.A. and Tongsun Park. Sun Myung Moon does indeed have a couple of mansions and an unsavory past and a habit of saying that he will someday rule the world. Is it necessary for someone to have economic motives in order to decide that the Unification Church people are the sort of people he would just as soon not have in town? Unification Church leaders, of course, have said that the Bayou La Batre enterprise is simply a business that happens to be owned by the church. But, then, they are the same people who once said that it was a business not owned by the church. If those who lead the Concerned Citizens of the South really are self-serving vigilantes, in other words, could it be that they are self-serving vigilantes who also happen to be right?

Right or wrong, they seem to have been outmaneuvered by the Unification Church. So far, the Moonies have prevailed in federal court. The Bayou La Batre city council seems to have lost the zeal for battle (and for paying legal fees) which the Concerned Citizens of the South believe is appropriate. There is now some muttering among C.C.S. activists that city officials whose businesses would be suppliers rather than competitors for any new seafood operation may be acting in their own economic interests—or may even have made some private accommodation with the Devil. While the argument about the Moonies' starting a business in Bayou La Batre was going on, a Moonie corporation closed a deal to buy a business that was already in operation—one of the town's pioneer boatbuilding operations. The employees have remained to work for the new owner—their loyalty helped along by an across-the-board pay raise—and Moonies have been imported to clean up the area for expansion. "It looks like a park down there," a nearby boatyard owner says sourly. Those people in Bayou La Batre who see some comical aspects to the Moonie controversy now contemplate the possibility that the Moonies will use the boatyard as their commercial enterprise and use the undeveloped tract for the commune or settlement that everybody most feared. It has, after all, been zoned residential.

—CALVIN TRILLIN

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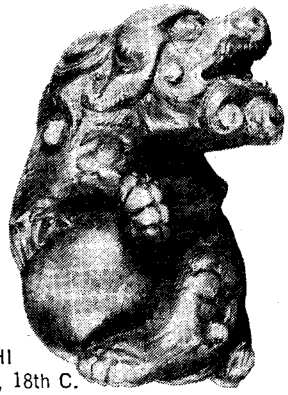

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MUSICAL EVENTS

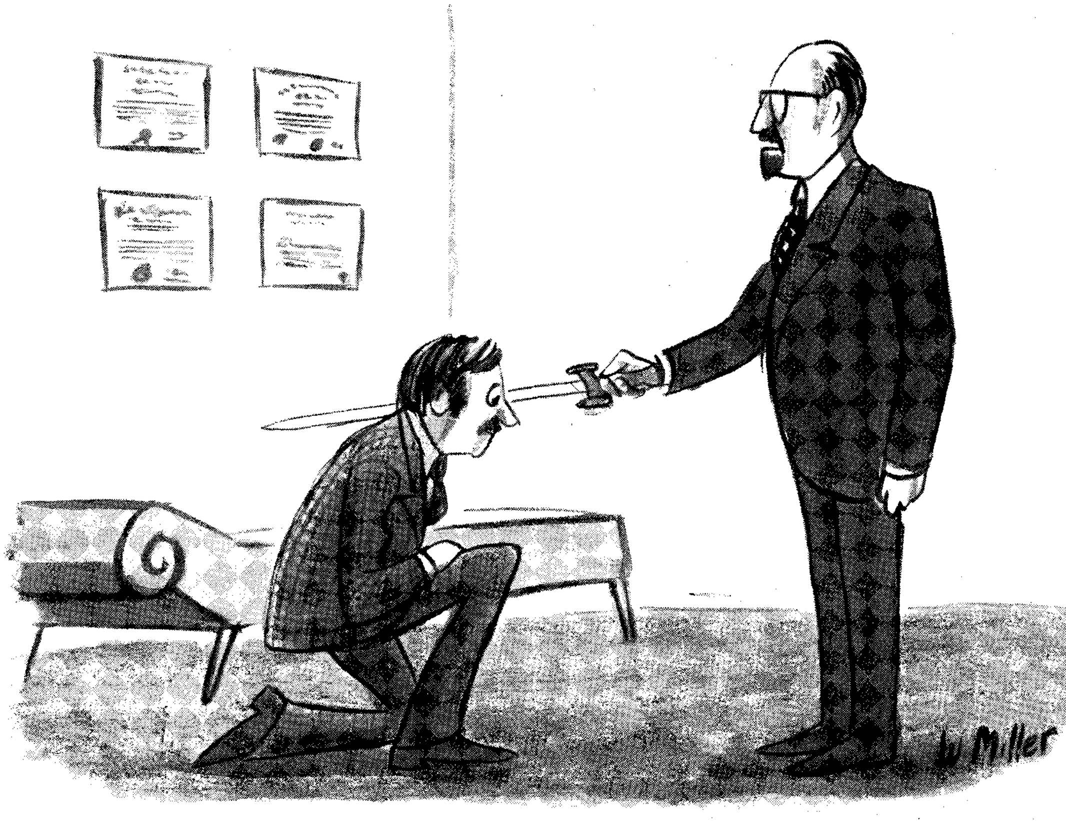
Soundtrack

"IVAN THE TERRIBLE," the "oratorio for reciter, soloists, chorus, and full symphony orchestra" that Abram Stassevich assembled from Prokofiev's music for the Eisenstein movie, had what was apparently its New York première at the Philadelphia Orchestra's visit to Carnegie Hall this month. (A program note chronicled only St. Louis and Chicago performances.) Riccardo Muti conducted, and, in music well matched to his command of incisive rhythms, strong clear colors, full-toned playing, and precise balance, he made a great effect. It was an exciting concert. Boris Morgunov, who was the reciter at the first performance of the oratorio, in Moscow in 1961, repeated his role. His large, uninhibited, very imposing performance—besides narrating, he must enact both Ivan and the Holy Fool who disturbs Ivan's coronation—was in itself justification for doing the work in Russian, instead of in the English translation. Morgunov can also be heard in the new Angel recording of "Ivan the Terrible," which Muti has made with his London orchestra, the Philharmonia; it was published here at the time of the concert. The Angel album contains a three-column libretto: Russian, transliteration, and English translation. The Carnegie Hall program book contained only the English translation—which was better than nothing but not enough—and the lighting in the hall was too dim for it to be followed with any ease. (What Carnegie saves on its lighting bill it might well spend on cooling; at the Boston Symphony's performance of Tippett's oratorio "A Child of Our Time," at the Horowitz recital last week, and at Eve Queler's performance of "Tancredi," it achieved temperatures that Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego might have found comfortable but that seriously interfered with ordinary folk's attention to the music.)

Prokofiev's music for "Ivan" is graphic. It must be fifteen years since I last saw the two parts of Eisenstein's movie, but during the oratorio its images came back to me so insistently that at times I felt I was listening to a soundtrack and missing the visuals. And that's the trouble: it might make more sense to show the film—or, to a concert audience, even just the footage with continuous musical accompaniment. "Ivan" is not a score like "Petrushka" or "Agon," which first took detailed shape in sound and then had spectacle added to it; Prokofiev watched Eisenstein's imagery and then wrote the accompaniment. Nevertheless, he did write music that proves worth hearing in its own right: choruses in the bold, stirring patriotic vein of his opera "War and Peace," lyrical melodies in the long-breathed manner of Russian folk song, battle pieces, paeans, wedding songs, and boisterous, brutal music for the oprichniks, Ivan's private army. (Stalin suppressed Part II of the film.) In several scenes, comparisons with "Boris Godunov" are openly evoked. And all is achieved with Prokofiev's wonted vividness and flair; "Ivan" holds a worthy place in the long line of Russian historical epics.

Claudine Carlson was the splendidly smooth and steady contralto; I liked her even better than Irina Arkhipova, the more vibrant soloist of the Angel recording. The Mendelssohn Club of Philadelphia sang bravely. The orchestra was magnificent. The only miscalculation was campanological: the bells were amplified to a point where they drowned everything else.

IN recent years, the work of Eugène Scribe has been much in evidence at the Met: in "Les Vêpres Siciliennes," "Le Prophète," and "La Favorite;" in "Adriana Lecouvreur," based on a Scribe play; and now in a revival of "L'Elisir d'Amore," which, like "La Sonnambula" and "Un Ballo in Maschera," was composed to an Italian adaptation of a Scribe libretto. In 1831, when Felice Romani reworked a Scribe dance-drama as the text of "La Sonnambula," for Bellini, he translated some passages directly, he added the lovely soprano-tenor duet "Son geloso del zeffiro errante," and in general he gave more warmth and depth to the characters while preserving the deftness of the original plot. Likewise in 1832, when, for Donizetti, he converted Scribe's "Le Philtre" (set to music by Auber the previous year) into "L'Elisir d'Amore": some passages are direct translations from the French; the lovely soprano-tenor duet "Chiedi all'aura lusinghiera" is an addition to Scribe's scheme; and Adina and Nemorino are drawn with more tender, more detailed touches than are Scribe's Térézine and Guillaume. When the curtain rises,



"I hereby dub thee, officially and forevermore, grown up."

Adina is reading "*la storia di Tristano*," and she bursts into merry laughter at the "*bizzarra avventura*." But "Elisir" tells a credible real-life version of the Tristan story: a potion not quite what it purports to be (in Donizetti it's claret, masquerading as the *Liebestrank*) breaks down inhibitions that have kept two loving souls apart. Under its influence, Nemorino becomes bolder, and Adina at length sheds her capriciousness and is won by his steady devotion.

Nathaniel Merrill's production, eighteen years old now, is rather too hard and bright for the piece, and Robert O'Hearn's costumes—skirts too short, heels too high—are also better suited to an opera buffa than to a comedy of sentiment. Instead of a realistic or prettily idealized depiction of village life, we have ballet girls flouncing and ballet boys prancing all over the scene. But once they clear off, Judith Blegen and José Carreras, as Adina and Nemorino, take us to the heart of the matter. There is plenty in "Elisir" to make us laugh—the score holds Donizetti's most sparkling music—but when the jokes are on Nemorino we should laugh *con tenerezza*. Miss Blegen is an exquisite Adina. Her voice seems to have grown fuller and sweeter, and she fills the role as completely and captivatingly as she does Mozart's Susanna. The sound is not large, but the notes are so clearly focussed that even in the enormous Metropolitan they are all deliciously audible. Her grace notes, mordents, and other adornments are always distinctly sounded, unhurried, unsmudged, delicately in place. To charm of timbre she unites charm of manner, a winning and personal sense of phrase and of verbal inflection, impeccable musicianship, and a way of listening while others sing that makes her Adina alive at every moment. I cannot think why the record companies are not competing to engage her as Adina, Amina, Norina, Zerlina (both Mozart's and Auber's), and Susanna (both Handel's and Wolf-Ferrari's; she has already recorded Mozart's). Not even the young Scotto or the young Freni was so bewitching, or so beautiful, in Adina's "Prendi; per me sei libero."

On the first night, Carreras was oddly disappointing, graceless and ill at ease, in "Quanto è bella" and in "Una furtiva lagrima." Gigli, as record collectors know, sets the standard for the first, and McCormack, Tito Schipa, and Caruso, in different ways, set it for the second. Caruso is a dangerous model for Carreras, who is often tempted to sing more loudly than he should; but that Carreras can be melting, as Gigli was, and can command a Schipa-like delicacy was shown in all the rest of his performance. Except in those two arias, he was pretty well ideal—charming, rueful, funny, touching, limpid in tone, and individual in his phrasing. His recitative "Caro elisir! sei mio! Sì, tutto mio" was a high point of the evening; his "Adina, credimi" was a lyrical cry that went to the heart. Belcore and Dulcamara were played surely, skillfully, and without exaggeration by two veterans, Mario Sereni and Fernando Corena (who has been with the production from the start). Sarah Caldwell conducted. On the first night, there were one or two sleepy patches, but most of the time she was both spirited and warm. All the duets went well, but the stretto of the first-act finale was ill balanced.

NINO ROTA's opera buffa "The Italian Straw Hat," first heard in Palermo in 1955, was given its New York première this month by the Manhattan School of Music, and it was done in style. From Lowell Detweiler, there was scenery that any professional company might envy. Dona Granata's costumes, borrowed from Santa Fe, which performed the piece last summer, were lavish and attractive. Lou Galterio, one of America's best opera directors, put his cast through bright, busy, crisply executed paces. John Crosby, the president of the school, conducted. The work is a romp. Rota's score is lively, tuneful, and quite undistinguished. While comedies with better—and more adventurous—music by, among others, Offenbach, Bizet, Lecocq, and Wolf-Ferrari remain unrevived, there is no reason for any of our regular companies to take up "The Italian Straw Hat," but it was a good choice for a student exercise. There is just one large role, Fadinard (which was played with brio and resource by Vincenzo Manno), and there are many small roles that provide chances for numerous members of an opera class.

—ANDREW PORTER

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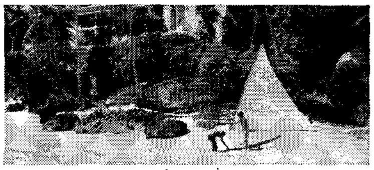

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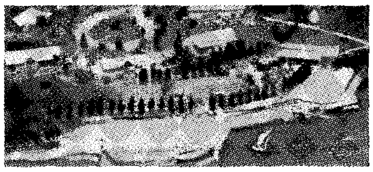

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years after the composer's death. In one way, it is more logical than the Rimski-Korsakov arrangement. Act IV begins with the St. Basil scene (in which Boris asks the Simpleton to pray for him), and its two other scenes are reversed, with the Kromy Forest scene ending the opera. It is true that the orchestration is a bit thin here and there, and that Rimski-Korsakov remedied this flaw, but the ordering of scenes at the end of Rimski-Korsakov's version is far less convincing. The recording enlists the talents of Martti Talvela (possibly the leading Boris today), Leonard Mróz, Nicolai Gedda, Bożena Kinasz, Andrzej Hiolski, Aage Haugland, and Halina Lukomska, with the Polish Radio Chorus of Krakow, the Boys' Chorus of the Krakow Philharmonic Chorus, and the Polish Radio National Symphony Orchestra, under the baton of Jerzy Semkow. The libretto is given in the Cyrillic alphabet, and in a transliteration of the Cyrillic into Roman characters. An English translation is provided, and the text is easy to follow.

ANTAL DORATI'S recent preoccupation with the operas of Franz Josef Haydn has resulted in another gem, "Orlando Paladino," a seriocomic affair in which the heroic and rather noisy crusaders Orlando and Rodomonte promise continually to protect the heroine, while the heroine is in love with a much more peace-loving, even cowardly, fellow, and neither of them gives a hang about the bravado of Orlando and Rodomonte (Philips 6707 029; eight sides). The dénouement involves a friendly witch, who for a time turns Orlando to stone. The music is a complete delight, and the performance is immaculate. The singers include Arleen Augér, Elly Ameling, Gwendolyn Killebrew, George Shirley, Claes H. Ahnsjö, Benjamin Luxon, Domenico Trimarchi, Maurizio Mazzieri, and Gabor Carelli, with the Orchestre de Chambre de Lausanne, and, of course, Mr. Dorati conducting.

Beethoven's nine symphonies are performed by the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra, under Willem Mengelberg (Philips 6767 003; sixteen sides; mono). This recording, taken from radio broadcasts of 1940, gives an idea of what musical interpretation was like before Toscanini. Mengelberg's elastic tempos and frequent rubatos seem like fresh breezes after a generation of Toscaninian rigidity. The symphonies are all beautifully done, and the sound is excellent.

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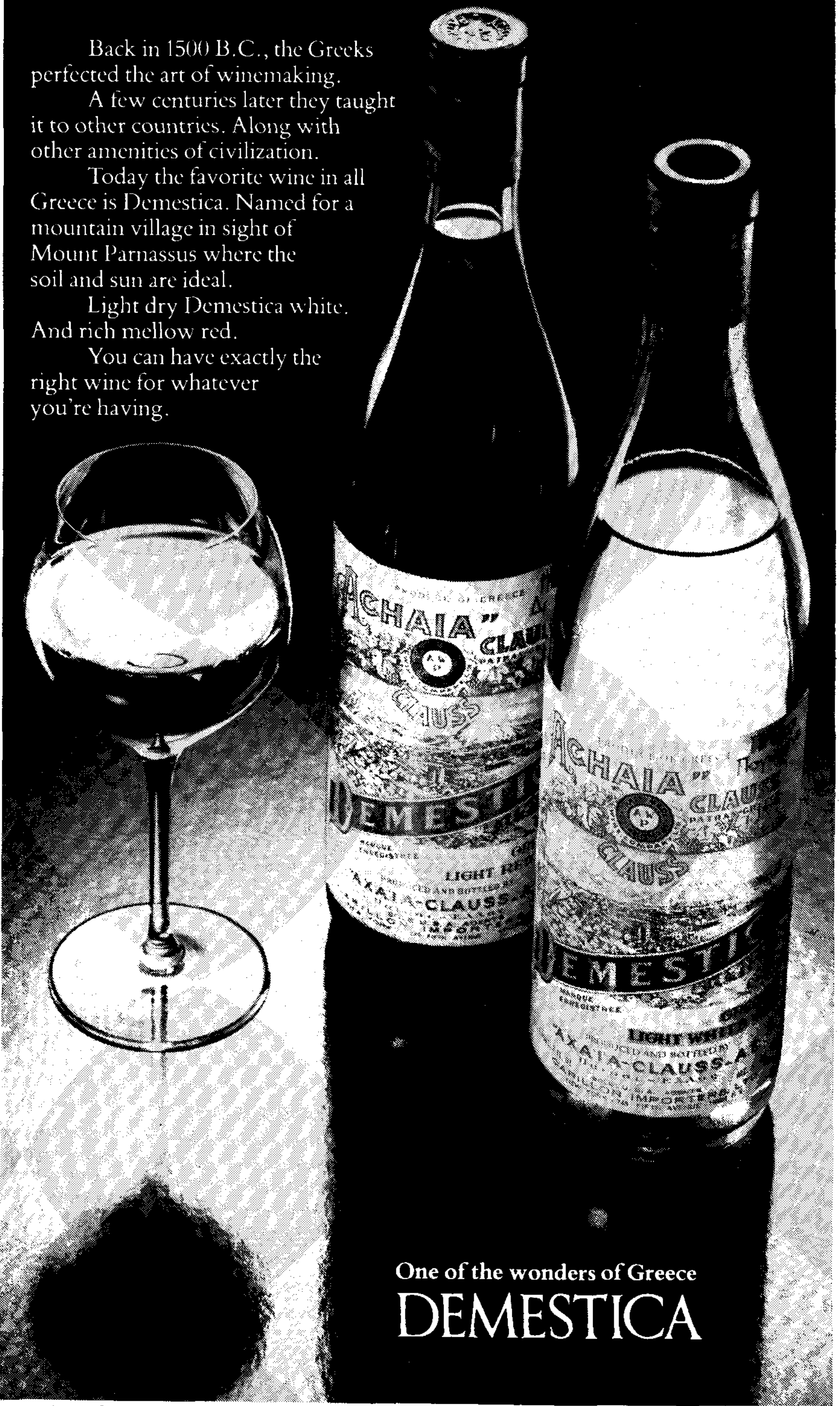

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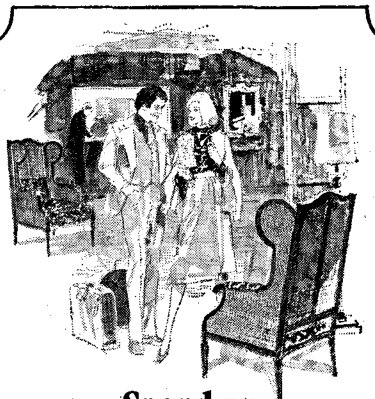

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Matrimonio Segreto" has been recorded by a distinguished cast, including Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Julia Varady, Arleen Augér, Julia Hamari, Alberto Rinaldi, and Ryland Davies, with the English Chamber Orchestra, under Daniel Barenboim (Deutsche Grammophon 2709 069; six sides). Cimarosa was one of the most popular composers of his day, outdrawing even his illustrious contemporary Mozart at the box office. This is his most successful opera. The libretto is fairly standard for opera buffa; it involves a father who wants his daughters to marry well, only to find that one of them has already been married secretly. The music is Mozartian but with a Neapolitan accent.

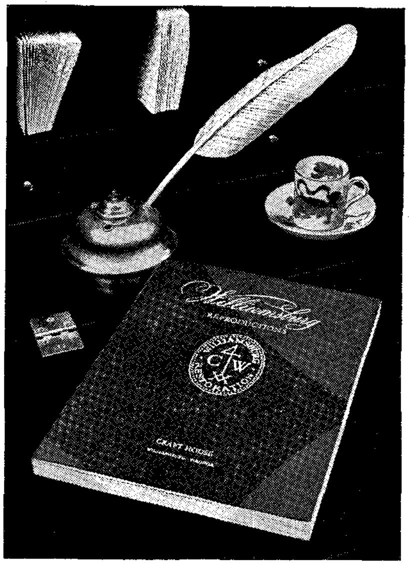
Berlioz' small masterpiece "L'Enfance du Christ" has been recorded by Janet Baker, Eric Tappy, Thomas Allen, and Jules Bastin, with the John Alldis Choir and the London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Colin Davis (Philips 6700 106; four sides). This is a new recording of what many consider Berlioz' most nearly perfect work, and the performance is scrupulous.

It is curious that only three complete recordings of Gounod's "Faust," once a most popular opera, are listed in the latest Schwann catalogue. The most recent of the three, however, is superb (RCA FRL4-2493; eight sides). The cast includes Montserrat Caballé, Jacomo Aragall, Paul Plishka, Philippe Huttenlocher, Anita Terzian, and Jocelyne Taillon, accompanied by the Strasbourg Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Alain Lombard. Not long ago, Paul Plishka was singing secondary bass roles at the Metropolitan, and it is pleasing to hear him do an outstanding Mephistopheles on this record. Caballé is, of course, magnificent.

Beethoven's five piano concertos, along with his Choral Fantasy, have been recorded by Alfred Brendel and the London Philharmonic Orchestra and Chorus, under Bernard Haitink (Philips 6767 002; ten sides). These are especially good performances, by some of the best Beethoven interpreters of today.

Tchaikovsky's six symphonies, plus another of his symphonic works, "Manfred," appear in an album made by the London Philharmonic Orchestra, under Mstislav Rostropovich (Angel SGE-3847; fourteen sides). Rostropovich has a highly personal way of conducting these symphonies—looser and more sustained than most—but his performances are nevertheless eloquent.

Virgil Thomson's "The Mother of Us All"—the second of his operas



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to texts by Gertrude Stein—has been recorded by the Santa Fe Opera with an outstanding cast, including Mignon Dunn, Batyah Godfrey, Aviva Orvath, Gene Ives, Philip Booth, James Atherton, Joseph McKee, Linn Maxwell, Ashley Putnam, Billie Nash, Ronald Raines, David W. Fuller, William Lewis, Douglas Perry, Helen Vanni, James McKeel, Sondra Stowe, Karen Beck, Jimmie Lu Null, Steven Loewengart, Paul Mabrey, Thomas Parker, Marla McDaniels, D'Artagnan Petty, and Stephen Bryant; Raymond Leppard is the conductor (New World Records NW 288/9; four sides). The opera is quite amusing, as ever, and the performance is first-class.

MANY people think of the American composer Charles Tomlinson Griffes as an impressionist, because of the style of his most famous work, "The Pleasure Dome of Kubla Khan." But he could also write in many other styles. His four German songs, for example, are thoroughly in the German lieder tradition, and so are some other works. Practically all of his music is beautiful. His "Three Tone Pictures," "Four Impressions," "Song of the Dagger," and music for "Three Poems of Fiona MacLeod," as well as the "Pleasure Dome," have been recorded by Phyllis Bryn-Julson, Olivia Stapp, and Sherrill Milnes, with Jon Spong, pianist; the New World Chamber Ensemble; and the Boston Symphony, under Seiji Ozawa (New World Records NW 273; single disc). Some of these works have never been recorded before, and all of them are worthwhile.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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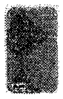

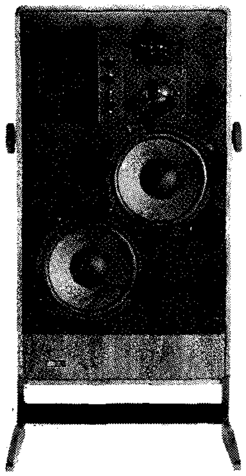

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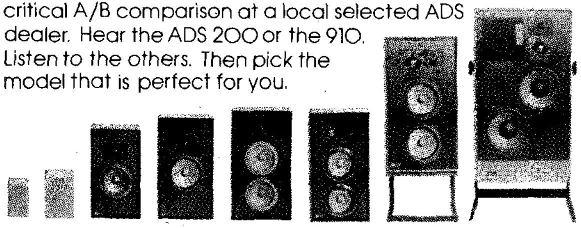

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THE RACE TRACK

Long-Distance Double

LAZ BARRERA, who trains Louis Wolfson's Harbor View Farm horses, brought off a coast-to-coast double with them last weekend. At Aqueduct, last Saturday, he won the Toboggan Handicap (which used to open the spring meeting at Belmont Park) with his namesake, who rolled home by nearly ten lengths—to the delight of the crowd, which had made him the favorite. Only five ran, and the equine Barrera gave Hernandez, who rode him, what the jockey called "a joy-ride," running the six furlongs in 1:08⅘, a track record. He paid a $3.80 mutuel. At Santa Anita, a few hours later, Affirmed, Harbor View's top three-year-old and one of the favorites for the Kentucky Derby, won the San Felipe Stakes.

THERE seem to be plenty of three-year-olds hereabouts this season, which is a good thing, since a lot of them are bound to be used up training for the Triple Crown. Probably a lot of the colts I saw in action last season, many of whom I don't remember, are among the three hundred and nineteen nominated for the Kentucky Derby, on May 6th; the two hundred and forty-seven nominated for the Preakness Stakes, on May 20th; and the two hundred and sixty-eight—a new high—nominated for the Belmont Stakes, on June 10th. Affirmed and Alydar are in all three races. They are also in the Florida Derby, at Gulfstream Park on April 1st. When they meet, they'll probably repeat the thriller they gave horseplayers when Affirmed won the Laurel Futurity last autumn. Alydar is training well for the Florida race. Ever since he won the Flamingo—the Vegas oddsmakers immediately made him favorite in the future book for the Kentucky Derby—there has been joy at Calumet Farm, for it's a long time since it had a favorite in the Kentucky classic. If you wonder how Alydar got his name, Mrs. Gene Markey, who owns Calumet Farm and enjoys naming her horses, put the first three letters of Aly Khan (a son of the Aga Khan and a friend of the family) together with the first three letters of the word "darling."

RACING at Maryland moved from Bowie—which lost twelve days because of snow and other weather woes—to Pimlico for its spring meeting, entertaining a crowd of seventeen thousand. Bowie's really big day, as always, was the running of the John B. Campbell Handicap, on March 11th. The race is a memorial to the genial Louisianian racing secretary of the New York Racing Association and handicapper to the Jockey Club. Campbell worked at Bowie in winter in the old days, when there was no racing at New York tracks. He found enjoyment in writing races and assigning weights to the horses in them and relaxation in cooking elaborate Creole dishes that topped anything you'd get in the best restaurants in New Orleans. The Bowie management used to give a party the night before the Campbell, at which real haggis was served and a band of pipers entertained the guests with Scottish airs. Horsemen, frankly, would have preferred one of Mr. Campbell's dishes to the haggis. This year's Campbell was a lively race. George Strawbridge's Ripon won it by a head, and paid a $28.40 mutuel. Mr. Strawbridge gave $60,000 for Ripon. First money was $73,255. Not bad.

TWENTY-FIVE more thoroughbreds owned by Daniel Wildenstein, the noted art dealer, recently arrived at Belmont Park from Mr. Wildenstein's stable at Chantilly. They follow the twenty-seven who came last December, and are consigned to Angel Penna, who will train them and campaign them on tracks here this year. Mr. Wildenstein, a prominent figure on the French turf, raced Allez France, in her day the world's money-winningest race mare, who won twenty-one races abroad and $1,380,565 in prize money. Sending these horses here is as sporting a gesture in racing as I can remember. Some time ago, Mr. Wildenstein said, "I want to do for French horses what my grandfather did for painting in this country. [Back in 1903, his grandfather Nathan Wildenstein opened a shop in New York where he sold French Impressionist paintings and antiques.] My biggest ambition and hope is that someday a French horse will win the Kentucky Derby." This department hopes that

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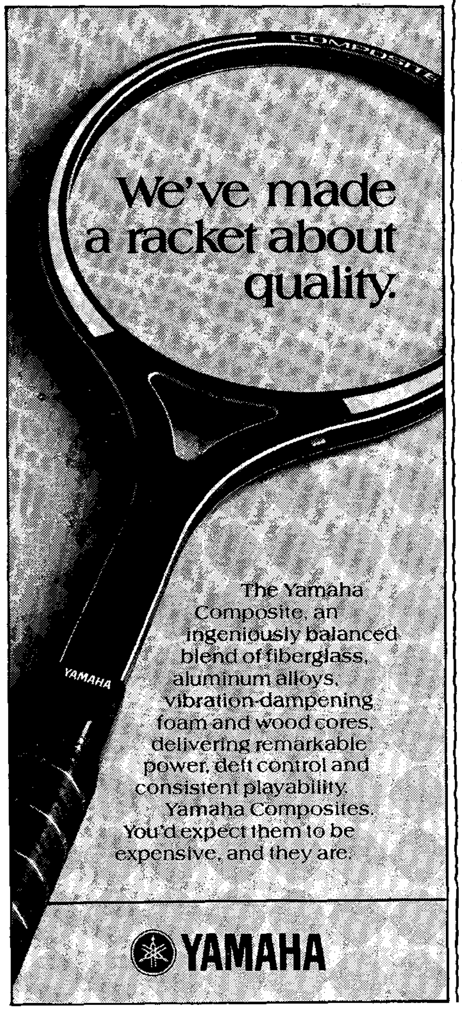
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when that happens he will be the owner. Whether other French stables will follow Mr. Wildenstein is doubtful. Prize money in France is the richest anywhere. First money in the Arc de Triomphe, won by Robert Sangster's Alleged last October, was worth $240,000. Angel Penna, who comes from a family of horsemen in Argentina—one of his brothers is the leading trainer down there—is no stranger hereabouts. For years he did very well with the stable of Washington, D.C.,'s Gus Ring, as you may remember. The big problem for the French horses will be dirt tracks—they have been racing on turf all their lives—but I'm sure Penna will have them fit and ready for anything. I wish Mr. Wildenstein the best of luck. —Audax Minor

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AROUND CITY HALL

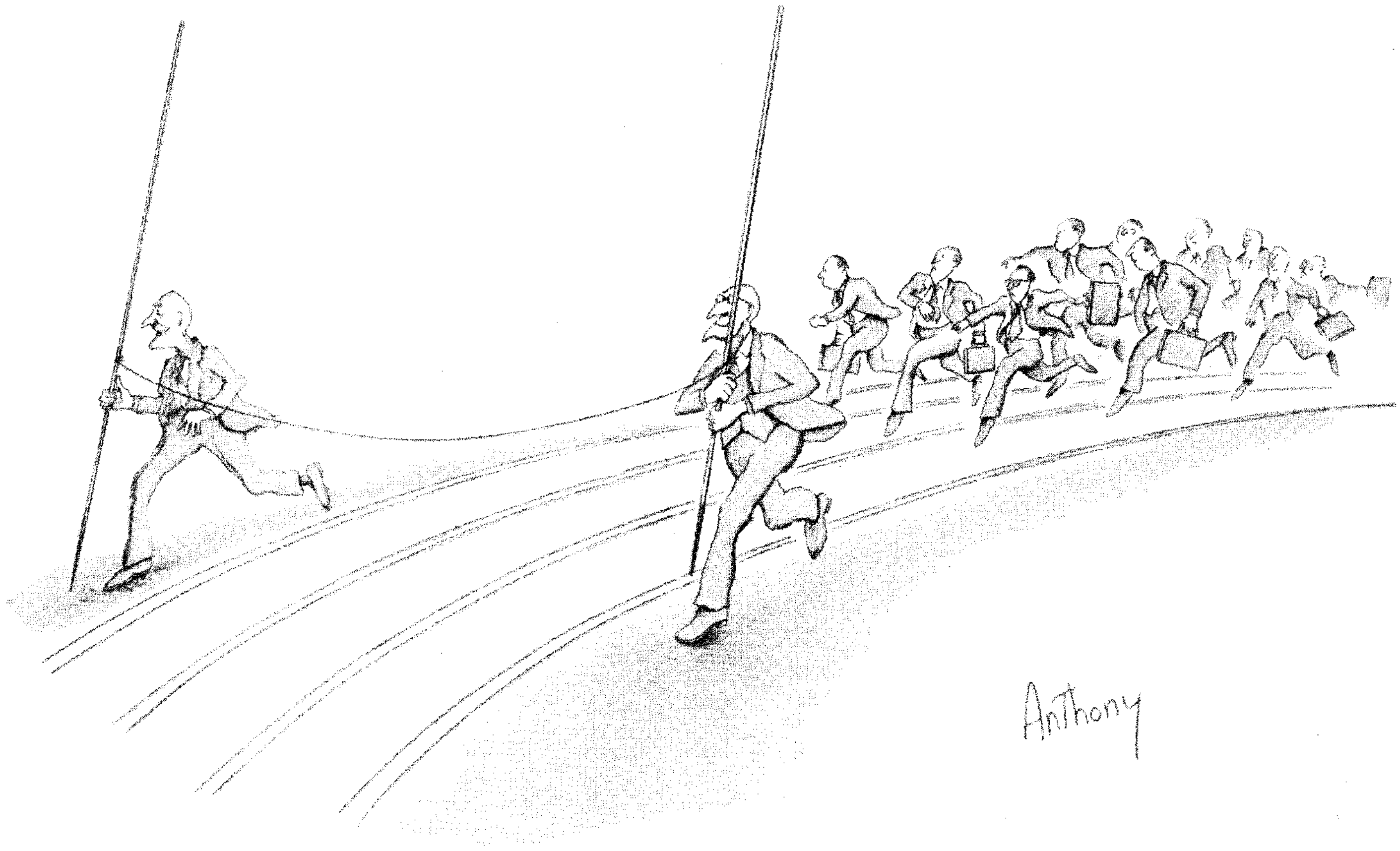
REPRESENTATION

DURING the first seven weeks of this year, while New York was marshalling all available forces for its campaign to persuade Washington to come to its financial aid for the second time in two and a half years, the city's delegation in the House of Representatives was shorthanded. Of the seats in the eighteen congressional districts that lie entirely or partly in the five boroughs, two were vacant. One of these districts, the Eighteenth, being among the nation's richest, is known as the Silk Stocking District and includes much of Manhattan's Greenwich Village and the upper East Side, which Theodore White has called "the perfumed stockade." The other, the Twenty-first, includes the South Bronx—an area that, particularly since President Carter's visit there last fall, has become a national symbol of desperate poverty and urban decline and has been a stockade of quite another sort. A few years back, one of the neighborhood police stations dealt so heavily in violence and bloodshed that it was called Fort Apache. Nowadays, surrounded largely by the eerie silence of burned-out and abandoned buildings, its nickname is the Little House on the Prairie.

The former representative of the Eighteenth Congressional District was Edward Koch, who resigned his seat to be inaugurated on January 1st as New York's hundred-and-fifth mayor. (On the day after last fall's Democratic-primary runoff, from which Koch emerged as his party's mayoral candidate, a headline in the ever-newsy *Times* read "KOCH TO QUIT CONGRESS IF HE'S ELECTED MAYOR.") In quitting Congress, Koch gave up a coveted seat on the House Appropriations Committee and the advantages in seniority—current and prospective—of a five-term congressman who, having won in 1976 with seventy-five per cent of the vote, seemed certain of reëlection for as many times as he wanted to run. The seat in the Twenty-first Congressional District in the Bronx fell vacant when Herman Badillo, the only Puerto Rican member of Congress and one of the losers in last year's Democratic mayoral primary, gave it up in time to be sworn in, also on January 1st, as one of Koch's seven deputy mayors. Badillo, a four-term member who won ninety-eight per cent of the vote in his district in 1976, surrendered a seat not only on the forty-eight-member House Banking, Finance, and Urban Affairs Committee but also one on its fifteen-member Economic Stabilization Subcommittee. It is this subcommittee, headed by Pennsylvania Representative William Moorhead, that is playing the key role in deciding what legislation designed to save New York from bankruptcy will go before the full House this year. Badillo had won his post on the subcommittee less than a year earlier, after a fierce fight was mounted on his behalf by Queens Representative James Delaney, chairman of the powerful Rules Committee. In pointing out Badillo's qualifications for the seat, the *Times* declared that not to have a New York City member on the subcommittee would be like playing "Hamlet" without the Prince of Denmark. Questions were later raised about whether the casting had been ideal in this case. Florida Representative Richard Kelly, another member of the Economic Stabilization Subcommittee, who has been accused of making a minor House career out of attacking the execrations of this city's government, complained that the criticism of him was unjust, since his remarks about the operations of New York's City Hall weren't nearly as harsh as those of Representative Badillo, who was presumably warming up for his coming mayoral race against the incumbent, Abraham Beame.

Even before the replacements for Koch and Badillo were sworn in, on February 21st (in a special election, former State Assemblyman S. William Green, a Republican, narrowly defeated former Manhattan Representative Bella Abzug for Koch's seat, and in the South Bronx district State Senator Robert Garcia, like his predecessor a Democrat and a Puerto Rican, won with fifty-five per cent of the vote to twenty-five per cent for the nearest of his four rivals), a move was under way to shift out of Washington still another member of the city's congressional delegation. On February 18th, Koch proposed that the Board of Education name Brooklyn Representative Shirley Chisholm as the city's new chancellor of schools. Koch has announced a plan to have the State Legislature restructure the board to give him more power over local public education, but, according to present law, the board is responsible for naming the chancellor, so any Koch nomination could be only advisory. In 1968, Mrs. Chisholm became the first black woman to be elected to Congress, and last year she was chosen as the secretary of the House Democratic Caucus and also as the only woman on the Rules Committee. Still, she indicated nothing but enthusiasm at the prospect of turning in her congressional seat for the job of schools chancellor. However, the suggestion did not suit Albert Shanker, the head of the United Federation of Teachers, who declared that the qualifications for being a member of Congress and for administering a three-billion-dollar-a-year system such as the city's schools were very different. It seemed to follow that the qualifications for being a member of Congress, as Koch had been, and for administering a fourteen-billion-dollar-a-year system such as New York City were also different, but no one pressed Shanker on the point. Representative Chisholm mentioned that Shanker, like most of the city's teachers, is white, whereas nearly seventy per cent of the public-school children are black or Puerto Rican. After Shanker made it clear that if Mrs. Chisholm won the appointment he would block Koch's Board of Education bill in the Legislature, a phone call was made to the congresswoman from City Hall, and she withdrew her name. "Never before in the history of this city has a union boss been able to control the day-to-day decision-making process the way Albert Shanker now does," she said.

"I have high regard for Al Shanker, and his advice and that of others must be considered," Koch said. The Mayor's tone was nothing like the one he used during the mayoral campaign, when he constantly promised to crack down on overweening municipal-union leaders—a message that opinion polls had shown was just what the voters wanted to hear. "It'll get him elected, but that's all it will get him" had been the comment of Barry Feinstein, the head of Local 237 of the Teamsters, who does the contract bargaining for local bridge tenders, among other city employees. In accommodating Shanker in the Chisholm matter, Koch was doubtless thinking not only of his problem with the Legislature but also of the new contract negotiations that had already begun with union leaders, including Shanker, who represent some



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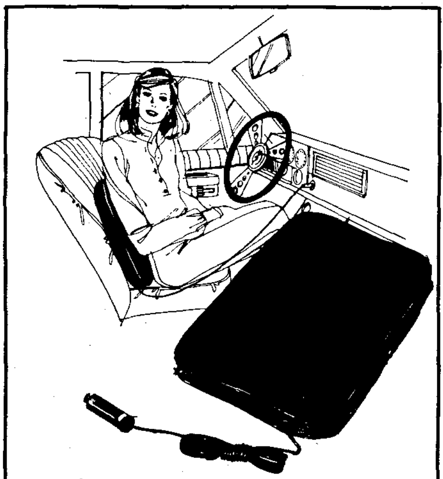
two hundred and twenty-five thousand municipal workers.

Although there have been some wildcat strikes here since the beginning of the fiscal crisis, one of the few authorized strikes by city employees in this period was the week-long walkout by the teachers in September of 1975. By state law, the Board of Education was required to deprive the striking union of dues-checkoff privileges for an extended period, but this has not yet been done. The matter was appealed to the courts, and at one point city officials went before the State Public Employment Relations Board and asked that no such strike penalty be imposed. A few weeks after the strike, the city had one of those hairbreadth escapes from default that, before the December, 1975, federal loan program went into effect, were regular events here. On that occasion, it was the trustees of the pension fund of the teachers' union who, on Shanker's orders, came up with the hundred and fifty million dollars that saved the city from going under. It is awkward to administer public punishment to citizens whom you are also relying on for the money to keep the sheriff from the door. This is a dilemma that seems to have escaped the attention of most of those Washington figures who keep insisting that, in the labor negotiations now going on, the city must prove its fiscally reformed ways by taking the hardest possible line: imposing a wage freeze and also reducing union benefits already achieved. Early this month, Shanker accommodated the Mayor, presumably for Washington's benefit, by denouncing what the city was offering as "medieval" and as a move to take away "everything the employees had had since 1776, or maybe before that." At the same time, congressional leaders and Carter Administration officials are specifying that the unions should be required to risk many more millions of their pension funds in city securities that no private investor will touch.

The alacrity with which Mrs. Chisholm contemplated taking leave of New York's delegation on the heels of Koch and Badillo (and in the same month in which Representative Otis Pike, whose district is in New York's suburban Suffolk County, announced that, after eighteen years in Congress, he would also be leaving at the end of this term, because "it is a bore, and I'm unwilling to do it anymore") could only reinforce the resentful impression among many members of Congress who will soon be voting on the city's financial future that their New York colleagues regard a seat in the House as merely a tiresome way station until something that they consider more worthy of their talents turns up—and preferably back in the city. Of the sixteen delegation members who, as city residents, were eligible to run for office here last year, five had taken time out from their congressional duties to make the race for mayor at least once, and Koch had run twice and Badillo three times. John Lindsay, who represented the Silk Stocking District from 1959 through 1965, also left the House to take over the top job at City Hall. Bella Abzug, who gave up her seat in 1976 to make an unsuccessful run for the Democratic nomination for United States senator (this was the same year that Bronx Representative Peter Peyser gave up his seat to make an unsuccessful run for the Republican senatorial nomination), was an unsuccessful mayoral candidate last year. During his fourteen years as a Brooklyn representative, Hugh Carey made several stabs at running for either mayor or president of New York's City Council before his winning race for the governorship in 1974. And in 1972 Shirley Chisholm was distracted from her congressional role by her campaign for the Presidency.

This roving political eye among the New Yorkers in Washington inevitably reduces their chances of piling up the seniority that would help to give the state delegation the power the second-largest congressional contingent might be expected to wield. Until last year, when Delaney took over as chairman of the Rules Committee, no New Yorker had been head of a standing committee of the House since 1972. Last



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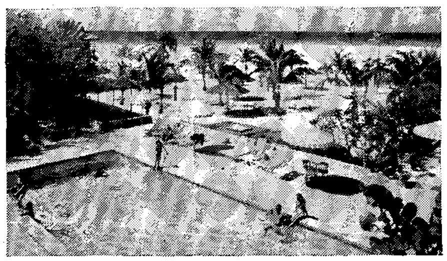

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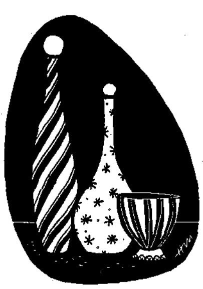
month, after Washington finally turned down the state's request for status as a major disaster area—a designation that would have provided substantial funds for repairing the damages from this winter's extraordinary snowstorms—Governor Carey noted that "when there is a flood in Georgia or a Florida citrus freeze, disaster designations have been issued within twenty-four hours." Decisions in these matters, as Carey knows, are made in accordance with statutes that will be helpful to such petitioners as Georgia farmers and Florida citrus growers, and the laws read as they do because representatives from these areas tend to stay in office longer and thus to play more powerful roles in Congress. This month, Pan American World Airways announced that it was thinking of moving out of New York, possibly to Texas, citing a strong campaign by the Texas delegation, including a mass visit to the White House, that was followed by the awarding of the valuable Dallas-to-London route to the Texans' constituent corporation, Braniff Airways. The New York delegation, Pan American complained, had been no help at all. The state's Democratic senator, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, who sometimes seems to feel that he is carrying the full weight of New York representation on his shoulders, immediately pointed out that no one had approached him on the matter. During a meeting with New York House members last fall, he denounced the delegation as "the champion for getting nothing for New York State." Later, Brooklyn Representative Frederick Richmond commented, "That son of a bitch . . . acted as if we were nothing but a bunch of stupes." The episode only heightened the impression in the rest of Congress that New Yorkers in Washington—and perhaps, by extension, New Yorkers back home—are hopelessly unable to get it together.



In the past, the intensity of the division between downstaters and upstaters has also got in the way of New Yorkers' exercising the power of their considerable numbers by voting in a bloc on state interests, as do members of many other delegations. In December of 1975, when all thirty-nine members from the state voted for the federal loan program for the city, it was said to be the first time in history that the New Yorkers had been unanimous on a regional issue. But such is the oddball reputation of the city delegation that the House leaders of the drive to get the legislation through concluded that it might spoil everything if any New Yorkers were prominently involved, and the operation was directed by congressmen from other states, most notably Ohio Representative Thomas Ashley.

Some of the attributes of the local representatives that encourage their colleagues' notion that they are an alien bunch are not necessarily acquired characteristics. In a Congress that is far more heavily Wasp in character than the American people it officially represents, eight of the eighteen members of the city's delegation are Jewish and seven are Catholic. The Jewish members include one of the two newest representatives. Although in S. William Green's campaign commercials, which denounced his Democratic opponent as "abrasive," he came across as the consummate adenoidal Wasp (a circumstance that may have been a factor in his victory), Green, like Mrs. Abzug, is Jewish. Of the Catholics, two are Irish, four are Italian, and the seventh is Manhattan Representative Charles Rangel, who is black. Further crossing up those who like things simple in the game of categories (the Hispanics are those fellows with the rosaries), the new Bronx representative, Robert Garcia, is, like his predecessor Badillo, a Protestant. Indeed, after Garcia's visit to the White House shortly after he was sworn in, he reported that he and the President had spent some time discussing the satisfactions of being "born again." The two other Protestants in the local congressional delegation are Shirley Chisholm and Jonathan Bingham; his campaign literature often emphasizes the fact that his wife is a grandniece of the late Governor Herbert Lehman, the state's only Jewish governor, and earlier this month Bingham was one of four representatives, along with Stephen Solarz, of Brooklyn, Benjamin Rosenthal, of Queens, and Edward Derwinski, of Illinois, who organized a protest by a majority of the members of the House International Relations Committee against the President's move to link the sale of advanced fighter planes to Israel with the sale of such planes to Saudi Arabia and Egypt.

It is possible that some members of Congress from other parts of the country feel that the New Yorkers, as representatives of an area that has desperate troubles of its own, devote a remarkable amount of attention to foreign affairs, but the response to such a complaint would be that they are only reflecting the interests of their constituents in this city of immigrants. "In my district, getting money for Israel in a foreign-aid bill is the functional equivalent of getting money for a dam out West" was Solarz' recent comment to Judy Michaelson in the *Post*. Solarz' district is so heavily Jewish that in 1974, when he discovered, during his first congressional campaign, that some voters thought his name was Spanish, he began passing out his mother's recipe for gefilte fish with his campaign literature. (In view of the reputation of the city delegation for internal squabbling and its members' lack of rapport with many other congressional delegations, some questions have been raised about the wisdom of Koch's recent decision to reward Solarz, who was one of his earliest supporters in the mayoral race, by appointing Solarz' wife, Nina, as a twenty-five-thousand-dollar-a-year lobbyist for the city, charged with persuading her husband, other New Yorkers, and the rest of the House to vote the way Koch wants them to.) After the invasion of Cyprus by Turkish troops in July of 1974, Representative Rosenthal, whose district included the largest concentration of residents of Greek heritage outside Greece, caused considerable dismay in the State Department when he led the move to block military aid to Turkey. And the organizer of the Ad Hoc Congressional Committee for Irish Affairs is neither of the Irish-Americans in the city delegation but Representative Mario Biaggi, whose Bronx district, although predominantly Italian, has a large concentration of Irish-American residents. Last month, Biaggi, many of whose constituents are admirers of the Irish Republican Army, took time off from the Bronx's other problems to engage in a public altercation with Jack Lynch, the Irish Prime Minister, who wrote him a letter accusing him of supporting groups and individuals "closely associated with the cause of violence in Northern Ireland."

A FEW weeks ago, Representative Rosenthal commented happily that some of the old upstate-downstate antagonisms seemed to have eased among New Yorkers in Congress and that there had been a "blurring of lines." There is some evidence that this is true, but the result is that city representatives will have a fainter voice in Congress. When it came time for the Democratic members of the dele-

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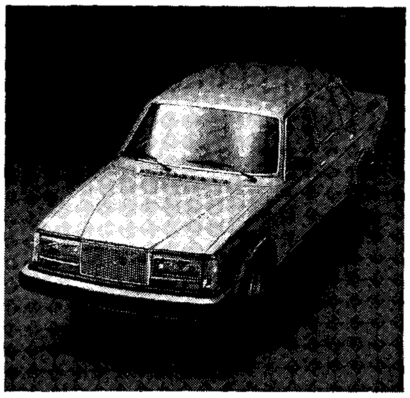

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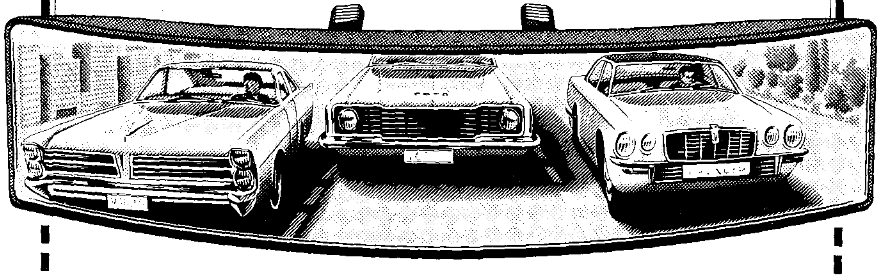

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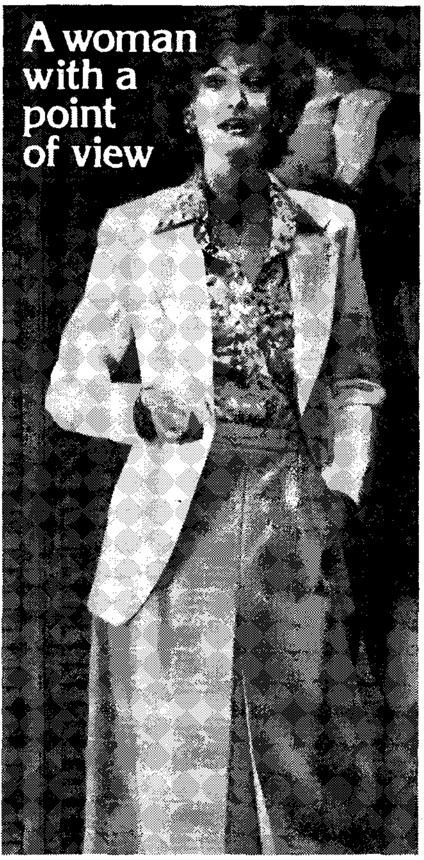

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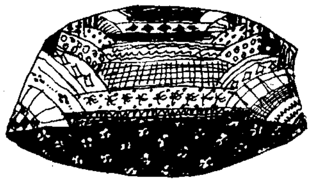
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gation (twenty-five voted, including fourteen from the city and eleven from upstate) to cast secret ballots for a replacement for Koch on the Appropriations Committee, Matthew McHugh, of upstate Tompkins County, won, with fourteen votes, as against eleven for the city candidate, James Scheuer, whose district spans the Queens-Brooklyn line. It was clear that at least three city representatives had voted for McHugh over one of their own. By a vote of their respective party colleagues, both the new members, Garcia and Green, were given seats on the House Banking Committee, but neither sits on the crucial Economic Stabilization Subcommittee. City representatives had again joined with upstaters to give Badillo's hard-won seat to Edward Pattison, of Albany County.

The city will have one representative on the Economic Stabilization Subcommittee—Bruce Caputo, a third of whose district lies in the north Bronx and the balance in Westchester County. At thirty-four, Caputo is the youngest member of the city's House delegation and the only Republican, other than Green, to represent any area of the five boroughs. He also serves on the House Ethics Committee. In that connection, his well-publicized accusations of a coverup of what he has called "most odious and clearly criminal activity by congressmen," among others, in the Korean payoff scandal have enraged so many of his fellow-congressmen, odious and unodious, that any pro-city sentiments he might deliver in the coming debate over whether to help New York this time would probably only cost the city some votes.

There has been an assumption that, because 1978, unlike 1975, is a congressional-election year, the city's chances for rescue are less good than they were in 1975, since candidates for reëlection might be given a hard time by the voters for having agreed to help out this unpopular town. A number of representatives who had contributed to the scant—two hundred and thirteen to two hundred and three—majority by which the local cause won out in the House in 1975 reported troublesome encounters of this kind in the election year that followed. However, apparently none of them were defeated on this account, and at least one House member managed to turn his support for the city to good advantage. In November of 1976, Representative Jim Wright, of Texas, a dark-horse candidate for House Majority Leader, sent this state's Democrats letters reminding them that he had been one of only fifteen House members from the entire South and Southwest who had voted for the loan arrangement that rescued the city, and saying that he might be in a position to change congressional votes from that area from negative to positive in case the city ever needed help again. Some two-thirds of the New Yorkers obliged him with their votes, and on the final ballot Wright won an upset victory as Majority Leader by a single vote over California's Phillip Burton. Providentially, now that the city is in trouble again and it's time for Wright to prove whether he can actually switch some of those nay votes on New York, it appears that there will be another race for Majority Leader this year. Burton, for one, has said that he will probably run again. The success of Wright's 1976 pitch could mean that a contest (how many votes for saving New York can *you* deliver?) might develop for the good will of the state delegation's twenty-seven Democrats, and this could improve the city's chances.

OVER in the Senate, where, as Moynihan pointed out this month, New York has not had a committee chairmanship since Senator Robert F. Wagner, head of the Banking and Currency Committee, retired in 1949, the 1975 city-rescue bill sailed through by fifty-seven votes to thirty after its narrow victory in the House. From the point of view of its own representation the city is surely better off there than it was two and a half years ago. Jacob Javits, the senior senator, is a staunch and shrewd defender of the city's interests, although he has never been a Senate insider. So far, Javits, who will be seventy-six in 1980, when his current term expires, has shown no signs of being distracted from his Senate duties by the frequent reports of plans by politicians of his own party and of others to run for his seat, which he has given no indication of planning to vacate. In 1975, however, the junior senator from New York was James Buckley, who, in the midst of the congressional debate over whether the city was worthy of salvation, called for an investigation of City Hall financial practices for possible criminal action, and declared that bankruptcy would be a wholesome experience for the city.

Nowadays, of course, Buckley's successor, the embattled and grandiloquent Moynihan, issues almost daily advisories outlining the perils that will face the rest of the nation, the world, and perhaps the universe of New York does not get the legislation it has asked for. So far, these warnings have had no discernible effect on his fellow-senator William Proxmire, of Wisconsin, the chairman of the Senate Banking, Housing, and Urban Affairs Committee, who continues to insist that the city can pull through by relying on local and state resources. It doesn't seem likely that Mayor Koch's repeated suggestions that Proxmire is bluffing and will soon come around to the city's point of view will cause Proxmire soon to come around to the city's point of view. Meanwhile, even House leaders who favor some assistance for New York have been saying that there is no use in bringing the rescue bill to a vote in the House and twisting arms to persuade House members to cast a vote for the city, which they will then have a hard time explaining back home, if the Senate is going to block everything anyhow.

Probably the city's best strategy lies in stepping up what the syndicated columnists Rowland Evans and Robert Novak have called its "campaign of terror," trusting that in the end Congress will give it some of what it wants (hedged about, of course, with punitive terms and rhetoric) on the off chance that New Yorkers' worst prophecies just might prove out. "Having failed to convince America that they really feel remorse for long years of profligacy that have brought them to mendicant status, the big spenders of New York City have one weapon left to avoid bankruptcy: terror" was the opening line of a recent Evans and Novak column. The crux of the campaign, they said, was the claim that a New York bankruptcy would be "closely followed by catastrophe spreading far beyond the Hudson." Unfortunately for such a city tactic, a recent study made for Representative Rosenthal's Commerce, Consumer, and Monetary Affairs Subcommittee indicated that the number of banks outside the state that have twenty per cent or more of their holdings in New York securities had dropped by nearly half since 1975, when the city's cause was aided by bank officers from all around the country who put strong pressure on their congressional representatives to save them as well as New York. However, although bank holdings of city paper have been reduced (that is, dumped), local officials may hope that the threat of failure here could still bring out-of-town members of Congress some anxious phone calls, which would increase sharply if there

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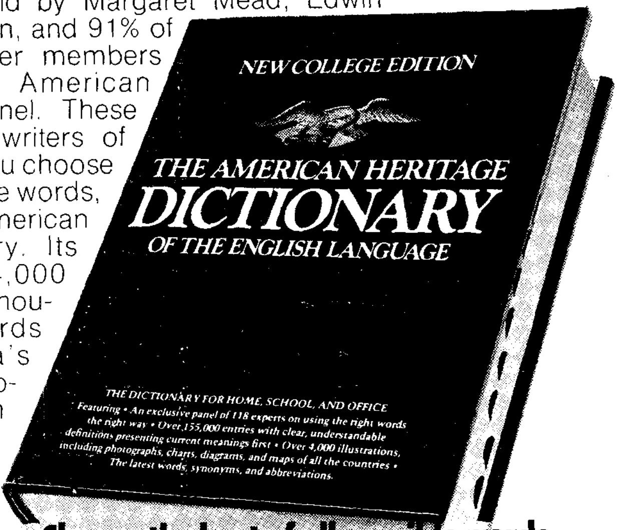
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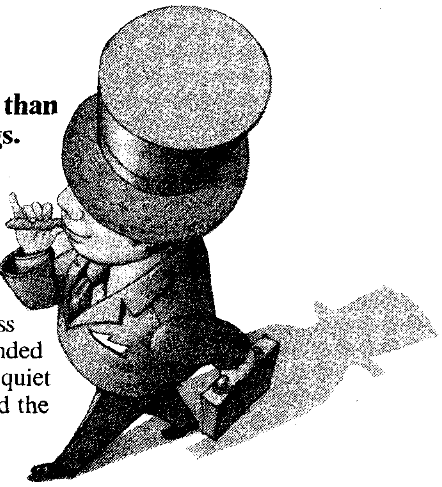

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were a conviction (thanks, perhaps, to more terrorism) that the solvency of this state and its bond-issuing agencies would also be at risk.

Another promising strategy for the city may be to spread word about Secretary of the Treasury Michael Blumenthal's recent congressional testimony that bankruptcy here would be a threat not only to the pensions of today's municipal-union members (a statement that should give pause to the union leaders who are now insisting that, no matter what the consequences, they will invest no more of their pension funds in city bonds that don't carry a federal guarantee) but also to the pensions of retired city workers, many of whom have moved to a more benign climate in the South or Southwest and have thus become constituents of representatives of those areas. An outbreak of alarmed telephone calls and letters from the Sunbelt could alter the detached and even gleeful attitude with which some members of Congress, such as Florida Representative Kelly, have contemplated the financial fall of the city. Even those commentators who loose the most outraged attacks on the city's so-called terrorism have been known to end their sermon in a sudden uneasy turnabout: "Whether Koch understands it or not . . . Americans do not much like, admire, respect, trust, or believe in this city," declared Evans and Novak in the finale of their recent diatribe against New York, but then concluded, "They will help only if convinced that New York's financial collapse will be the indirect cause of their own ruin, which may indeed be the case." And George Will, in a column a few weeks earlier headed "No, No, New York," which described the city as having "extorted" the federal loan program from Washington by similar scare tactics in 1975, expounded at length on the well-deserved punishments that bankruptcy would inflict on local citizens, and then wound up with quite another message: "But against the pleasure of teaching a lesson, Washington must weigh a possibility: If it does not send aid, it may have to send troops."

—ANDY LOGAN

•

The Campes took first-aid, navigation and communications courses to prepare for the trip. Mr. Campe navigates with a simple sexton, he said, but frequently uses radar mounted on the top of the aft-mast. "It was a necessity when we sailed through two months of fog," he said.

—*The Times.*

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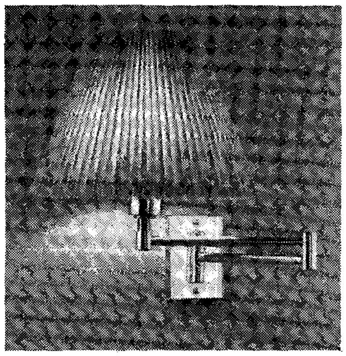

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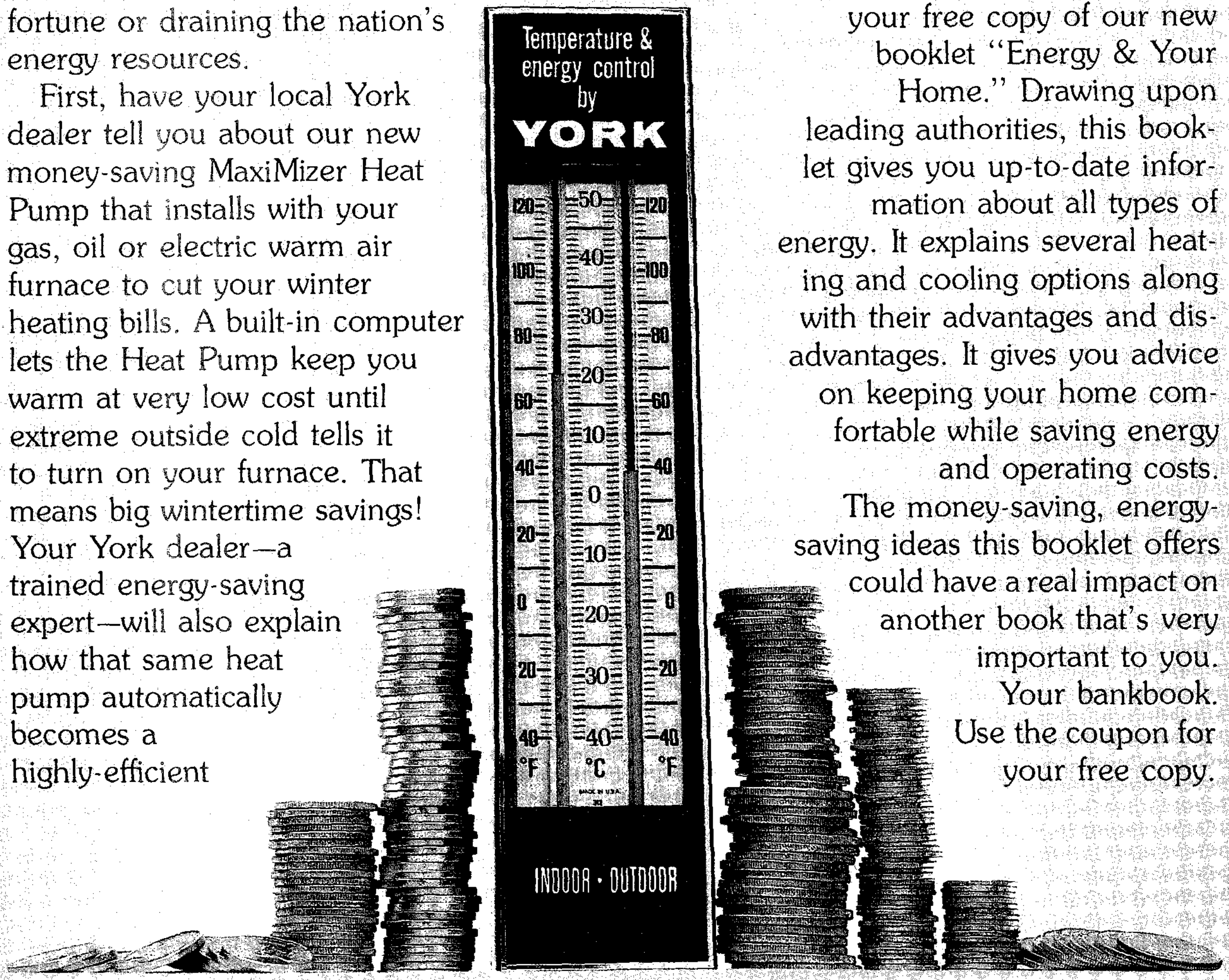
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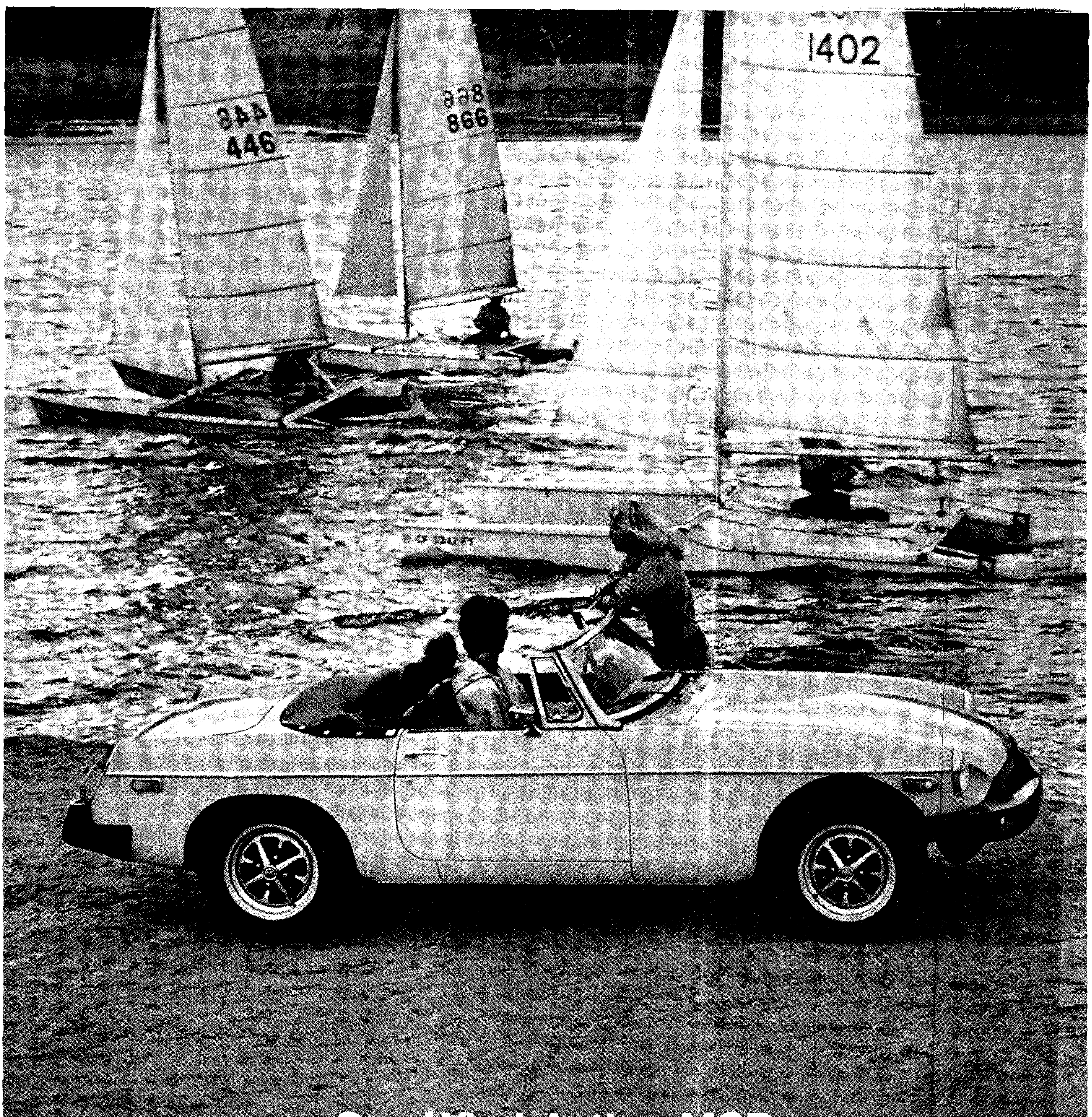

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"There is a world elsewhere."
—Coriolanus.

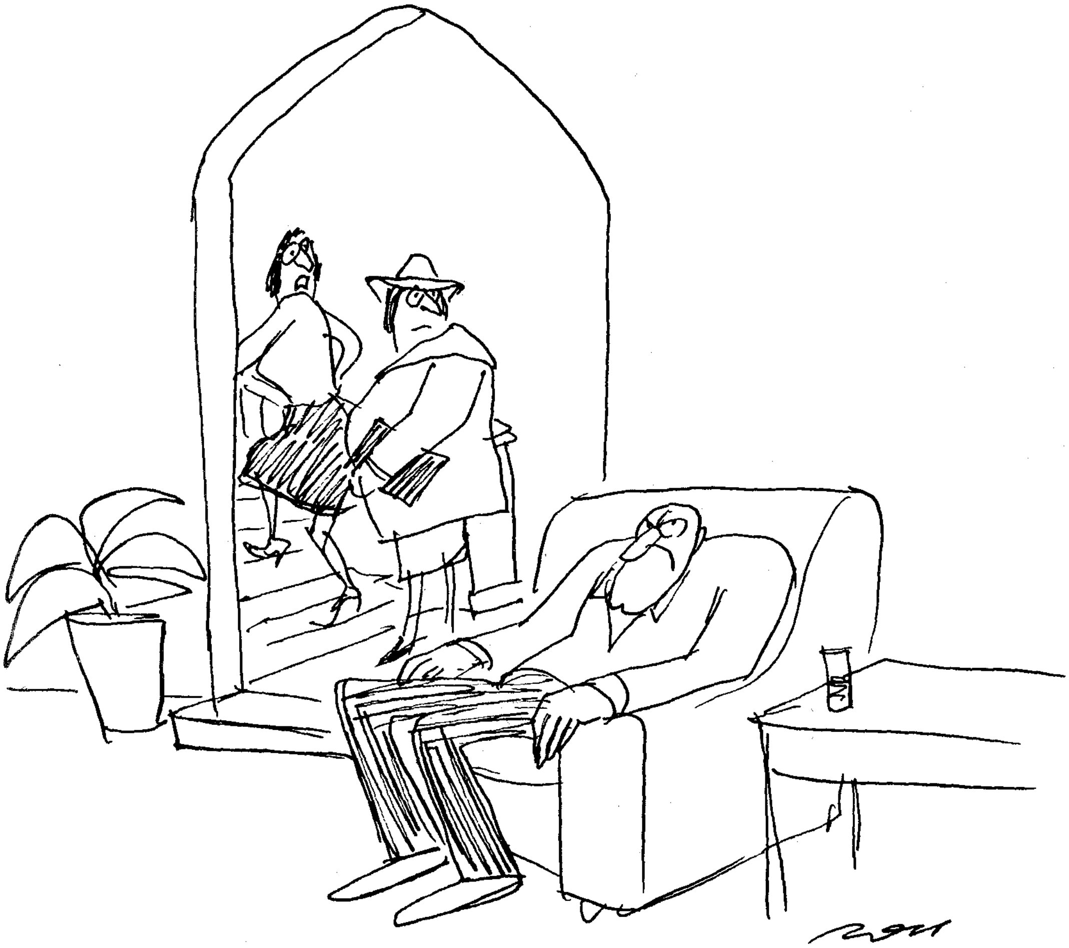
José Luis Borau's "Furtivos"—"Poachers"—belongs with the first-rate. It has the steel teeth of a wolf trap. The title itself is a vise: by the end of the film, one is left to think about who is the poacher and who the poached in this acute parable of powerful silliness and downtrodden sense in the Spain that Franco so often described as a peaceful forest. Rot lies under the bracken. No wonder this 1976 film was banned in Spain. Among the reasons, perhaps, was not only that a provincial governor is shown as a clown but also that the intellect of the tale was too much for the censors to deal with except by a shake of the head.

A young poacher called Ángel (Ovidi Montllor) is buying ammunition. The courtly old shopkeeper is his friend. Regards are sent by the aging, ambassadorial-looking man to Ángel's mother, Martina (Lola Gaos). These dignified but apparently bottom-of-the-heap people are the natural aristocrats of the putrescent forest. After getting his ammunition, Ángel cuts himself a hunk of buck meat and gives some to a wistful girl called Milagros (Alicia Sánchez), who has fled reform school, a place of cruelty and absurdity, where pupils' hair is cropped in revenge for their getting married, and where a nun is shown blowing a whistle at grown girls doing kindergarten gym exercises. Back in the country, Ángel's sad, clamp-faced mother has been prowling the landscape hungrily with their dog. She sets animal traps, watches for her son's return as if she were herself an ambush, gives no welcome at all to Milagros, drinks straight from the bottle, and prays pietistically before climbing into a double bed that she is hellbent on keeping to herself. Ángel drags her out of it while she kicks and screams as if she were a poacher with a foot caught in her own trap; he wants the bed for himself and Milagros.

But the film is much more than some Oedipal tale of a regional mother jealous of her son's love for a town girl who happens to have had such a luckless life that she talks of herself as a whore. It is also about the simpleton power of the governor—played by José Luis Borau himself—who was brought up by this same mother as his nanny. An upholstered, childish man, wearing spectacles and a striped scarf, with a fussy mustache, he treats the woman with the sexual possessiveness of a toddler beating on the tray of his high chair for more porridge. In a polished black car he comes out to the country on a sporting trip. Before any hunt, he wants his ex-nanny's special soup, with the remembered oregano. He tucks his napkin into the neck of his shirt and adopts a gourmet severity as he tests the soup in front of his awed cohorts. He probably has no taste buds, just as he has no other obvious sensibility, but he lets his face relax into a mitigated smile of approval as a presentation to this apparent underling who is really his lifelong source of authority.

The overgrown infant, protected by Civil Guards giving him an official Spanish salute—across the chest—makes a grandiose to-do about trying to kill a deer. It is a job that Ángel does far more deftly. Some sense of the ironic seeps down into the gubernatorial head and, in a scene that is like a Holbein study of the nonsensicality of the puffed up, he grants the poacher a rifle license as a favor to his ex-nanny and to dignify his use of her son, whose work he chooses not to think of. The poise that he pretends to while he is drinking his wine and giving the license actually belongs to the poacher he patronizes and to the beautiful deer whose killing he has muffed.

This is a wonderfully intelligent film about folly and paradox. The ruler is a baby. The ex-nanny is vicious and out of her depth with her own young, and can respond to the idea of having a daughter-in-law only by leaving the house in her nightdress and thrashing through the dark in a broiling stream to batter a she-wolf to death. A wanted motorcycling rebel in a red jacket circles mysteriously and ominously around a love scene in the open air between Milagros and his rival Ángel, this poacher outside the law who is soon pompously exploited to hunt him down. The cloak of officialdom, a literal cloak given by the governor to the poacher for his mission, is in turn



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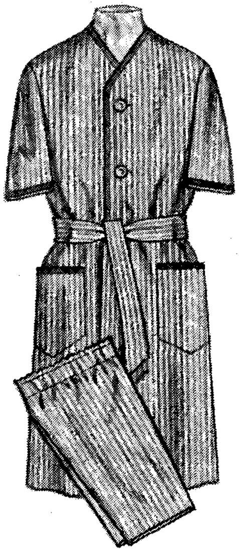

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lent by the poacher to his prey to cover the unmissable red jacket. Outlaws cling together; even enemies. But cross-loyalties in the lower depths are ignored by the governor, who is numb to such things, although he tastes his dinner alone at home as though he were a connoisseur of definitions.

"Furtivos" has a meticulous elegance peculiar to itself. Borau wrote the screenplay with Manuel Gutiérrez. He has made a fine political film about many sorts of living death. The sights of animals and hunted people crippled by traps tell us a deal about Franco's Spain. We are in a world of fear and censorship where scenes of treachery and killing most often occur in sparkling sunlight; it is no wonder that Buñuel is quoted as being so greatly drawn to this film. Without complication, but with splendid complexity, "Furtivos" tells a particularized story about totalitarianism and its noxious drip down the wall of caste.

"MADAME ROSA" is about truths of the survival and extremity of the aged in our time, an epoch that makes too much of youth and the smaller pities of failure. Perhaps only a man with the international background of the director—Moshe Mizrahi—could have put such a stamp of worth on this film. The screenplay is his, taken from the 1975 Prix Goncourt-winning book "La Vie Devant Soi," by Émile Ajar. Mizrahi is Jewish, and was brought up in Alexandria, where he spoke Arabic and Castilian Spanish as well as Hebrew; now he lives in Paris and Tel Aviv. His upbringing and knowledge uniquely fit him, among film directors just old enough to remember the Second World War, to make a picture as eloquent as this one about the Jewish-Arab predicament.

We are in Belleville, a *quartier* of Paris that is lived in by pimps, whores, the disinherited. There are many Algerians. Simone Signoret, as an ex-prostitute who now fosters the children of younger and more eligible whores, walks up a street and confronts the stairs to her apartment. She looks up. Six flights. There is a bandage on her leg. She is a Jew who lived through Auschwitz. A Jewish doctor called Katz (Claude Dauphin), even older than she is, does his best for her health. He thinks she should go into a hospital, but mention of it makes her think of enclosement in the concentration camp.

The swarm of children upstairs and in the streets characterize the film. Mme. Rosa's most favored foster child is Momo—Mohammed (Samy Ben

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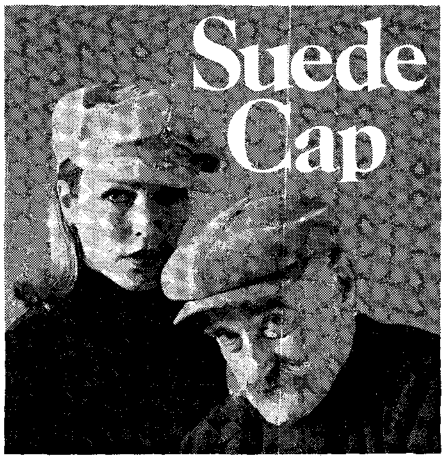

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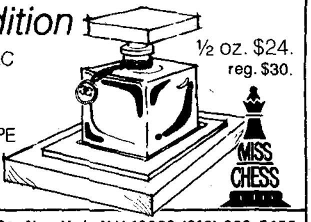

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Youb)—whom she has faithfully brought up as an Arab.

Mme Rosa: As an Arab, he may have syphilis.
Dr. Katz: It's because of rumors like that that we had Auschwitz.

All the faces in this film are haunted by memory; even Momo's. He is fourteen, and is only beset by memories beyond recall.

People fib about their ages.

Mme. Rosa: I'm sixty-five.
Momo: Sixty-seven.
Mme. Rosa: Well, sixty-six.

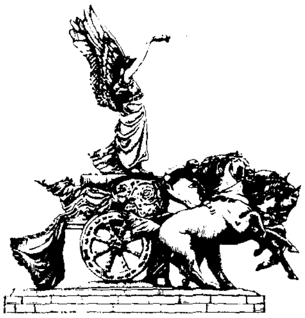
Momo thinks that he is eleven. At school, his teacher sends him out of the room to discuss with Mme. Rosa the fact that he is fourteen.

Why did Rosa tell him he was eleven? To keep this beloved Arab foster child of a Jewess from leaving her adrift as she ages?

He brushes his hair, and tries to work as a prostitute himself. Mme. Rosa's senility and her difficulty in walking must be a bad dream.

Momo: How do you know I'm Arab, and not Jewish like you?
Mme. Rosa: Anyway, Jews and Arabs are alike. That's why they're fighting.

This last scene is in a café. Many of the film's scenes are in cafés: one with Hamil (Gabriel Jabbour), a professorial-looking Arab rug peddler who is going blind, and who confuses "Les Misérables" with the Koran and Victor Hugo with Momo; another, in La Coupole, with Mme. Rosa eating ice cream, wearing a red wig; another with a pretty film editor called Nadine (Michal Bat-Adam), who happens to have shown Momo the film-editing chance of making life go backward, which is what he most wishes. A deranged man knocks on Mme. Rosa's door when she is at a point of near-breakdown, poverty-stricken and having had to find other homes for all but two of her foster children, partly because of her health and partly because the parents of the Dickensian little waifs hardly ever pay up. In the grip of the past, a grip so strong that present reality eludes her for the moment, she alternately dresses as the whore she can no longer be and as the younger woman in a plain gray coat who was told in the war that she should wait with a single suitcase for the police to take her to "people in Germany who will look after you." The man, an Arab, played by Mohammed Zineth, claims to be Momo's father. He has turned up after killing the child's mother and then spending years in a psychiatric hospital. He wants his son



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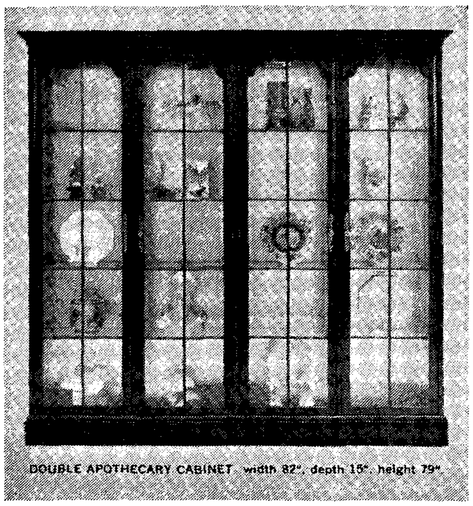

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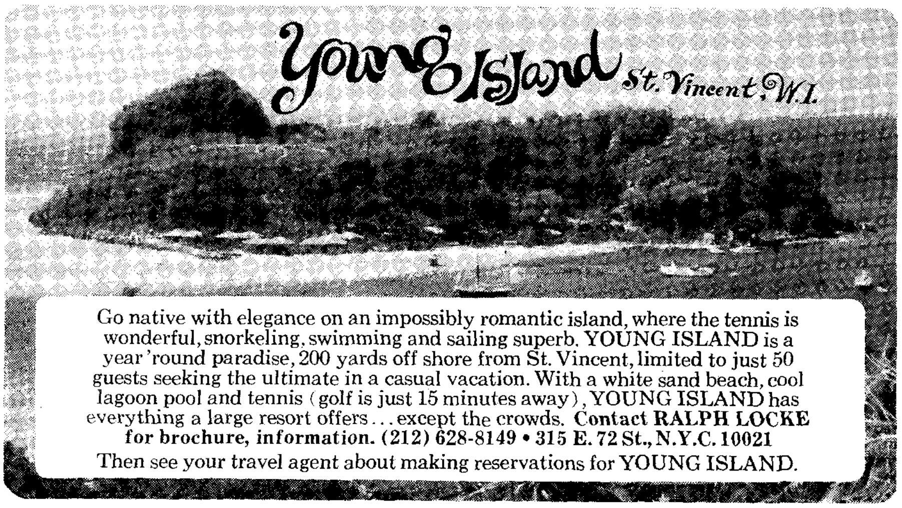

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back, and he wants an Arab. Mme. Rosa points his attention to her other remaining foster child, who has been brought up as a Jew. The two children stand and stare at the collapsing man. He tries to pretend indifference about religion, but he soon wavers back to his distraught urgency about having an Arab son, and doesn't know which of the two boys to pick. Financially, he has borne no responsibility. Mme. Rosa has lived off her own efforts and the good will of others, especially of a black called Amedée, who wears a pink satin suit, and of a chic and improbable transvestite ex-boxer called Mme. Lola. Eventually, Mme. Rosa is to exist in the comfort of her Jewish hideaway, where Momo lights a menorah for her and buys makeup to dress her decaying face.

There are flaws of mawkishness in the film. It is not as though the Arab-Jewish conflict could really be solved by a Jewish foster mother in Belleville who conquers age and is loved even after death by an Arab child. Nor does one quite believe Momo's quick rescue by the film editor. But there are many moments that press comprehension: the scholarship of Hamil, the silences of the children, and, above all, the alertness of Signoret's performance, which gives beauty to the sort of bygone looks that our society throws on the dust heap as being in need of makeup. This character has been through Auschwitz and life, not through a health farm, and her nobility is authentic.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

MR. RESTON, MEET MR. RESTON

One of the most interesting aspects of this interview was that Marshal Tito seemed to be more excited about the future than about the past. He pulled himself up to the edge of his big white chair when he talked about the last quarter of this century, and reclined when he was dragged into the past.—*James Reston in the Times.*

Telling this story, Mr. Tito is on the edge of his chair, back again in memory in the struggle, an old man retelling the nightmares of his youth.—*James Reston's column in the same edition.*

•

DEAR FRIEND,

I was going to start this letter by saying, "Once more into the breach . . .", but the realization that you might feel obliged to provide the "New Yorker" with another entry in their "Letters I Never Finished Reading" section slowed me down a bit.—*Mailing from a candidate for local office in Westport, Conn.*

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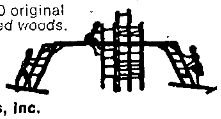

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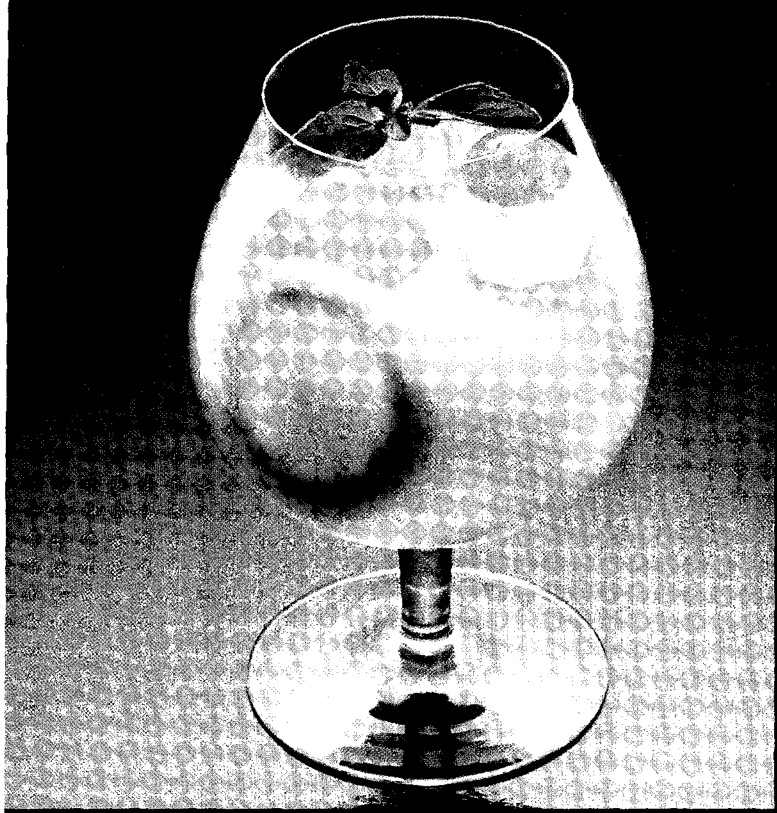
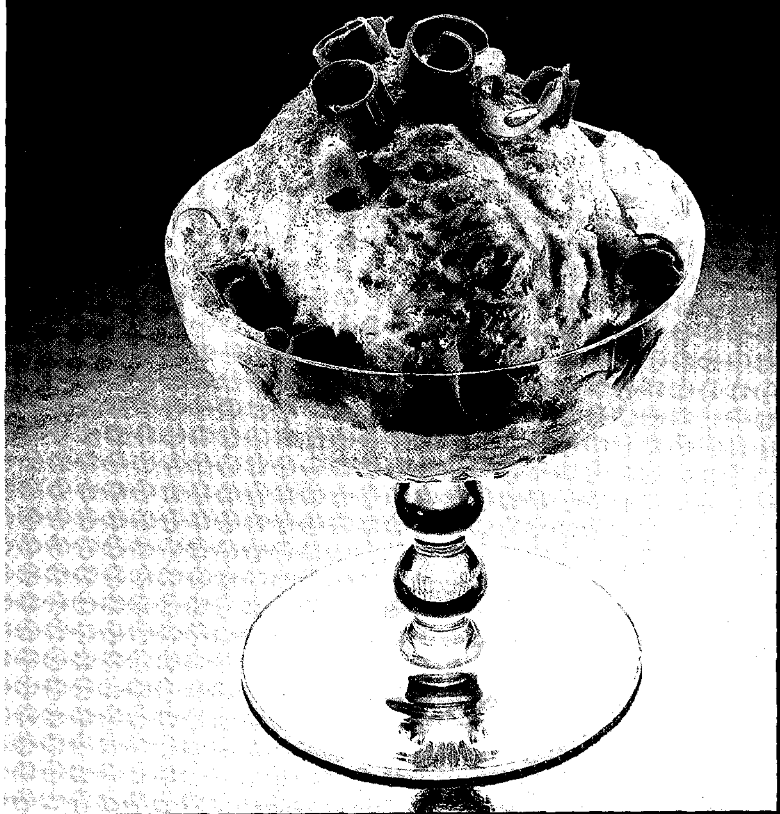
1½ oz. Sambuca Romana, 1½ oz. vodka, 3 oz. orange juice.

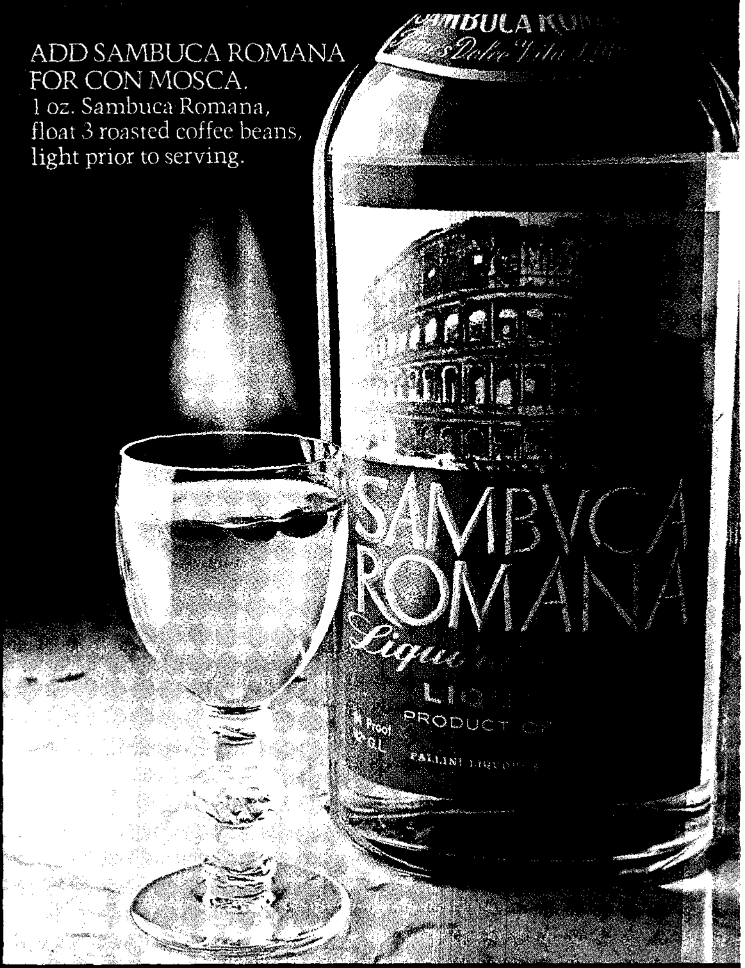


ADD SAMBUCA ROMANA FOR SCAMBUCA.
2 oz. Sambuca Romana to ¼ lb. butter, 2 tbs. oil, garlic clove and parsley. Pour sauce over cooked shrimp.

ADD SAMBUCA ROMANA FOR A SAMOCHA.
1 oz. Sambuca Romana over coffee ice cream, and chocolate curls.



ADD SAMBUCA ROMANA
FOR CON MOSCA.
1 oz. Sambuca Romana,
float 3 roasted coffee beans,
light prior to serving.



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BOOKS

Layers of Ambiguity

DON DELILLO seems determined to nail modern America down, and he may yet. His previous novels have tackled football ("End Zone"), pop music ("Great Jones Street"), and science ("Ratner's Star"), and in "Players" (Knopf; $7.95) he takes on terrorism. Terrorism of an attenuated, urbane sort; the book is really about sophistication, or at least nothing is as clear about it as the sophistication of the author, who combines a wearily thorough awareness of how people pass their bored-silly lives in New York City with a (in this novel) lean, slit-eyed prose and a pseudo-scientific descriptive manner. He slices up ordinary experience into paper-thin transparencies and feeds it back in poetic printout:

> When fog worked in from the bay it seemed to suggest some basic change in the state of information.
>
> He occupied a self-enfolding space, a special level of exclusion.
>
> His "selective" disclosure of information merely confirmed the material existence of the space he'd chosen to occupy, the complex geography, points of confluence and danger.

The hero is called Lyle. He is married to Pammy. They are thirtyish and have no children. He works on Wall Street, is handsome and successful and kind of a kidder. At night in their apartment, he watches television in a very chic way: "Sitting in near darkness about eighteen inches from the screen, he turned the channel selector every half minute or so, sometimes much more frequently. He wasn't looking for something that might sustain his interest. Hardly that. He simply enjoyed jerking the dial into fresh image-burns." He and Pammy bump bodies in front of the refrigerator, make mechanical love to the distant music of a Mister Softee truck, and for conversation exchange one-liners that are virtually one-worders:

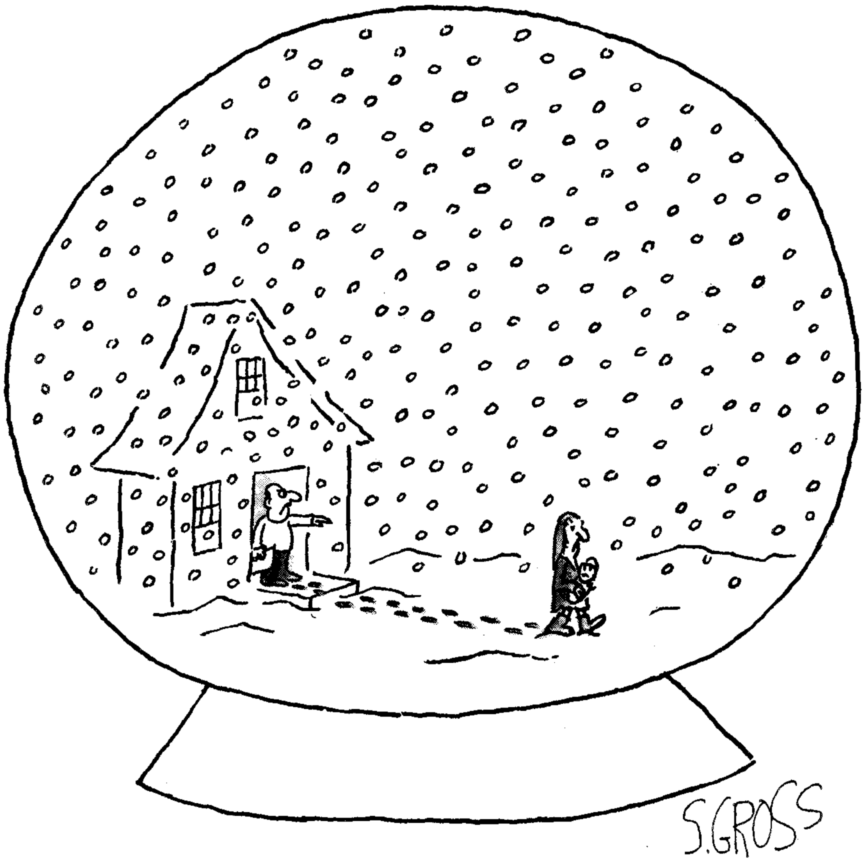
> "Goody, cheddar."
> "What's these?"
> "Brandy snaps."
> "Triffic."
> "Look out."
> "No you push me, you."

It sounds right. We believe in this young urban couple, "modern-stupid," tender in their terribly wised-up way, breathing bad air and stale chatter, eating by calling "Dial-a-Steak," and subjected to a certain amount of soulless sermonizing by their creator: "Everything was a common experience, binding them despite their indirections, the slanted apparatus of their agreeing."

This reviewer has never had much sympathy for the critical complaint that characters aren't lovable. The writer's job is to get real people onto paper; it is the reader's option to love them. But I confess that the drastic unlovableness of Lyle and the very tepid appeal of Pammy discourage the considerable suspension of disbelief necessary to follow them into their adventures as they break loose from connubial anti-bliss. Their agreement to part comes over a broken dishwasher, in a little gem of stichomythia:

> "It's broke again?"
> "You call."
> "You, for once."
> "I called the other."
> "I'm not calling. I don't care. Let it be broke."
> "Don't call. We won't call. I don't care."
> "I'm serious," he said. "I don't care."
> "I won't be here, so."
> "Neither will I except in and out."

After this exchange, things get unreal. Lyle takes up with a deliciously null secretary called Rosemary ("There were shades of blandness from genial to serene; hers was closer to the median, lacking distinctive character, dead on"); by diffident steps she leads him into a ring of terrorists in Queens who "had no visible organization or leadership. They had no apparent plan." Their guns and bombs probably don't work, either. They have some dim notion of blowing up the Stock Exchange but spend their time tattling on each other and acting seductive toward Lyle. Meanwhile, for *her* vacation, Pammy (she works in one of the twin towers of the World Trade Center, but can't always tell which one) has gone to Maine with two homosexuals, Ethan and Jack, who talk a lot, in "that exaggerated whine of urban discontent," about food, each other, and "similarities, analogies . . . regardless of how stupid." The younger of them, Jack, sees a UFO, makes love to Pammy, and commits suicide, in that order but not (I think) in linked sequence. If Pammy's game puzzles us, her husband's utterly baffles. Lyle ("Interesting, his formal apartness") coöperates not only with the terrorists but with the rude mystery men who represent the inscrutable forces of law and order; the end finds him in a motel in Canada, having double-crossed everybody but on excellent terms, it



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seems, with himself. "The idea is to organize this emptiness," he thinks sagely. The only idea *this* patient player of Mr. DeLillo's games came away with was the sly but insistent implication that Lyle, "barely recognizable as male" and crazy for neatness, is an anal erotic. On that happy contemporary note, the sun comes out. "Specks blaze up, a series of energy storms. . . . This is welcome, absolving us of our secret knowledge."

Don DeLillo has, as they used to say of athletes, class. He is original, versatile, and, in his disdain of last year's emotional guarantees, fastidious. He brings to human phenomena the dispassionate mathematics and spatial subtleties of particle physics. Into our technology-riddled daily lives he reads the sinister ambiguities, the floating ugliness of America's recent history. Kinnear, the most verbal terrorist, tells Lyle:

> Our big problem in the past, as a nation, was that we didn't give our government credit for being the totally entangling force that it was. They were even more evil than we'd imagined. More evil and much more interesting. . . . Behind every stark fact we encounter layers of ambiguity.

But the very intensity of Mr. DeLillo's wish, in this novel, to say something new about the matter has evaporated the matter, leaving behind an exquisite ash-skeleton of elliptic dialogue and spindly motivation.

TIM O'BRIEN's "Going After Cacciato" (Delacorte; $8.95) shares with "Players" an ambience of futility and a clipped hard-edge style but otherwise stands in some contrast. Where "Players" seems sketchy, even hasty, "Going After Cacciato" feels as solid as its dark typeface. This novel of Vietnam in 1968, written by an American foot soldier in that conflict, has been appearing, fragmentarily, in magazines since 1975 and has already won four short-story prizes. In its final form, the scenes are so carefully mortised, and the whole so firmly fitted and tightened and polished, that each efficient page carries the heft of importance this material has for the author. Whereas little rings true about DeLillo's terrorists beyond the dead-level nihilism of the prose climate, we do not doubt the reality of Mr. O'Brien's combat scenes. The stakes in this game are spelled out: "The game's set up, all the pieces out on the board, an' either we play or we fry. Burn. No choice. Dig it?" O'Brien, who has written an autobiographical account of his Vietnam serv-

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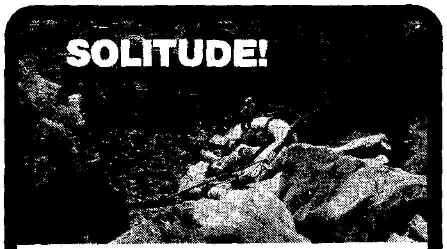

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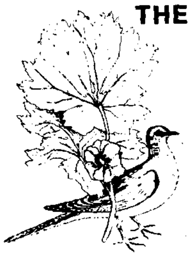

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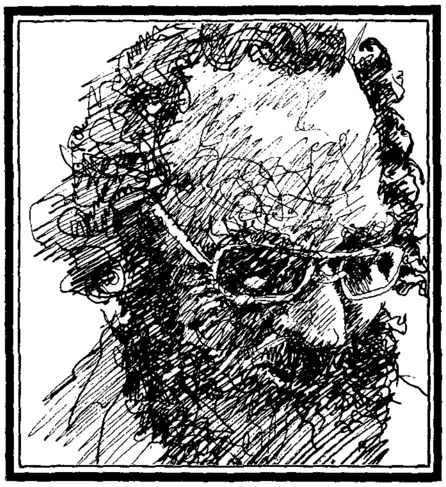
ice under the title "If I Die in a Combat Zone," opens his novel with an explosion, a stunning threnody:

> It was a bad time. Billy Boy Watkins was dead, and so was Frenchie Tucker. Billy Boy had died of fright, scared to death on the field of battle, and Frenchie Tucker had been shot through the nose. Bernie Lynn and Lieutenant Sidney Martin had died in tunnels. Pederson was dead and Rudy Chassler was dead. Buff was dead. Ready Mix was dead. They were all among the dead. The rain fed fungus that grew in the men's boots and socks, and their socks rotted, and their feet turned white and soft so that the skin could be scraped off with a fingernail, and Stink Harris woke up screaming one night with a leech on his tongue. When it was not raining, a low mist moved across the paddies, blending the elements into a single gray element, and the war was cold and pasty and rotten.

Each of the deaths named is somewhere in the book described, with the concision and definiteness and contained pain of incidents long revolved in the mind, and we get to know very well the surviving members of Third Squad, First Platoon, Alpha Company, 5th Battalion, 46th Infantry, 198th Infantry Brigade. And we remember or learn a great deal about the practical side of that least memorialized of American wars: the punjis, the trip mines, the mud, the razed villages, the invisible enemy, the "friendly" firepower that killed, the opulent support forces ("logistical and transportation and communication battalions, legal services, a PX, a stockade, a USO, a mini golf course, a swimming beach with trained lifeguards, administration offices under the Adjutant General, twelve Red Cross Donut Dollies") that at a ratio of twelve persons to one backed up the miserable "grunts" in the field. We witness the commonplace sharing of marijuana among officers and men, we see a dying man cup his shot-away face in his helmet, we hear a medic salute a boy's severed foot with "War's over, Billy, that's a million-dollar wound." We learn the jargon and self-mockery of a halfhearted war. We learn how a bullet fired at a man in a tunnel enters at his nose and burrows fatally deep into his chest. We are drawn into a conspiracy among the soldiers to "frag" their commanding officer, prim, by-the-book Lieutenant Sidney Martin; yet we are also led into Sidney Martin's inner soliloquy: "The lieutenant was not stupid. He knew these beliefs were unpopular. He knew that his society, and many of the men under his own command, did not share them. But he did not ask his men to share his views, only to comport them-

PORTRAITS OF THE ARTISTS



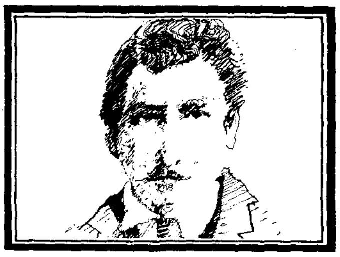
Donald Hall is a man who knows poets. Not just the meter and the métier, but the men as well. A poet himself, he served as poetry editor of the *Paris Review* for seven years. He knew the giants. *Remembering Poets: Reminiscences and Opinions* is about four of those giants—T.S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, Dylan Thomas, and Robert Frost. Refreshingly, Hall himself calls it "literary gossip." And that it is—personal observations of these great men as they went about the business of their lives. But *The New York Times Book Review* calls the book "a modern classic" and Hall a "great biographer" of the four who "...come before us as individual, fallible human beings trying to cope with the conditions of 20th-century living while yet not betraying their poetic calling."

ON DYLAN THOMAS: "He was the most gregarious man in the world, and took pleasure in talking with strangers, who were treated as friends if he liked them at all. His *real* friends—people from Swansea, or the first years in London, or wartime years—watched him perform with strangers and called him 'Instant Dylan.'"

ON ROBERT FROST: "He was vain, he was cruel, he was rivalrous with all other men: but he could also be generous and warm—when he could satisfy himself that his motives were dubious. He was a man possessed by guilt, by knowledge that he was 'bad,' by craving for love, by the necessity to reject love—and by desire for fame which no amount of celebrity could satisfy."

ON T.S. ELIOT: "Eliot suffered in early and middle life, turned Christian, lived through a 'hard coming' to Christianity, and through painful middle age; but in old age he found honor, joy in a second marriage, and he died full of years and glory."

ON EZRA POUND: "He concentrated his attention on a matter gravely important. Fragments assembled themselves in half a second, turned strong, sharp, and insistent; then dissipated quickly, sank into flaccidity, depression, and silence. In 1960—though I could not know it then—Pound was verging on the brink of silence, that personal inferno where he lived out the last decade of his life."



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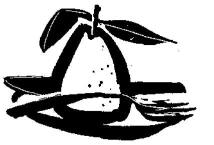
selves like soldiers." We are led to recognize that "what happened to Lieutenant Sidney Martin was a very sad thing." There are no villains in this book, only villainous circumstances. Its hero, if there is one, is Martin's replacement as platoon leader, Lieutenant Corson, a middle-aged Korean veteran who is feeble with dysentery, says it's not his war, and doesn't ask his men to search tunnels: "He simply ordered the tunnels blown, or blew them himself, and he saw no incompatibility between this and his mission as a soldier. The men loved him." Again: "He took no chances, he wasted no lives. The war, for which he was much too old, scared him." As a fictional portrait of this war, "Going After Cacciato" is hard to fault, and will be hard to better.



However, reaching for a masterpiece and a definitive, encompassing statement, O'Brien has interwoven the realistic level of battle and lull with a flight of fantasy that takes place in the head of Spec Four Paul Berlin during a long wakeful night of lonely watch at a seaside observation post in the province of Quang Ngai. A fellow-soldier, Cacciato, has previously run from battle in the mountains, and Berlin imagines that the squad, in pursuing him, makes it all the way across Asia to Paris. This impossible journey is well and excitingly imagined, with a bold blend of credible landscape and sudden allegorical leaps; at one juncture, the squad falls into a giant crack in the earth and finds itself discoursing with a North Vietnamese officer in his web of underground tunnels, from which not even he can escape. But an entirely different kind of game is being played here from the deadly-true account of Vietnam military action, and the picaresque interludes, which take up about half the novel, serve not only as relief from Vietnam but as a kind of excuse from it. At another juncture, with a fine colorful flair that does not omit comedy and shrewd political irony, O'Brien involves his squad of heroes with the Savak—the Iranian security police—and a flamboyant escape and shoot-out and car chase climax the episode as rousingly as in a James Bond movie. Violence is everywhere, O'Brien may be saying; but the effect, when the narrative returns to Vietnam, is that a little Ian Fleming unreality has rubbed off on the real action, and the reader slogs through the paddies waiting for the next bravura display of adventure writing. Violence that did occur, historically and unentertainingly, has been demeaned, lightened. For all its horrors, Mr. O'Brien's Vietnam has a precious, bejewelled aspect; as the novel shuttles among its three loci—the actual war, the imagined flight, the long night of Paul Berlin at the observation post—there builds up a slightly insulating lacquer of self-conscious art.

Still, mind has to be present in a book as well as matter, and the ambitious structure of the novel bespeaks an earnest intelligence that wishes to confront a traumatic experience on an ideological and moral level. The fantasized, picaresque thread arrives at the rigorously defined tables of the Paris peace talks, as the student riots progress on television. Paul Berlin, looking handsome and distinguished in "a blue suit with the most subtle pinstripes," delivers a measured rebuttal to the plea of Sarkin Aung Wan, a Vietnamese girl who has accompanied the squad all this way, that he, in effect, desert. He says, "I am afraid of running away. I am afraid of exile. I fear what might be thought of me by those I love. . . . I fear the loss of my own reputation. Reputation, as read in the eyes of my father and mother, the people in my hometown, my friends." Earlier, we have been told of him that "he went to the war for reasons beyond knowledge. Because he believed in law, and law told him to go. Because it was a democracy, after all, and because LBJ and the others had rightful claim to their offices. He went to the war because it was expected." He is of many moods about the war, and this is right, of a war so problematical. But not just this war was problematical, and the faint note of defensiveness—which becomes jarring when a young female "revolutionary," escaping the "evil" of San Diego State by driving a VW van through Europe, is grotesquely caricatured and complacently robbed—does not arise on the realistic level, which deals with scared men trying to survive in a situation they did not create. One of the soldiers reflects, "True, it's sometimes hard to figure out what the hell's going on, but I'll wager that troops at Hastings or the Bulge had the same problem." Or at Troy, if Homer and Euripides are to be believed, or on the slaughtering grounds of the First World War, according to Hemingway, to whom Mr. O'Brien owes a debt he does not try to conceal. "A Farewell to Arms" also

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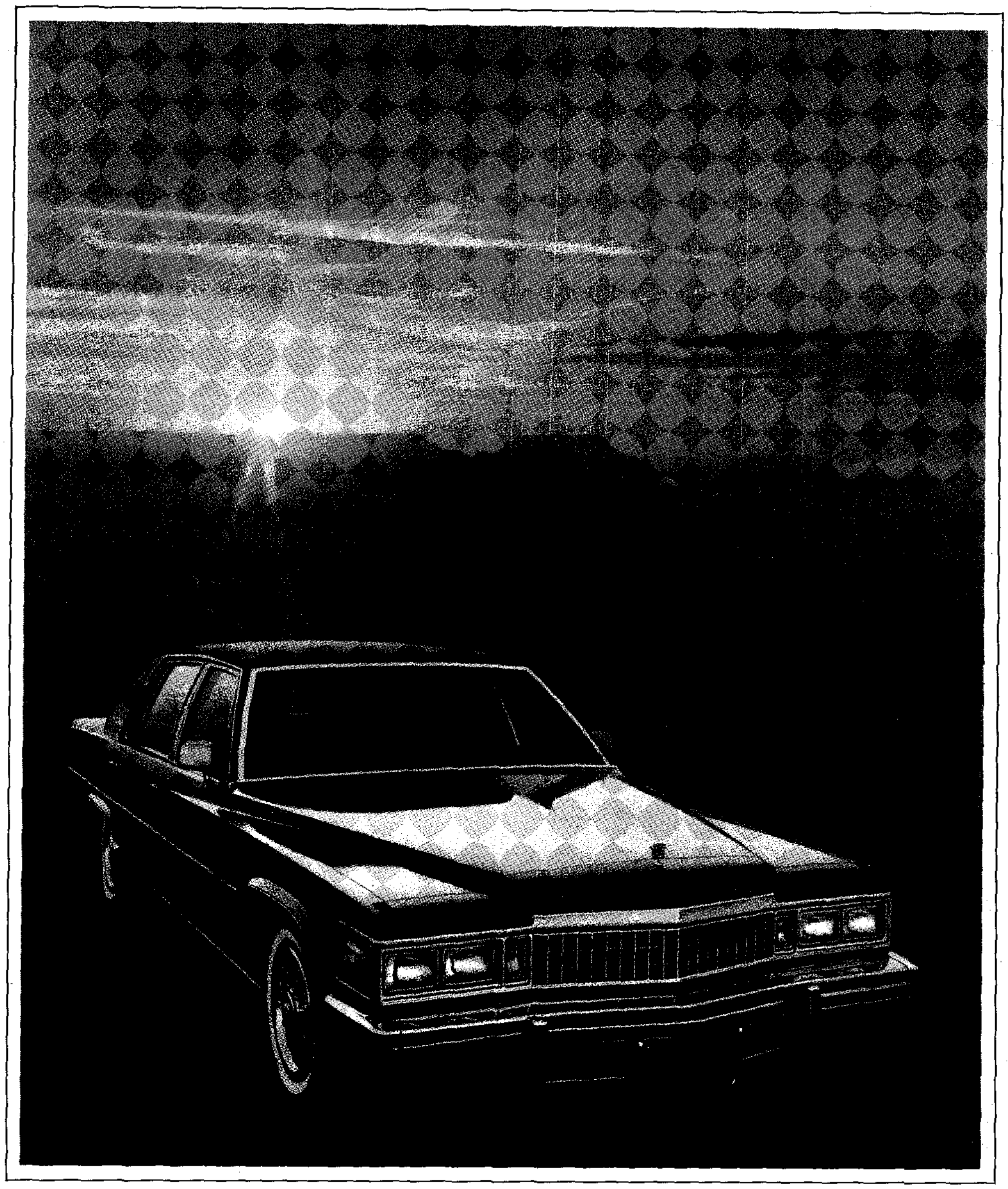

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embodies an idyll of love and escape but on the plane of actuality, and the geopolitical aspects of the war are disposed of in a few bitter sentences:

> "What do you think of the war really?" [the hero, Lieutenant Frederic Henry, asks the old diplomat Count Greffi]
> "I think it is stupid."
> "Who will win it?"
> "Italy."
> "Why?"
> "They are a younger nation."
> "Do younger nations always win wars?"
> "They are apt to for a time."
> "Then what happens?"
> "They become older nations."

Compared to Mr. O'Brien, Hemingway had a settled conscience, and a single focus. The war, like the death of his heroine in childbirth, was "just a dirty trick." For the author of "Going After Cacciato," the debate over Vietnam and its concomitant issues (America's civilizing mission, if any; the male citizen's military responsibilities, if any) is an old hornet's nest that still buzzes, and he cannot avoid giving it a poke or two, from the standpoint of one who risked his life on behalf of dubious policies. Yet his essential contrast is not between Vietnam and other wars but between war and peace. "War has its own reality. War kills and maims and rips up the land and makes orphans and widows. These are the things of war. Any war." Whereas peace, Paul Berlin finds in Paris, is elusive in its reality. "He looked for meanings. Peace was shy. That was one lesson: Peace never bragged. If you didn't look for it, it wasn't there." By bringing to the stark facts of war the subtle style of peace, with its layers of ambiguity, O'Brien has written a modern novel old-fashioned in its wish to be morally exhaustive, to purge: not a war but a postwar novel. —JOHN UPDIKE

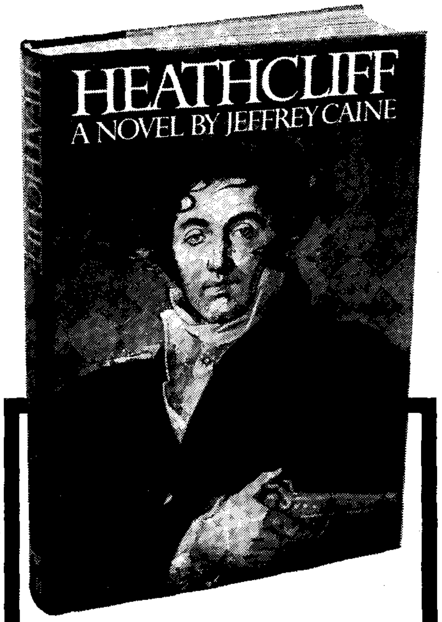
BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

WHY BIG FIERCE ANIMALS ARE RARE, by Paul Colinvaux (Princeton; $9.50). The reason, according to the author, a professor of zoology at Ohio State University, is that size and number are determined by the availability of energy, or food. He tells us why the ocean is blue (fertile waters are green with plant life; blueness denotes infertility, and the top layer of the open ocean is largely lacking in the nutrients that support life), and why (for more complicated reasons) the atmosphere is relatively indestructible, and much else. The value of his book, however, lies less in the answers he provides than in the nature of the questions he raises. Mr. Colinvaux gives us a mind-tingling survey of the swiftly accumulating knowledge of the many factors involved in the interrelationship of all living things, and he also considers the extent to which man, by shouldering his way into new environmental niches without relinquishing those already occupied, is creating a strange and perhaps dangerous natural imbalance. He concludes with two observations derived from his professional perspective: "All poverty is caused by the continued growth of population" and "Aggressive war is caused by the continual rise of population in rich societies." This is an incisive and stirring book, and a model of scientific explication.

A CAPTIVE OF TIME: MY YEARS WITH PASTERNAK, by Olga Ivinskaya, translated from the Russian by Max Hayward (Doubleday; $12.50). A first-person narrative of a tragic romance. Mme. Ivinskaya was a young widow working as a junior editor when, in 1946, she met the famous poet. Though he was married, he pursued the author and won her love. Their connection was noticed by the Soviet government, which arrested her in order to stop him from writing "Dr. Zhivago." Pasternak went on with his novel; Mme. Ivinskaya went to a labor camp. When she returned, in 1953, their affair resumed. As this tale unfolds, the reader wonders if Pasternak was as naïve as he liked to appear (and as he has often been portrayed), for, despite his poetical vagueness, he mostly got what he wanted—Mme. Ivinskaya without ever divorcing his wife, and publication of "Dr. Zhivago," even though it was issued abroad and has never appeared in his homeland. At all events, the persecution that followed publication was abominable, and the government continued to hound Mme. Ivinskaya after Pasternak died, sending her and her daughter to labor camps as currency smugglers. Though the author paid dearly for Pasternak's love, she nonetheless regards it as "the great gift" of her life.

MALLOWAN'S MEMOIRS, by Max Mallowan (Dodd, Mead; $10.95). Since 1925, the English archeologist has been digging up Mesopotamian civilizations that date from prehis-



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toric to classical times, and he makes them all live for his reader in this witty book infused with aesthetic sensibility. Sir Max's own important dig was Nimrud, an Assyrian capital and military base in the eighth and ninth centuries B.C., but he does not scant earlier excavations on which he was an assistant. He shows us that archeology has uncovered portraits of Babylon and Assyria which not only illuminate Bible history but depict powerful empires that had distinct characteristics in building, planting, trading, praying, fighting, and art. Sir Max's book is primarily about his own work, but he devotes several warm chapters to his late wife, Dame Agatha Christie.

REFLECTIONS WITHOUT MIRRORS, by Louis Nizer (Doubleday; $10.95). The subtitle of this book is "An Autobiography of the Mind," which may mean something but does not describe the matter at hand. Mr. Nizer has already written two books of reminiscences, and appears to be unable to stop. Throughout this one, we are treated to little lessons in living and sermons on dealing with our fellow-man: "Striving for improvement is gratifying even if unsuccessful." "In political life, pygmies abound—giants are rare." And at the end we are confronted by the author's statement that he has "more books within me to release before the final day of that mirror without reflections."

THE "LOWELL OFFERING": WRITINGS BY NEW ENGLAND MILL WOMEN (1840-45), edited by Benita Eisler (Lippincott; $12.50). The *Lowell Offering* was a magazine published from 1840 to 1845 by the women mill workers of Lowell, Massachusetts. Mostly farm girls who were drawn there by the high wages (the factory paid them a dollar eighty-five to three dollars a week—then the highest wages in America paid to female employees) and the opportunity for self-improvement (free lectures and classes, group philosophy discussions), the women lived in mill boarding houses; worked from five in the morning to seven at night, with several short breaks; labored with such diligence that the mill owners realized unprecedented profits; and still somehow managed to apply themselves to Latin, Greek, and John Greenleaf Whittier with enthusiasm. Many of the women were apparently convinced that their jobs were stepping stones to better jobs

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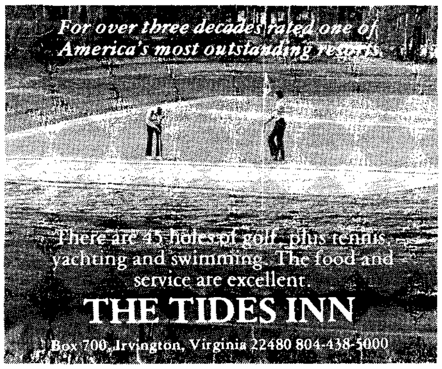
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and a more genteel life—a hope that usually went unfulfilled, as did their marital expectations, since factory girls were considered unsuitable wives. However unrealistic the girls' hopes, these starchy, touchingly idealistic letters, essays, and poems provide us with a fascinating glimpse of our first women blue-collar workers.

BRANCUSI/THE KISS, by Sidney Geist (Harper & Row; $11). A sculptor himself, Mr. Geist knows Brancusi's work inside and out, and he writes about it with affection, wit, and a likably stylish simplicity that might be called the prose equivalent of a Brancusi sculpture. In the past ten years, he has produced the definitive study, exhibition catalogue, and picture book on the artist. Here he writes about Brancusi's first fully mature piece, "The Kiss"—an eleven-inch-high stone carving, now in a Rumanian collection. This short study has a big subject: how a young artist comes to a breakthrough work, and then revisits and alters that work throughout a long career. If Mr. Geist has a shortcoming, it's that he doesn't quite pull together the many biographical, critical, and historical elements that are part of the story; one could use a little more dramatic momentum. Still, his terse, gentle tone has its own quality.

NOTE: Hannah Arendt's two-volume work "The Life of the Mind" has been published by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich ($12.50 per volume). All the contents of the first volume, "Thinking," originally appeared in *The New Yorker*, in somewhat different form.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

TALON, by James Coltrane (Bobbs-Merrill; $8.95). A novel of unusual style, pace, and credibility. Joe Talon is a former Californian, a former surfer, a kind of half-hippie, working under a Department of Agriculture cover in New York City as a C.I.A. computer-printout analyst involved with satellites, and he finds something peculiar going on—a perpetual cloud cover—in a remote area of Nepal. When he attempts to look into this anomaly, some very important Eastern Establishment forces rise powerfully against him: he is smashed up in a deliberate traffic accident, his girl is killed, he is driven into hiding. But, much as Richard Hannay (in a different time and place and technology) kept digging at the meaning of "The Thirty-Nine Steps," Talon

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keeps digging into the matter of Nepal, and we are with him, all but spellbound, all the rugged, agonizing way.

ON THE EDGE, by Roy Doliner (Viking; $8.95). Mr. Doliner takes us up to the highest levels of hypocrisy and computerized crime, to a millionaire industrialist, to a United States senator—to the Vice-President himself—and shows them threatened by a Justice Department investigation that must at any cost be contained. The solution that most appeals to these unsavory types is to ask a junior member of their organization to take the fall for a great deal of money and the promise of a short prison term, à la Mitchell, Haldeman, and Ehrlichman. The man they select is a former C.I.A. veteran of Vietnam, who chooses to decline, and has the resourcefulness, the ruthlessness, and the courage to make his decision stick. How he maneuvers to position himself against his former associates is the substance of this truly thrilling thriller. Mr. Doliner is entirely credible, and seemingly entirely knowledgeable in the field he is writing about, and he writes with verve and grace.

THE CAUSEWAY, by P. M. Hubbard (Doubleday; $6.95). In this, his fourteenth suspense story, Mr. Hubbard is a bit more romantic (in both customary uses of the word) than usual, but he is otherwise in creepy, menacing, hand-at-the-throat top form. The setting is the west coast of Scotland. A young Sunday sailor is forced ashore on a wild island connected to the mainland only by a low-tide causeway. There is a barred and shuttered house on the island. The head and shoulders of a man appear over a ridge, then disappear—and for good and sinister reason.

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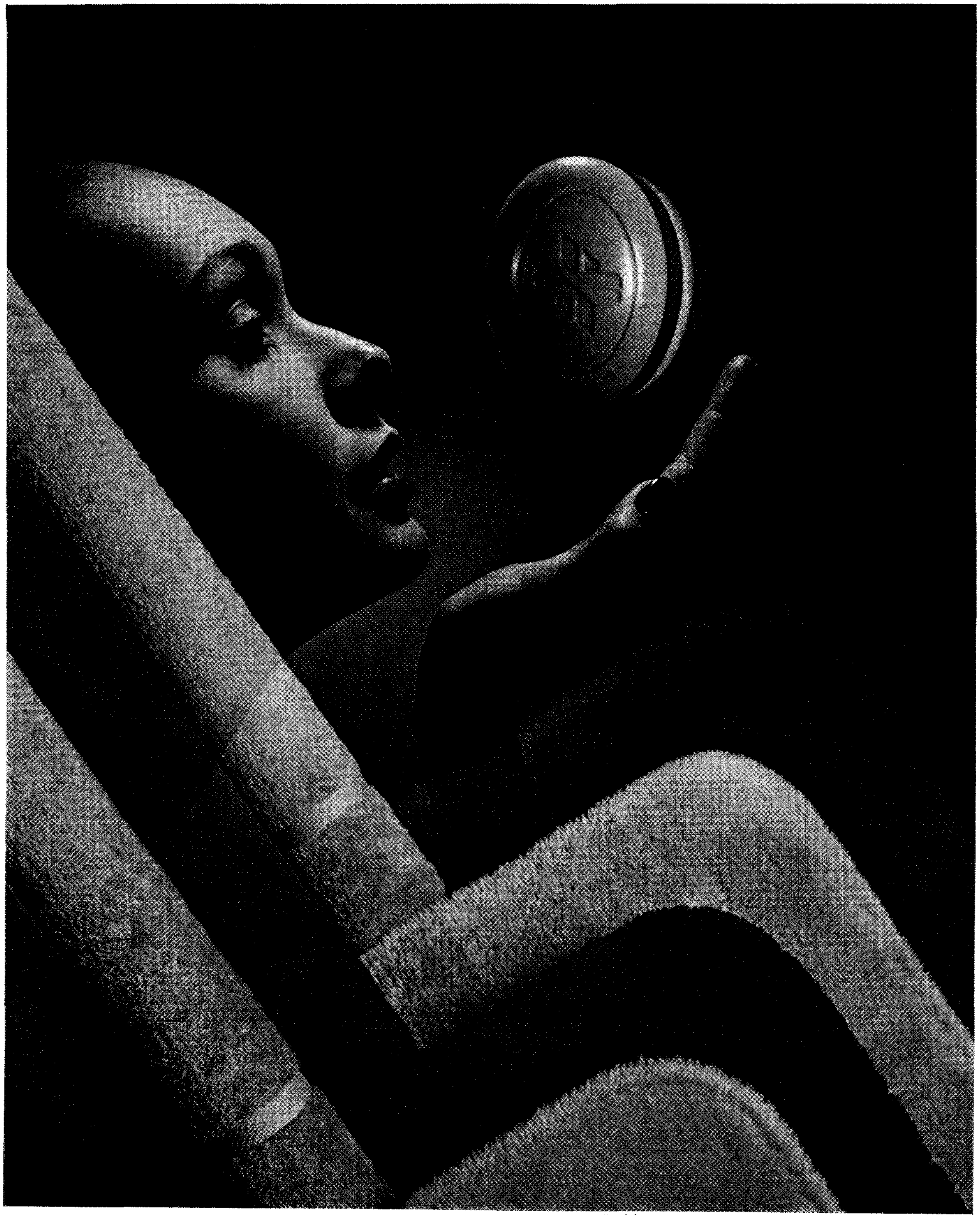

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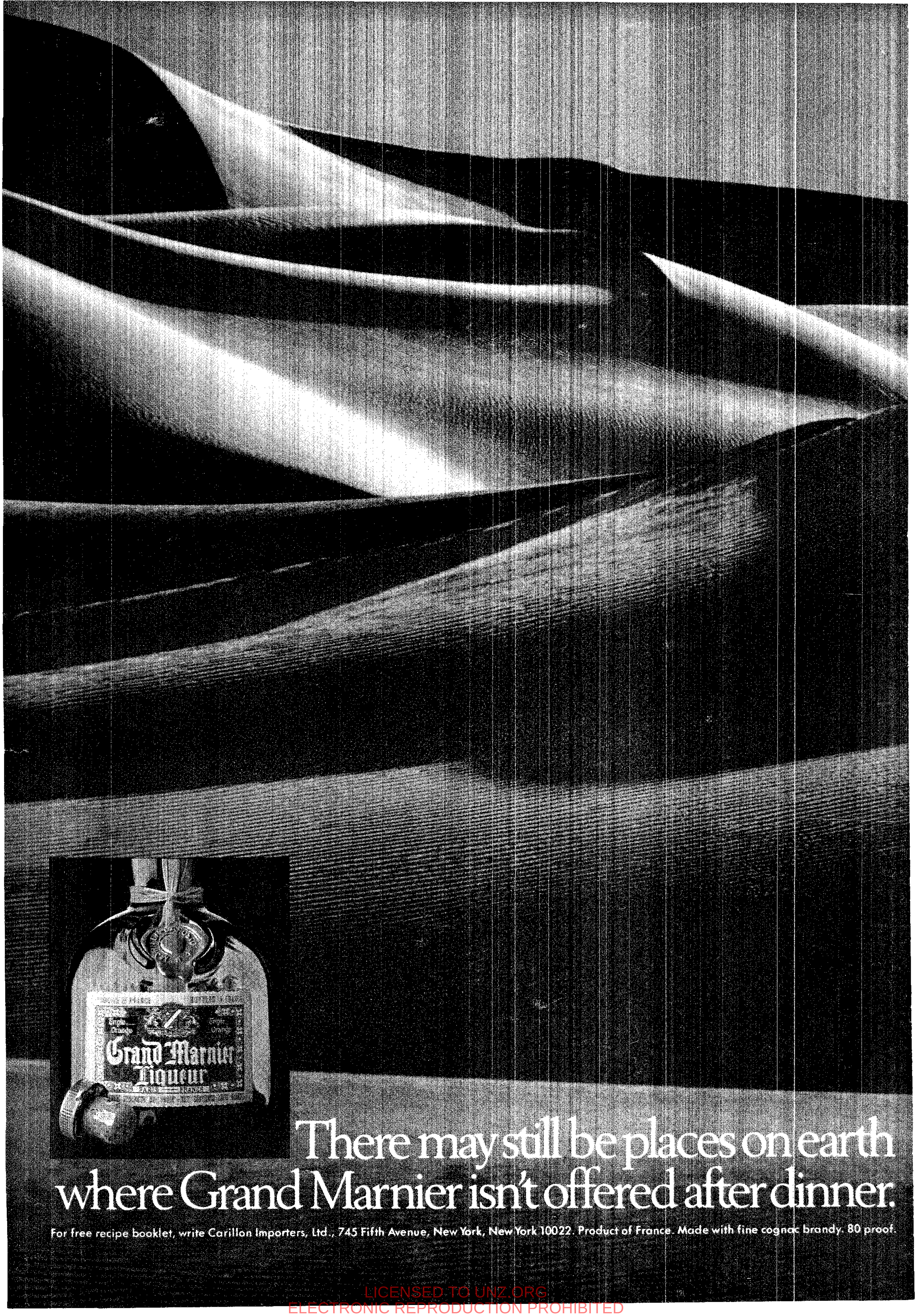
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